April 16, 1990

THE NEW YORKER

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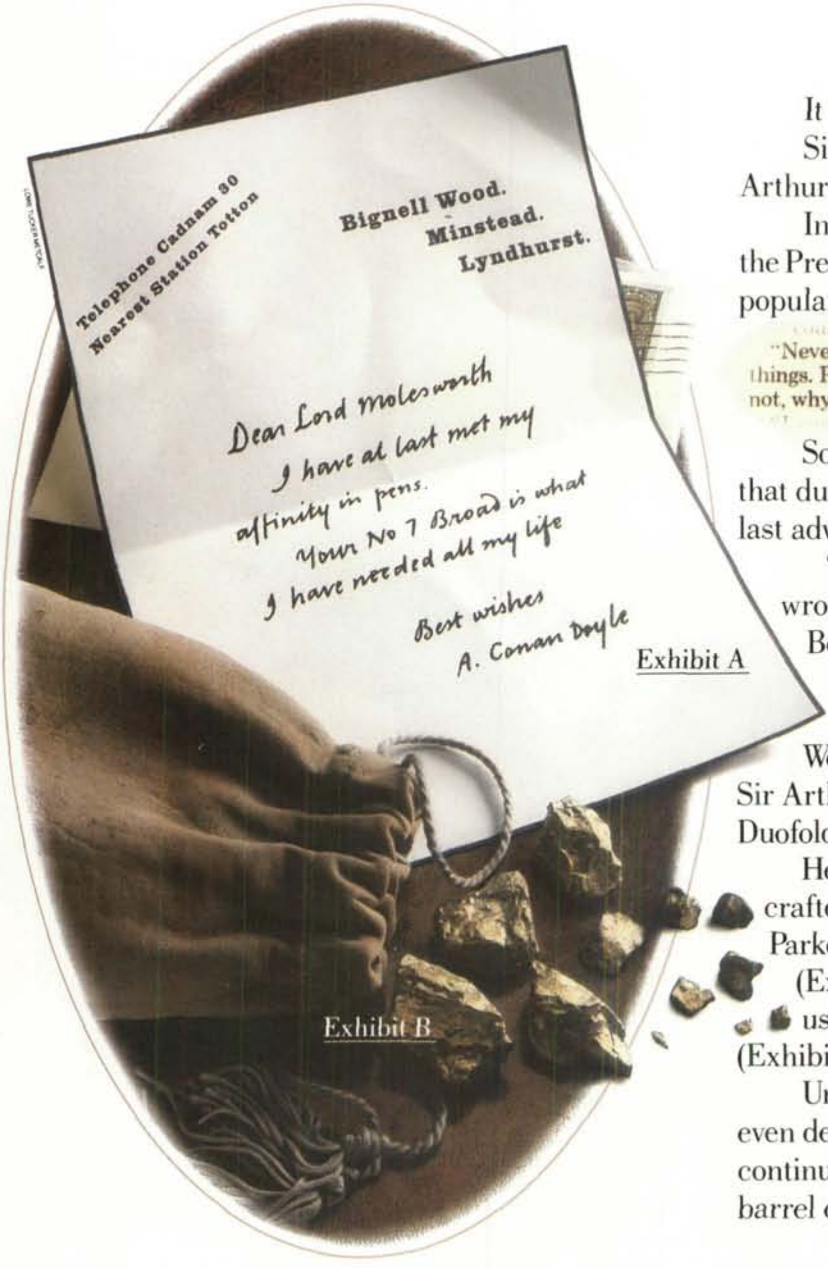
With what pen did Sir A
"The Case Book o



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I have at last met my
affinity in pens.
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I have needed all my life
Best wishes
A. Conan Doyle

Exhibit A
Exhibit B

It isn't much of a mystery.

Sifting through the evidence, one can deduce
Arthur Conan Doyle chose an original Parker Duofo

Introduced in 1921, the Parker Duofold ("Writ
the Pressureless Way") quickly became by far the m
popular pen of its time.

> could you know all that?"
>
> "Never mind," said Holmes, laughing; "it is my business to kn
> things. Perhaps I have trained myself to see what others overlook.
> not, why should you come to consult me?"
>
> *"A Case of Identity"*

So impressed was the author of Sherlock Hol
that during the time he wrote the famous detective's last adventures, he also found time to write to us.

"I have at last met my affinity in pens," he wrote to Lord Molesworth, a member of the Par
Board of Directors.

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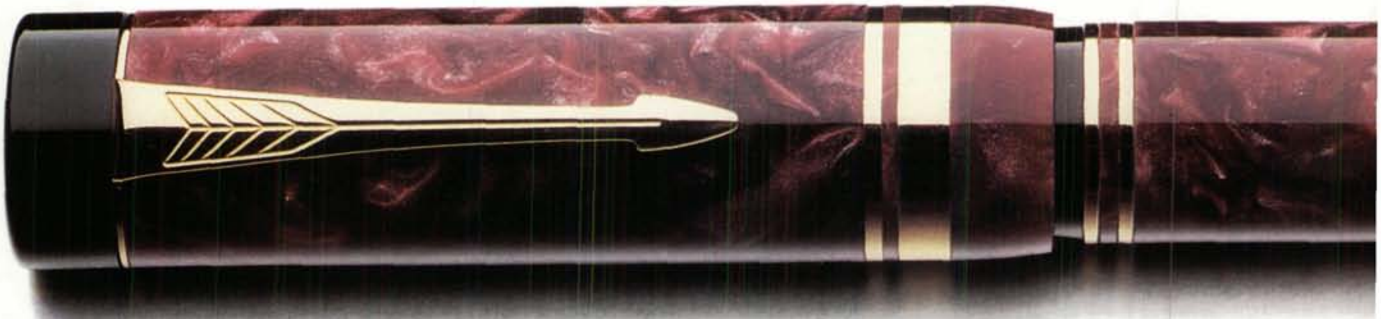
ed all my life" (Exhibit A).

We can but wonder what the inquisitive mind
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle would have made of today
Duofold pictured below.

He would, of course, recognize many of the ha
crafted parts found in the original design. Each
Parker nib is still cut and pressed from 18 karat g
(Exhibit B) and split from tip to heart by hand.
using a blade no thicker than a human hair (Exhibit C).

Under a magnifying glass one could, perhaps, even detect a trace of walnut shell. Concluding that
continue to polish our fountain pen nibs in a rotat
barrel of walnut shells for 56 hours (Exhibit D). Ma



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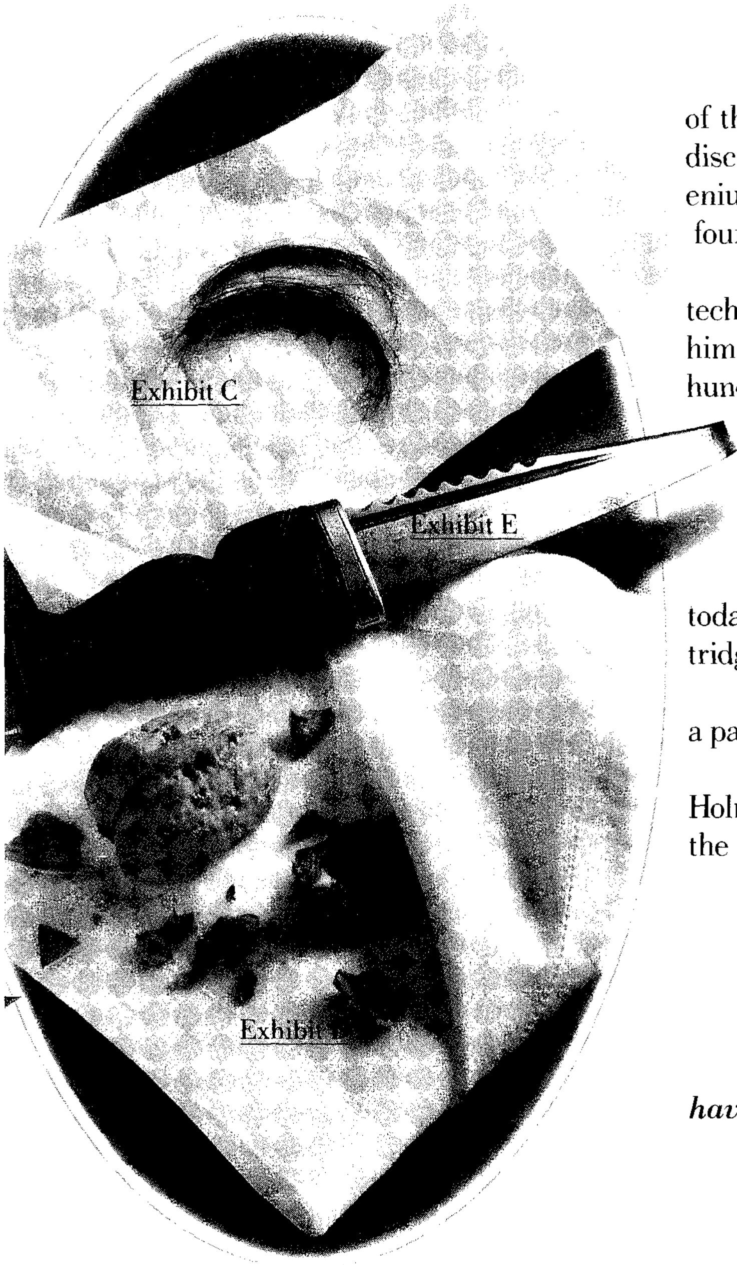
hur Conan Doyle write
herlock Holmes"?



of the old ways are still the best. Modern science has discovered, however, that tipping our nibs with ruthenium, a metal more precious than gold, makes them four times harder than steel (Exhibit E).

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"Frequently."

"How often?"

"Well, some hundreds of times."

"Then how many are there?"

"How many! I don't know."

"Quite so! You have not observed. And yet you have seen."

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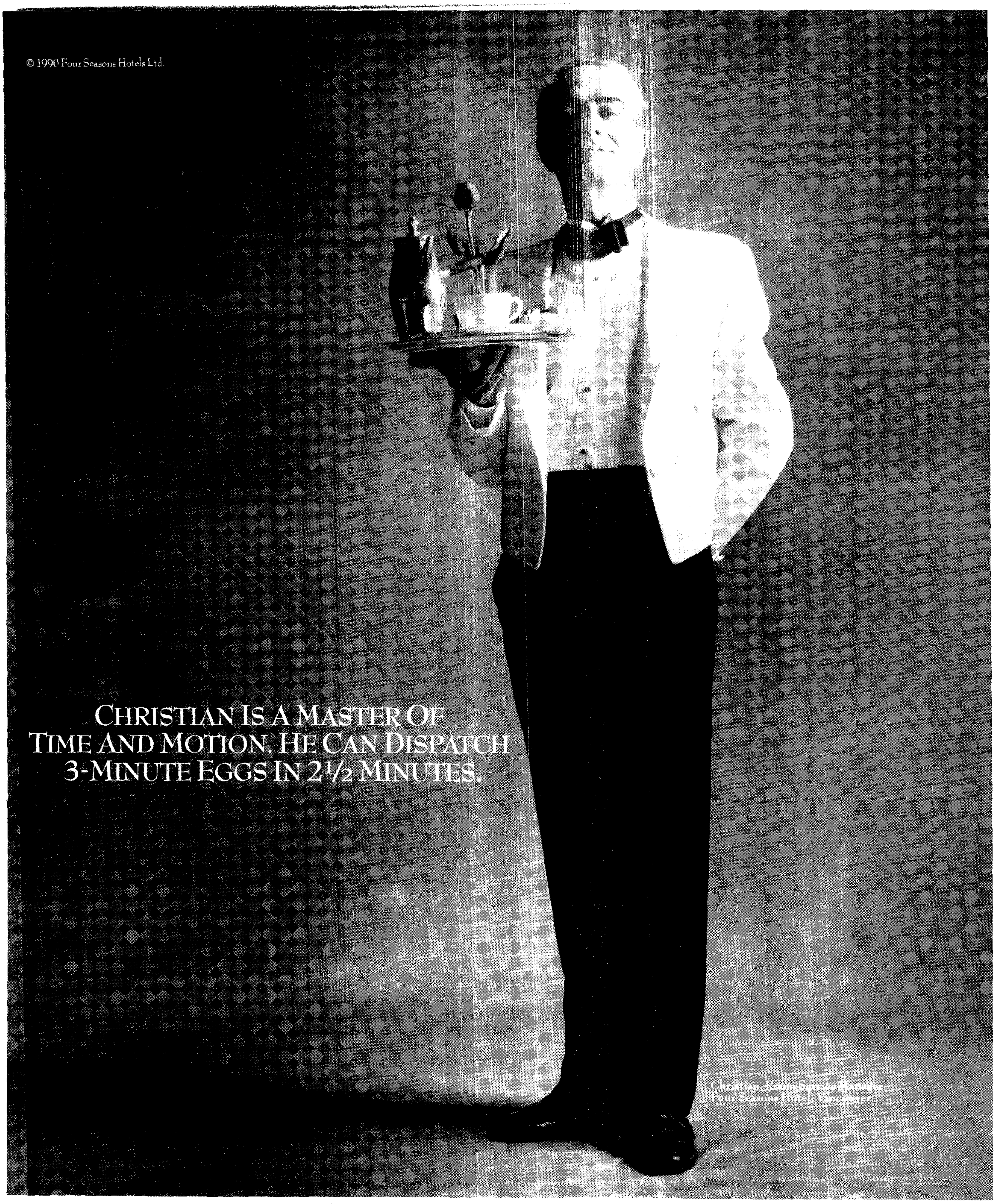
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

THE taxi-driver who picked us up outside the Lambs Theatre the other night turned out to be a Biblical scholar, with a degree in philosophy and religion. He was surprised to learn that Alec McCowen's one-man show at the Lambs, "St. Mark's Gospel," consists of just that—Mr. McCowen reciting the Gospel according to St. Mark (King James version) from memory—and pointed out that, while Mark is the shortest of the Gospels, it is also the least narrative or dramatic; in fact, as he put it, it's the most "boring." On the whole, he seemed to feel that John would have been the one to go with.

We think we'd be hard put to find anything that Mr. McCowen did boring. And, while Mark is not our favorite Gospel, we didn't get the impression that the actor was trying to put anything over on us. He began the evening by explaining conversationally which Gospel Mark is and which one it isn't, observing that the very bluntness of the language—the fact that it is "spare" and "to the point," and relatively free of poetry and lyricism—had drawn him to the work, along with what he sees as its comic tendencies.

Some of the humor Mr. McCowen discovers in the Gospel of St. Mark seems legitimate and ingeniously detected; some of it appears forced, a sort of vocal or gestural "business," made up of mime and inflection, grafted onto the text. On a stage empty except for some chairs and a Last Supperish wooden table (complete with earthenware pitcher and goblet), on which he leaves a small copy of the text lying open ("just in case"), Mr. McCowen, taking all the parts, acts out the story of Christ teaching—the miracles, the parables, the philosophical discussions and temple visits, leading finally to the Passion and Crucifixion. His voice is so beautiful and commanding, and some of the play-acting he does is so distracting, that at times it was possible to wish that he *were* simply reading from the text, letting the words and images take care of themselves.

We won't say our attention never wandered, but we weren't bored. And in the end we thought we got some inkling of the actor's reason for deciding to perform this Gospel, essentially the account of a man of great "authority" performing marvels with his voice, while large groups of people cluster round him, listening and amazed.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

ACCOMPLICE—A comedy-thriller by Rupert Holmes, with Jason Alexander, Pamela Brull, Michael McKean, and Natalia Nogulich. In previews. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

A CHANGE IN THE HEIR—A musical by George H. Gorham and Dan Sticco, with Brooks Almy, Judy Blazer, and Jeffrey Herbst. In previews. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302.)

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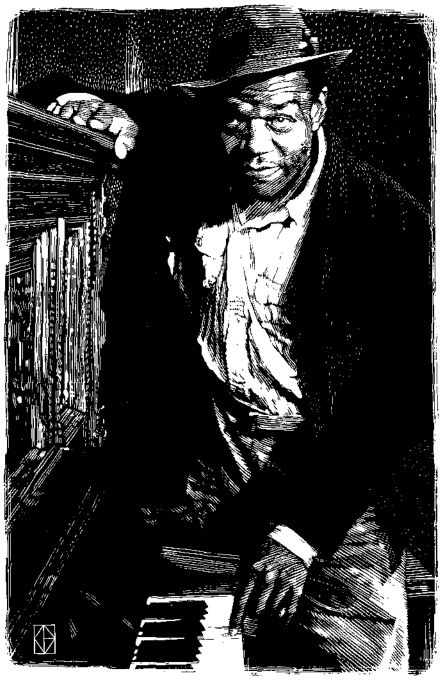

Charles S. Dutton in "The Piano Lesson"

DER RING GOTT FARBLONJET—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company in a revival of Charles Ludlam's 1977 play. Directed by Everett Quinton. Previews April 10-11. Opens April 12 at 8. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

HAMLET—Kevin Kline has directed and stars in the thirteenth production of Joseph Papp's Shakespeare Marathon. Dana Ivey, Brian Murray, Diane Venora, and Josef Sommer are also in the cast. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

ONCE ON THIS ISLAND—A musical by Lynn Ahrens (book and lyrics) and Stephen Flaherty (score). Directed and choreographed by Graciela Daniele. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

THE PIANO LESSON—Charles S. Dutton in a new play by August Wilson, which is directed by Lloyd Richards. Previews through April 15. Opens April 16 at 6. (Walter Kerr, 215 W. 48th St. 582-4022.)

SPUNK—George C. Wolfe's adaptation of three short stories by Zora Neale Hurston. Danitra Vance and Reggie Montgomery head the cast. Mr. Wolfe directed. Previews through April 17. Opens April 18 at 7:15. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

TRULY BLESSED: A MUSICAL CELEBRATION OF MAHALIA JACKSON—A new musical written by and starring Queen Esther Marrow. Previews begin April 12. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

NEW THIS SEASON

ASPECTS OF LOVE—The new Andrew Lloyd Webber musical, imported from London. Directed by Trevor Nunn, the show features Ann Crumb, Kathleen Rowe McAllen, Michael Ball, and Kevin Colson. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

AWAY ALONE—No one could accuse Janet Noble's sweet, feckless comedy about young Irish immigrants in the Bronx of being overly sophisticated. The play is innocent, sentimental, and old-fashioned—a little like the characters it portrays—but the feeling it creates in the audience becomes infectious, a little like the laughter it inspires. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

BAD HABITS—A revival of two 1973 one-acts by Terrence McNally. Nathan Lane, Kate Nelligan, and Faith Prince are in the cast. Directed by Paul Benedict. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes April 29.)

BY AND FOR HAVEL—A pair of one-acters in revival. "By"—**AUDIENCE**—is based on an episode that occurred when Václav Havel had a menial job in a brewery; "for"—**CATASTROPHE**—is Samuel Beckett's poetic tribute to Havel when he was in prison. Together, they make an evening that is both comic and stirring. With Kevin O'Connor and Lou Brockway. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/19/90.) (John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

CARBONDALE DREAMS—Steven Sater's trilogy about a family of Ugly-American Jews in the Midwest. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF—As Maggie the Cat, Kathleen Turner seems in desperate straits in this limp and hapless revival of Tennessee Williams' most playable family melodrama. (4/2/90) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.)

THE CIRCLE—Rex Harrison, Glynis Johns, Stewart Granger, and an able supporting company have raised Somerset Maugham to the heights of Sheridan and Congreve. The play is about an elderly couple who pay a visit to the wife's middle-aged son, whom she deserted thirty years before. Brian Murray directed the fine production. (12/4/89) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

CITY OF ANGELS—Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-*eye movie (and the unmaking of its author).* The spectacular settings and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (12/25/89) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

CLOSER THAN EVER—This charmer amounts to an anthology of songs and sketches by Richard Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music), as sung and performed by Brent Barrett, Sally Mayers, Richard Muenz, and Lynne Wintersteller. They are a gifted quartet, and lucky to have such attractive, humorous, and tender songs to sing and words to speak. The fact that there is no amplification is an extra boon. (11/13/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

THE CRUCIBLE—A revival of Arthur Miller's 1953 drama, with Justine Bateman, Harriet Harris, and Randle Mell. Directed by Gerald Freedman. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

A FEW GOOD MEN—"Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino's direction, are wonderful. (11/27/89) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

GRAND HOTEL—The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show (except for a glorious, eccentric dance by Michael Jeter), but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (11/27/89) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH—This stage adaptation (by Frank Galati, who also directed) is the most truly adult version of Steinbeck's novel to date. It appeals to the mind rather than to the emotions; all the same, there's a cumulative effect. Don't go expecting to see John Ford or "Balm in Gilead," but expect to leave feeling as if you had. (4/2/90) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

GYPSY—This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful—and the cast (led by Tyne Daly, Crista Moore, and Jonathan Hadary) so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). Trust Broadway; you'll have ample time to welcome Miss Daly when she mounts the steps

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

and delivers her first onstage line. (12/4/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

Lettice & Lovage—The marvellous Maggie Smith plays Lettice Douffet, a freewheeling guide to England's stately homes, and the elegant Margaret Tyzack plays a reprimanding envoy sent by Lettice's employers in Peter Shaffer's merry comedy about an unlikely friendship and other matters. Paxton Whitehead and Bette Henritze are effective in supporting roles. Michael Blakemore was the director. (4/9/90) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—If you like the old M-G-M musical, you probably won't like this stage version, which combines the earnest, wholesome values of the movie with an aesthetic of surpassing vulgarity. In any case, why see the show when you can rent the movie? (11/20/89) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

A Mom's Life—A one-woman play written and performed by Kathryn Grody, and directed by Timothy Near. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes April 22.)

Mountain—Len Cariou is Justice William O. Douglas, and Heather Summerhayes and John C. Vennema play multiple roles as the people he encountered every step of the way, from his boyhood, in the State of Washington, through his thirty-six-year term on the Supreme Court. Though perhaps a bit over-reverent, the play, by Douglas Scott, is as interesting as the history it portrays. The acting is fine; Mr. Vennema's thumbnail Nixon is especially striking. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The fourth production of the season is LIFETIMES, a series of dramatic monologues written by Gus Edwards. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545.)

New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players—Presenting OF THEE I SING, the company's first non-Savoyard production. With Keith Jurosko. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Closes April 15.)

Oba Oba '90—A Brazilian music-and-dance revue. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Closes April 22.)

St. Mark's Gospel—Alec McCowen's one-man show, first seen here in 1978. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Closes April 15.)

Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll—All manner of hypocrites, fakes, liars, and other ethical discards are subjected to Eric Bogosian's incomparable mimicry and wit. The evening is anything but depressing. (2/26/90) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

Some Americans Abroad—Yank Anglophilia and self-hatred among a group of academics on their department's annual theatre tour of England. The play, by Richard Nelson, would be worth seeing if only for the quality and style of the performances—particularly from Colin Stinton and Henderson Forsythe. You could do a lot worse than this well-observed and amusing comedy of manners. (So, as the record shows, could the playwright.) (2/26/90) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

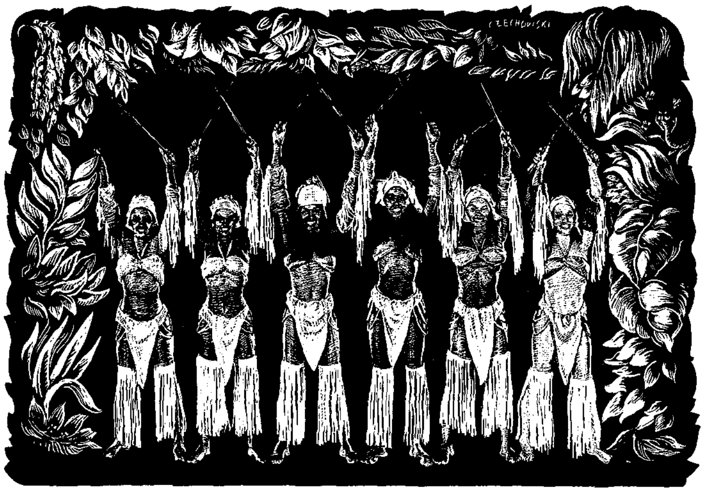
The Sound of Music—As Rodgers and Hammerstein's would-be postulant Maria, Debby Boone combines a talent for yodelling with an apparent inability to act or to sustain a note. This City Opera revival is so inert that it would probably bore a child. Still, Werner Klemperer (in the Kurt Kasznar role) is nice to have around. (3/26/90) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Closes April 22.)

Tru—Robert Morse gives a deeply thought-out, accomplished performance as Truman Capote—by turns funny, bitchy, ironic, and rueful—at the end of his life and his tether. The play was written and directed by Jay Presson Allen. (1/1/90) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

York Theatre Company—Presenting a revival of THE GOLDEN APPLE, the 1954 musical by John Latouche (score) and Jerome Moross (lyrics). (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Closes April 22.)

LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Closes April 28.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Arthur French star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turns thirty this year. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's plays looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Brooke Adams. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **LEND ME A TENOR:** The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes April 22.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre. Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. With Jon Polito and Priscilla Lopez. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)



"Oba Oba '90"

DANCE

"MADAME MERLE *was standing on the rug, a little way from the fire; Osmond was in a deep chair, leaning back and looking at her. Her head was erect, as usual, but her eyes were bent on his. What struck Isabel first was that he was sitting while Madame Merle stood; there was an anomaly in this that arrested her.*"

This passage comes from Henry James's "The Portrait of a Lady," but one need not change much in it to arrive at a glimpse of Antony Tudor's ballet "Jardin aux Lilas." Like James's novel, Tudor's work is focussed on its heroine's inner life; the inferences she draws from passing images of human relationships can pierce her with the force of a Shakespearean sword. Also, as with James, much of the quality of this inner life in Tudor's world is determined by the way characters react to the restrictions of their environment—to what they wear, to the space in which they maneuver, to the light that illumines it, and to the manners or emotions that goad them to move one way or another. When the stresses grow sufficiently great to immobilize their action, the ballet's drama jumps to a new level of intensity. "Tudor made stillness as meaningful as motion" is how the scriptwriter David Vaughan puts it in the new "Dance in America" program, "A Tudor Evening with American Ballet Theatre" (Channel 13, Friday, April 13, at 9 P.M.). Or, as Tudor himself is quoted there as saying, "I'm a cold-blooded son of a bitch, I am, but my characters never are."

It's not certain that dancers know how to put Tudor's work over anymore, or that audiences want to take it in. Individual pieces are performed by various groups. At Ballet Theatre, for example, Tudor remains a presence, even though the new administration has made conflicting statements about his place in the company repertoire. The "Dance in America" program features complete A.B.T. performances of "Jardin" and "Dark Elegies," and the "Jardin" features a new, lilac-drenched set by Zack Brown. Both ballets will also be performed during A.B.T.'s Met season, May 7 through June 30. There will be four Tudor works in all at the Met, and you won't have much trouble telling them apart. "I've probably made a tenth as many ballets as any other choreographer," Tudor said. "But I wanted each one to be different."

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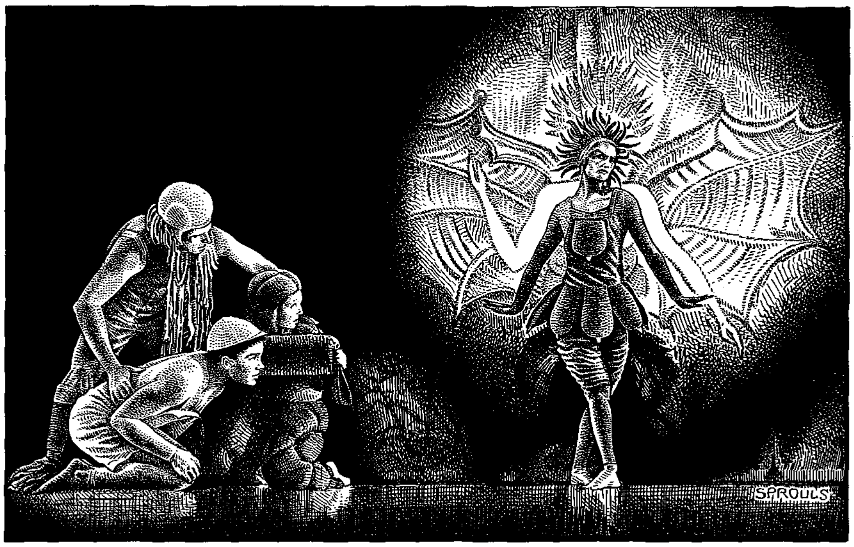

Sandra Stone with Christopher Gillis, Thomas Patrick, and Mary Cochran in Paul Taylor's "The Sorcerer's Sofa"

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through May 13. April 17 at 7: "Arden Court," "Images," "Roses," and a retrospective film. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 431-5562.) . . . ¶ April 18 at 8: "Brandenburgs," "Snow White," "The Sorcerer's Sofa" (New York première), and "Danbury Mix.". (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

"Cinderella"—A full-length ballet by Paul Mejia, performed by the Fort Worth Ballet. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. April 10 at 7:30, April 11-12 at 8, April 13-14 at 2 and 8, and April 15 at 2.)

Philadanco—In "Men Against the Wall" (première) and other works. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. April 10 at 7:30, April 11-14 at 8, and April 15 at 2 and 7:30.)

Note—Half Moon Sword, an English sword-dance troupe, is performing in two locations on April 14: at the Union Square Greenmarket at 10, and at the South Street Seaport's Pier 17 at 2.

NIGHT LIFE

JUST when you thought Charles Pierce had hung up his gowns for good, he's back. The grand homme of female impersonators is currently appearing at the Ballroom (the club's name, inevitably, provides fodder for the act), having come out of retirement for this engagement. While Mr. Pierce can transform himself into many a prima donna and femme fatale from Hollywood's golden age, Bette Davis has always been his trump card, and since her death last October he has been swamped with appeals for one last hurrah. "I'm baaaack!" his Ms. Davis barks, strutting onstage in a black, off-the-shoulder cocktail gown. Before he can go any further, the outfit itself, along with his makeup, wig, and uncanny mimicry of the actress's voice and walk, prompts a long ovation. Next comes a bouncy Broadway number about "doin' the Bette Davis"—"You've got to walk like Bette. . . . You've got to talk like Bette ('What a *dump!*')." The Davis portion of the show, which he saves for the grand finale, stretches on indulgently, but when the going gets slow all Mr. Pierce has to do is let loose with a sudden, fierce "I don't *care* anymore!" or some other characteristic outburst and the audience's batteries are recharged. The rest of the performance—a Tallulah Bankhead routine, a Mae West routine, a tribute to various "turban ladies"—can be bumpy at times; Mr. Pierce has a tendency to outpun himself, and the sheer volume of double-entendres can be oppressive. But he does get plenty of opportunities to show off his collection of gowns, costume jewelry, and cigarette holders, not to mention his exhaustive knowledge of moviedom. Over all, the tone of the show is gossipy, catty, and not a little risqué, but what else would you expect when Bette Davis lets her hair down?

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Singer-pianist **steve ross,** whose shows are heavily spiked with the transatlantic chatter of Cole Porter, Noël Coward, and other latter-day saints, is at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room through April 14. Tovah Feldshuh takes over on April 17. Ms. Feldshuh, whose trophy case is well stocked, thanks to her Broadway stint as Yentl and her performance in the TV series "Holocaust," will be making her cabaret début here. His shows are at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays, hers at nine and eleven. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruit and vegetables and a row of Serrano hams hang over the bar; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. **charles pierce** continues through April 21. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine; Fridays and Saturdays, second show at eleven.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—Swing-era veteran **big nick nicholas,** who, like his idol Coleman Hawkins, holds his saxophone sideways when he plays, leads a quartet here April 12-14. The formidable **jaki byard,** a pianist whose shows are often headlong stomps through jazz history, comes in on April 16. Music from nine every night. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). It's a good idea to make a reservation and show up well in advance. Veteran soul singer **irma thomas,** who once told this magazine, "Honey, my story sounds like a black version of the Loretta Lynn story," will be leading her group, the Professionals, here April 10-15. Guitarist **jim hall** and bassist **ron carter** start up on April 17. First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing here and there—the place looks a little like the outside of a van. If you end up without a seat, you can stand at the bar—finally a club where they don't force you to drink—and mull over photographs from great shows you've missed. Canadian singer **jane siberry,** whose music falls somewhere on the vast continuum from Suzanne Vega to Laurie Anderson and who is best known for her album "The Walking," recently released a wonderful, eccentric record called "Bound by the Beauty." She'll play here April 13. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, three walls of Vertès murals, and **dixie carter,** a TV actress and songbird who performs music by a rather diverse cast of composers, including Cole Porter and Bob Dylan. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **barbara carroll** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Every Sunday night, this club, usually dominated by such acts as Exiter and Sweet Cheetah, is ceded to a gang of Lindy Hop enthusiasts called the New York Swing Dance Society. An older couple glide across the floor at a comfortable pace, lost in a nostalgic reverie; an eager young man, his tie loosened, his face perspiring, throws his date around like a crazed cossack. **vince giordano** and his tuxedoed **nighthawks** lead the activities on April 15. Expect to hear Hoagy Carmichael, Fletcher Henderson, and other old-timey stuff. The Nighthawks, under the meticulous direction of Mr. Giordano, who sings and plays standup bass, have the look and sound of a thirties swing band. Music from eight to midnight.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A candlelit catacomb just east of Union Square. Saxophonist **george adams** leads a quartet here April 10-15. Berkeley-born saxophonist **david murray**—who has said of his upbringing, "I used to sit out on Telegraph Avenue with a bandanna on and play 'Purple Haze.' It was deep"—leads a foursome of his own as of April 17. Music at ten.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—If submarines had jazz clubs, they might look like this basement haunt, which is reached by passing through a tight corridor where you half expect to bump into Admiral Nimitz. This is not the place for those with a fear of intimacy: at the front tables you can go eye to eye with your favorite performers, and no matter where you're seated there's not much room to practice your T'ai Chi. Saxophonist **phil woods** leads a quintet here through April 15. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **les paul,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—A satisfying combination of Chinese food and homegrown music. Rubberneckers may see the moon wheeling by the greenhouse roof on its regular tour of romantic Manhattan. The pianists who pass through here are among Gotham's finest. The singer and pianist **freddy cole** is in residence April 10-15. Mr. Cole, who is Nat's younger brother, used to bill himself as "the Cole nobody knows," and once told an interviewer, "Everything has its own bottom. I sit on mine. Nat sat on his." **pete malinverni** and **gene bertoncini** are here on April 16, and **adam makowicz** and **warren vaché** begin a run on April 17. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

Indigo Blues, 221 W. 46th St. (221-0033)—A sleek, modern jazz club, in the basement of the Hotel Edison, with glass brick, space-age carpeting, and long strips of cool-blue neon. Pop-jazz trumpeter **hugh masekela** performs here April 12-14.

Kilimanjaro, 531 W. 19th St. (627-2333)—A recently opened, northern branch of a popular Washington, D.C., night spot. As the name suggests, African music is the sine qua

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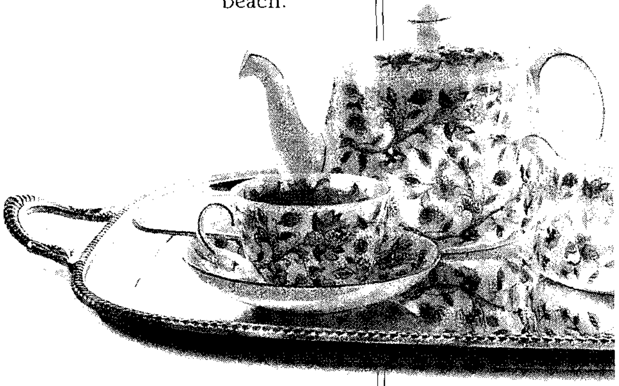

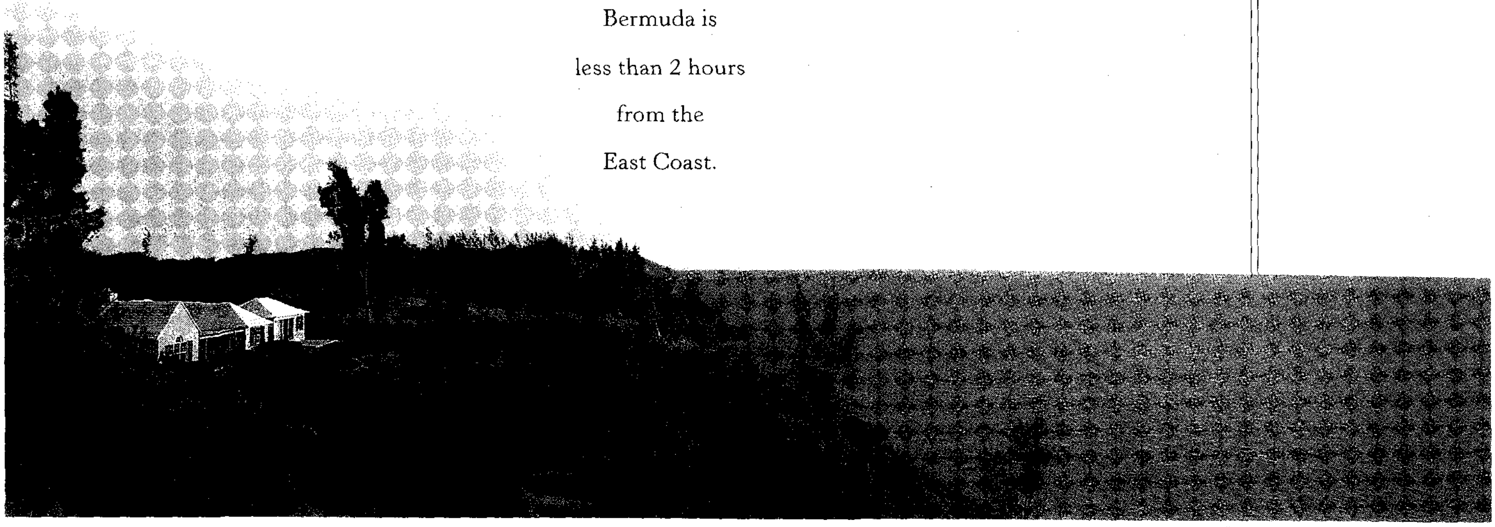

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non, be it live or d.j.-spun. Calypso, reggae, and world-beat formats also turn up; in any case, the huge dance floor seldom lies fallow. **THIRD WORLD,** the veteran reggae group, will perform April 12-13.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. The schedule: A. Leroy and Mimi Goese on April 11; the **MICROSCOPIC SEPTET** on April 12; Big Dipper on April 13; Redrum (with **ELLIOTT SHARP**) on April 14; Gretchen Langheld on April 17; and the **NED ROTHENBERG** Double Band on April 18. Music around nine.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A Texan hangout where good old boys and Southern sorority girls mix with urban cowboys and those just looking. "Roadhouse" is an accurate description: it's a checked-tablecloth, long-necked-Bud, side-of-beef kind of place. **NRBQ**—an ancient rhythm-and-blues cult band no longer confused with a subway line—performs on April 12. Music around nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room—putting-green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes, panelled ceiling—has more of a country-club feel. **SID CAESAR & IMOGENE COCA** begin an engagement on April 17. The show, entitled "Together Again," marks the fortieth anniversary of the première of Caesar's TV series "Your Show of Shows" and is also the couple's New York stage début. The material here, like that from Mr. Caesar's recent successful run on Broadway, will rely heavily on old favorites from the TV years, and with Ms. Coca, Mr. Caesar's former partner, on board, the act can be expected to hit new highs. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM & EKAYA** begin a two-week stand on April 10. Mr. Ibrahim, a pianist, flutist, and saxophonist, favors polyphonic melody lines and bluesy, soulful numbers that weave together Monk, Ellington, gospel, and the sounds of his native South Africa. He also has the good sense to allow his excellent accompanists plenty of room to maneuver. A big band belonging to Miles Evans is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—The Texas-blues guitarist **ALBERT COLLINS,** who will be here April 11-13, found his trademark "cool" sound in the fifties and has held on to it ever since. His early records are mostly instrumental, carried forcefully along by the searing, jagged sound of his guitar. Later, he began developing his singing talents, and in the late seventies he joined up with Alligator Records, where "cool" continues to be the operative word, as evidenced by his album titles—for example, "Frozen Alive," "Ice Pickin'," and "Cold Snap." April 14 belongs to Roy Chubby Carrier & the Bayou Swamp Band, who also open for Collins on April 13.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." Mr. Gordon continued to run the place until his death last year, and always weathered the trials of club ownership with equanimity, whether it was Harry Belafonte's exposed navel (Max didn't approve, but the customers did) or the time Charles Mingus tore off the front door. Roy Hargrove's sextet will be holding forth April 10-15. Saxophonist **JOHNNY GRIFFIN,** who has been known to improvise at a breakneck clip, starts up with a quartet April 17. A big band formerly led by the late Mel Lewis holds sway on Mondays. Music after ten.

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	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18			

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. The **OHIO PLAYERS,** the funk band that had some major hits in the seventies ("Skin Tight") and that sometimes went a little overboard with their erotic album jackets, has made a comeback in the past few years. They can be seen here on April 13. New Potato Caboose play on April 14.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

On the surface (and should one go any deeper?), club-hopping is a far more intricate art in Los Angeles than in New York. Here, nocturnal nomads consider it an achievement to have adapted to Carmelita's on Mondays, the Underground on Tuesdays, and the Copa on the last Thursday of every month. But dancing Angeloids have developed flight patterns that, if levitated, would wreak havoc with the F.A.A. The key to this sophisticated traipsing is that clubs actually hop around one step before the crowd. Once a promoter gets tired of a new space, ciao. Two months ago, Club Louis at Horizon, on Fridays, saw Porsches blithely parked in a neighborhood the club's owners couldn't find in daylight. Two weeks ago, the place stopped with the same abruptness that marked the end of 7th Grade, Boys and Girls, the Apartment, and dozens of others before it. Louis's proprietor is scheduled to reopen "it," with a new name, in a new location. Dr. Seuss on the Loose recently opened and closed on the same night. Po-Na-Na Souk is almost legendary in West Hollywood—it's been around since last summer. "Ugh, Souk's over. No one wants to go to a club that's over," said a former Louis lover. "Mars could never survive here."

Are we in danger of this pattern spreading eastward, like pineapple pizza? Hardly. For one thing, L.A. clubs seem to lack the symbiosis between d.j. and crowd that is essential in all the best New York spots. D.j.s in L.A. actually berate the crowd over the sound system. Then again, the crowd actually taunts the d.j. "The next person who throws ice cubes up here, I'm going to punch their face in," announced the d.j. at the Pink, in Santa Monica. He later P.A.'d, "Whoever wants to hear Top Forty can get the hell over to the Red Garter." Everyone having a good time? During Club Louis's final night, the d.j. informed the crowd, "I'm not playing until you pass the glasses up to the bar." (Though certain clubs stay open longer, the sale of alcohol in California is illegal after 2 A.M.) Several minutes later he added, "You want to hear Janet Jackson, M.C. Hammer, Lisa Stansfield, Jay Williams' 'Sweat'? Hand in those damn glasses." Again: "Forget it. I'm not playing those guys for you. I'm only playing eighties." And again: "That's it, now I'm only playing seventies." After fifteen minutes of silence broken only by warnings and shattering glass, we left, just as the music came back on with "Disco, that's where the happy people go."

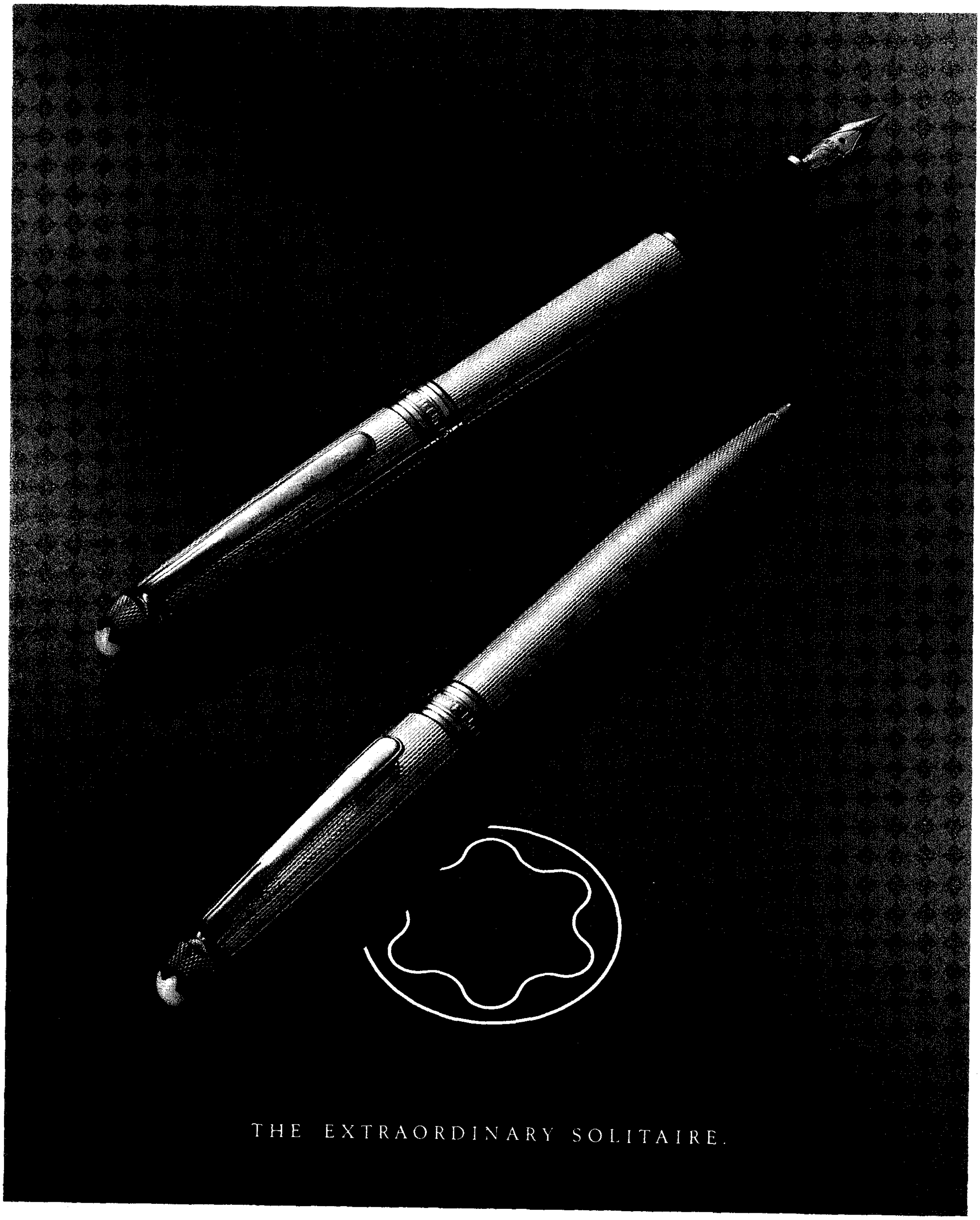
IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

The performance artist Karen Finley has a bad-girl reputation for fluent profanity, matter-of-fact nudity, gleeful taboo-bashing, and solo food fights. So you approach her shows armed against inevitable indiscretions. The real surprise, though, is her onstage manner. You don't expect her to be so *sweet.* With long hair, a thrift-store minidress, and a Midwestern accent as broad as the plains, she reminds you of any downtown waitress. (In fact, until 1986, Finley was, among other things, a bartender at Danceteria.) In performance, she entices you with her femininity, and then—in case you forgot that femininity is a male ideal—she rebukes you with a face-slapping diatribe about, say, rape or incest that sounds like something Billy Graham and Public Enemy might have cooked up in a public-speaking class. "I was raised with the idea that there were no women with any power," she told us recently, "and that the only way I could fight traditional female roles was to take that traditional role—that is, feminine desirability—into my own hands. And I wish I didn't have to."

Finley's new solo performance, "We Keep Our Victims Ready" (which will run at the Kitchen from April 11 to April 21), is, she says, her most serious, political work yet. "I talk about Roe v. Wade, I talk about censorship, and I talk about women's rights," she said. "I basically deal with people being born into the victim class of our society. And I compare women to veal calves, and then I compare America to Nazi Germany. And then I cover my body with chocolate, and it looks like it's shit, and at the end I really talk about death, about the invisible." It won't be a drive in the country—more like a roller-coaster ride through a haunted house—but Finley's big-heartedness always peeps through. "I do believe in the best in people," she said with a laugh.

The Kitchen—April 11-14 at 8:30: Karen Finley in "We Keep Our Victims Ready." Through April 21. . . . ¶ April 16 at 8:30: Two videos. "The Gun Is Loaded," written by Lydia Lunch; and "Borders," written and narrated by Robert Anton Wilson. (512 W. 19th St. 255-5793.)

"Against the Earth"—A wordless opera by the Thunder Bay Ensemble about nature—i.e., rocks, fossils, water. The story is told through dancing, vocals, percussive music, and shadow puppetry. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Performances will take place on April 12-15 at 8.)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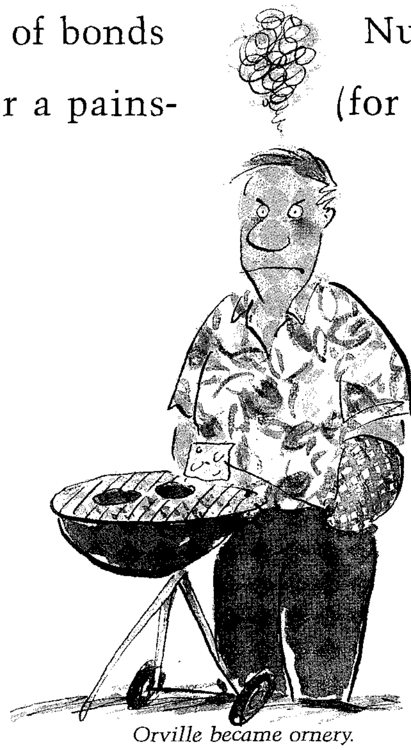

Orville became ornery.

Myron became morose.

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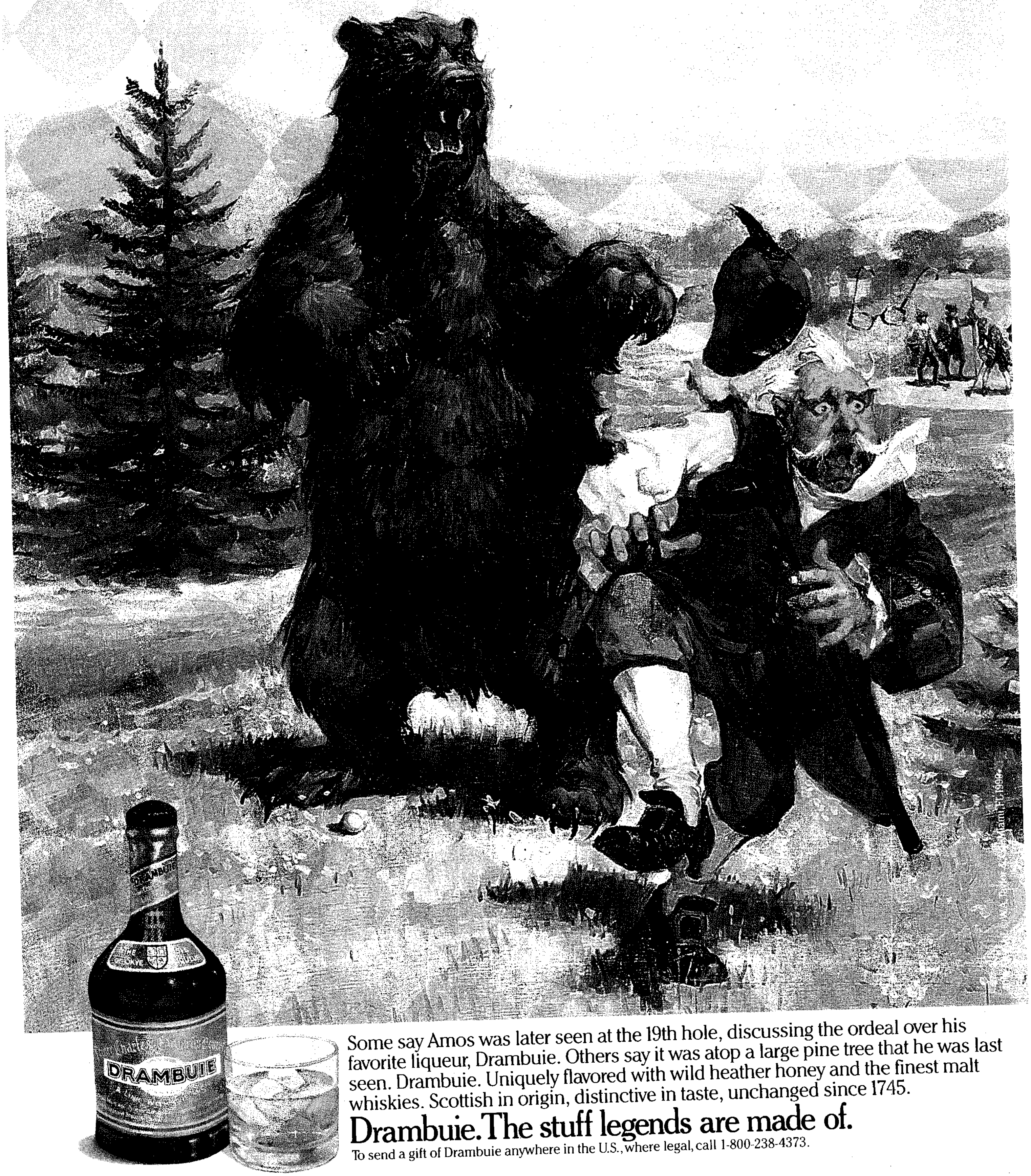

Some say Amos was later seen at the 19th hole, discussing the ordeal over his favorite liqueur, Drambuie. Others say it was atop a large pine tree that he was last seen. Drambuie. Uniquely flavored with wild heather honey and the finest malt whiskies. Scottish in origin, distinctive in taste, unchanged since 1745.

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IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—Cont'd

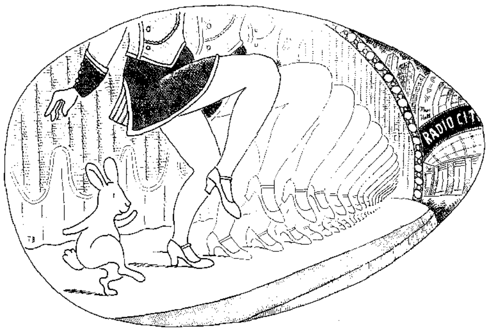
The Circus—The hundred and twentieth version of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey three-ring show. (Madison Square Garden. Through April 29. For information about show times and tickets, call 563-8300.)

"Crowbar"—A play, of sorts, written by Mac Wellman and performed in the old Victory Theatre. The score is by David Van Tieghem. (209 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Holly Hughes—With Jim Calder, April 12. . . . ¶ With Robbie McCauley and Laurie Carlos, April 13. . . . ¶ With Kate Stafford and Lisa Kron, April 14. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Evenings at 10.)

"Downtown/Uptown"—A performance-art excursion. April 10-15: The Otrabanda Company's production of Sidney Goldfarb's "Orange Grove," with music by Blue Gene Tyranny and choreography by Rocky Bornstein. . . . ¶ April 17-18: "Terminal Hip," by Mac Wellman; "This Is Not a Soap Box," by Richard Elovich and Gregg Bordowitz; and "World Without End," by Holly Hughes. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Performances nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. The series continues through April 22.)

"Easter Extravaganza"—A stage show at Radio City Music Hall that will run for two weeks, with Bo-Peep, a rabbit, three sheep, a wolf, a tortoise, and, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. April 11-23. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)



"Easter Extravaganza" at Radio City

ART

"Folon's Folons," currently at the Met, is the blissfully self-evident title of a compact show of works—fifty-odd watercolors, plus about a dozen found or transformed objects—made and owned by the well-known illustrator Jean-Michel Folon. In all aspects, this show is a slim, simple affair. The watercolors themselves, with their perfectly modulated and muted pastel tones, are utterly spare, indeed sometimes sparse; in the exhibition catalogue, Ray Bradbury describes them as "haiku metaphors." Folon is, furthermore, an artist who specializes in Big Themes writ small and whose special talent is the ability to condense big chunks of the universal condition—justice, violence, war, and alienation and loneliness in cities—into poignant little teardrops and adorably whimsical instant classics, or instant clichés. For example, Folon's illustration for Article 1 of the "Universal Declaration of Human Rights" ("All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights") is the image of two tiny swaddled infants, one yellowish and the other pinkish brown, each at the edge of a great precipice. But while Big Themes proliferate, Folon's Folons encompass neither grand passions nor sex.

Folon's style, while being oh-so-simple and distinctive, is nonetheless a complex hybrid. Most clearly, and by the artist's own admission, it suggests the strolling line and fragile color in the art of both Paul Klee and Saul Steinberg. (Like Steinberg, Folon has over the years been associated with this magazine.) But Folon's Folons may also bring to mind the urban paranoia in the cartoonish works of the Chicagoan Roger Brown, as well as some of the more Chaplinesque qualities in the paintings of René Magritte—bowlers, umbrellas, briefcases, and that sense of the Everyman trapped inside the bureaucrat. Folon, like Magritte, was born Belgian, though he now lives in Burcy, France. His most important patron is the Italian giant Olivetti. To celebrate nearly thirty years of "great friendship," Olivetti underwrote this show. Simple enough?

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Twelve windows, as well as lamps and chandeliers, are among the seventy objects by the studios of Louis Comfort Tiffany on view. Starts April 12. . . . ¶ Thirty-two dyed-alpaca, four-cornered hats, worn by men in Andean regions of Peru, Bolivia, and Chile and dating from the fourth century to the twelfth, are on display in the South American Gallery. . . . ¶ A small gathering of works by Jean-Baptiste Greuze, the mid-eighteenth-century painter of genre scenes that wag a moral finger. "The Broken Eggs," for instance, refers to a young girl's lost virtue, and "Aegina Visited by Jupiter" may reflect the artist's desire, as he once said to Diderot, "to paint a woman completely nude without offending modesty"—the resulting puff of smoke and makeshift G-string are both comic and moderately obscene. Through May 6. . . . ¶ The best Greuze on view at the museum, "Head of an Old Man," is in a show of master drawings from the collection of Ian Woodner, a real-estate developer, architect, and painter whose extraordinary procession of European works on paper extends from the fourteenth century to the early twentieth. The sections devoted to the German and French schools are especially strong. "Hare Beneath a Tree," by Hans Hoffmann (1530-91/92), for instance, and the assortment of drawings and pastels by Odilon Redon are first-round knockouts. Through May 13. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The twist on Robert Moskowitz' brand of minimalist painting is that his central image is usually a representation of something phallic, and subtly so—a skyscraper, a cane, a smokestack. An exhilarating retrospective traces the motif's methodical evolution. Through May 1. . . . ¶ "Photography Until Now," a show of nearly three hundred works, examines the technological, commercial, and creative developments that have shaped the medium over the past century and a half. Through May 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Before the museum closes to complete its restoration, visitors can see about a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures (by Chagall, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Léger, Calder, Giacometti, and others) from the collection. Through April 29. (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—In "New Sculpture 1965-75: Between Geometry and Gesture," marvel of cool panache follows marvel of drop-dead elegance—all sprawled in perfect, if at times narcissistic, indolence over two monumental floors. The radical spirit of these works by Alan Saret, Lynda Benglis, Barry LeVa, Keith Sonnier, the late Robert Smithson, Bruce Nauman, Joel Shapiro, Richard Serra, Richard Tuttle, and the late Eva Hesse has apparently evolved into a state of profound and impeccably pomaded art-historical grace. The many triumphant pieces here have not lost their potency; on the contrary, they now appear seminal. Through May 20. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Two multi-panel works from 1986 and 1987 by Komar & Melamid are on view in the lobby. Through June 4. . . . ¶ "Czech Modernism: 1900-1945." There are some electrifying paintings in this show and a welcome selection of drawings, prints, and books, all of which give a strong sense of a vital, nearly volcanic exchange of ideas—the artists of Prague seem to have devoured every kind of modern art that came their way. Many of the works are peculiar hybrids: Cubo-Expressionism (one fractured fellow knifing another), Expressionistic primitivism (the merger of Munch and Rousseau). Through May 7. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Fabrics designed by large textile companies or by individual artisans in the past decade are presented on a grand scale—floor-to-ceiling lengths of cloth, for instance, and dramatic walk-through environments. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A loan show from Düsseldorf of works by German artists whose paintings and drawings protested against the First World War and the Weimar Republic. The best known of the artists represented are Otto Dix, Käthe Kollwitz, and Max Ernst. Through May 23. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6. Closed April 9-11 and 16-17.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Pen-and-ink and chalk drawings from the Renaissance by the brothers Taddeo and Federico Zuccaro. Through April 29. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Spring training for non-players in a show called "Diamonds Are Forever," which offers the reflections of contemporary authors and artists on that most American of pastimes: baseball. The parks, players, equipment, and action are all immortalized, by fans such as Claes Oldenburg, Edna Ferber, Nicholas Nixon, Roger Angell, and Andy Warhol. Through April 21. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of contemporary sub-Saharan African art that should inspire serious rethinking of such issues as cultural imperialism and the function of art within society. Through May 6. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Georg Baselitz—A substantial group of the artist's important, early "Hero Paintings," from the sixties. The hero figure may make you think of Wozzeck the soldier, opera's leading Everyman. In these rich, lean paintings—there is also a beautiful group of prints on the same theme—he undergoes multiple incomplete sex changes and other mortifications of the flesh, and he projects an air of tragicomic fatalism. Through April 14. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

Biala—History books will not be rewritten to accommodate this eighty-six-year-old artist, who is the sister of the late Jack Tworkov and was married to Ford Madox Ford, but her very typical School of Paris paintings of rooftops, piazzas, and interiors with open windows are highly skilled and pleasant. Through April 21. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Throughout his career, this titan of nonobjective sculpture continually sketched the nude, an interest represented in a selection of his inky drawings and paintings from 1927 to 1964. Some are Picassoesque, others Pollock-like; many are cartoonish. None approach the eloquence of even the artist's weakest sculptures. Some of the works here look as though they were studies for arrangements of forms, and an exhibition juxtaposing them with the artist's sculptures could be enlightening. Through April 26. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Center for African Art—In yet another provocative exhibition, the Center questions the very value of what we have come to call art work. This time the subject is portraiture, but the show is really about representation in broader terms. Through texts and traditional sculptures in wood, bronze, and other materials, it contrasts the concepts of portrayal in African history with those in the West and the East. Through Aug. 12. (54 E. 68th St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

Short List—**GREGORY AMENOFF,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (open Mondays, through April 28); **HANNELORE BARON,** Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (open Mondays, through April 21); **CLEVE GRAY,** Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (open Mondays, through April 14); **GEORGE GROSZ,** Soufer, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through April 14); **JACKSON POLLOCK,** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (open Mondays, through June 2); **LARRY POONS,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (open Mondays, through April 30); **HUGO ROBUS,** Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through April 14); **REEVE SCHLEY,** Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through April 28); **AARON SHIKLER,** Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (through April 28).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Robert Arneson—Very edgy paintings on paper, drawings on canvas, and ceramic sculptures. One sculpture, titled "Chief Executive Officer," is a highly charged and immediate portrayal of a street-tough black man with piercing, hostile eyes; the other depicts a white-bread nerd and is titled "Rapist & Drug Dealer." Through April 28. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ron Janowich / James Brown—The split-circle format so effectively introduced in the artist's last show has become programmatic in these new paintings, yet the transparent stripes and kinetic, calligraphic strokes are still masterful, if somewhat anemic. / One dark ceramic sculpture of a featureless bust has a certain forcefulness, but others, with rounded towers whose surfaces have been heavily worked in a display of great virtuosity, are little more than scatological. Through April 28. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Valerie Jaudon—As always, Jaudon's paintings look deceptively simple. All that remains of her former "pattern painting" is the compulsively beautiful brushstrokes; her arching curves and circles now add up to nothing less than an abstract female iconography. Through April 21. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

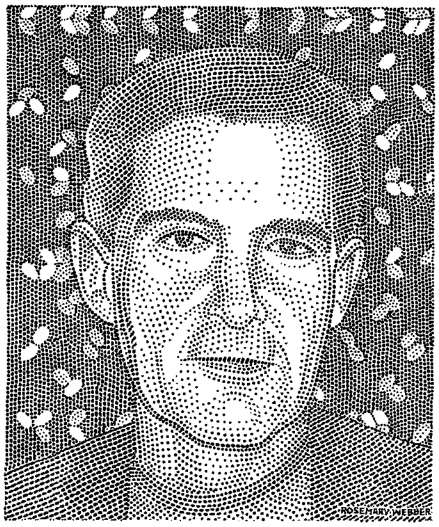
Robert Jessup / Jarrett Huddleston—Large paintings of abstract organic seaside shapes, arranged in arabesques, with tight impastoed strokes. These works unintentionally come close to campy, rococo abstraction. / Small pastels of more uninspired abstractions; they look like details of brooches seen through a dark, sci-fi lens. Through April 21. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Alain Kirili / Robert Barry—Recent sculptures and sculptural groups, in forged aluminum or painted plaster. These handsome, tactile, neo-traditionalist works variously recall Rodin, Max Ernst, Picasso, and Dubuffet, yet they lack intensity. / Three pairs of minimalist paintings, each with one work from the sixties and one from the recent past. Several of the newer pieces include simple words, expressing basic things. Sometimes the artist's airiness and sense of whimsy are charming, but these works look a little listless. Through April 21. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

David True—True has become a real conundrum. He has an interesting mind but questionable *taste*—or something. He is a deft painter with a misfiring sense of irony. These pulpy new paintings, with their shamelessly kitschy *japonisme* and their cornball allusions to Diebenkorn, are dreadful. Through April 21. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

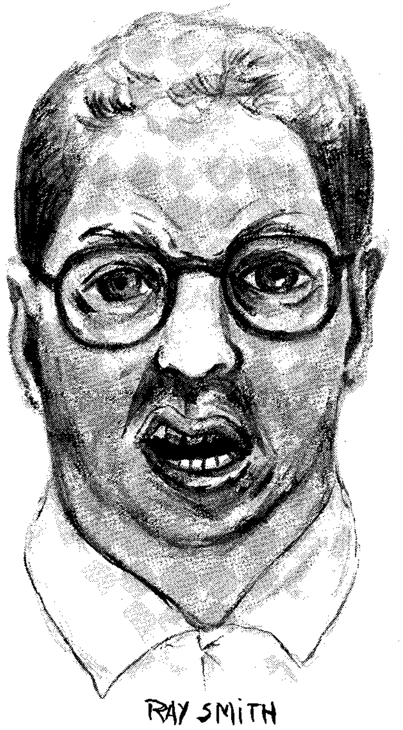
Jane Wilson—No matter what time of day Wilson depicts in these somewhat Dutch and quite traditional low-horizon paintings of fields and oceans, it always looks like dusk—with light fractured into gorgeous gradations of the whole spectrum of color. Through April 25. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—A selection of sculptors' drawings of nudes includes many of the obvious names while excluding the most obvious. There's an early Louise Nevelson sketch—very Matissean—and a Mary Frank charcoal of a nude surrounded by a Matissean collage, but no Matisse. There are three characteristically curvaceous Lachaises, and a very precise John Storrs silverpoint of a faceless woman with her arms up, like a caryatid, but no Giacometti. Although some nice drawings are on view, there's little to mull over. Through April 18. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)



Larry Poons

Short List—**DENNIS ADAMS,** Kent, 41 E. 57th St. (through May 5); **LELAND BELL,** Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 18); **RICHARD DEACON** and **THOMAS SCHÜTTE,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through April 28); **SONIA GECHTOFF,** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through April 25); **ARTHUR GIBBONS,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through April 21); **RED GROOMS,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through April 28); **DAVID HUMPHREY,** McKee, 41 E. 57th St. (through May 3); **KEITH JACOBSHAGEN,** Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through May 3); **ALAN JOHNSTON,** Tilton, 24 W. 57th St. (through April 28); **ROBERTO JUAREZ** and **JIRÍ GEORG DOKOUPIL,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through April 28); **IBRAM LASSAW,** Deutsch, 29 W. 57th St. (through April 25); **JOHN MARIN,** Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. (through April 28); **EMILY MASON** and **WOLF KAHN,** Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through May 2); **PABLO PICASSO,** Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (through April 28); **STEPHEN POSEN,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through April 28); **RICHARD POUSETTE-DART,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through April 28); **ROBERT RYMAN,** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through May 10).



Self-portrait by Ray Smith

GALLERIES—SoHo

Nancy Bowen—Strong and feminine painted terra-cotta sculptures rich with figurative references. In an elegant way, they capture the struggle between the personal and the classical that is shared by much contemporary sculpture. Through April 14. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Alexander Brodsky and Ilya Utkin—Two of the founding members of the Soviet school of paper architecture have come up with the most inventive application of a social-realist style to be seen in these parts in a long time. In two large sculptural installations—one depicts a flogged man hopelessly trying to push a huge, dirty egg—images of birth and growth take on monstrous, immovable proportions. They're surrounded by dark, Piranesian etchings of narrative architecture in which future and past collide. The etchings' serial structures have the stripped-down classicism of Aldo Rossi's designs and the charm and threat of good fairy tales. Through April 28. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Gene Davis (1920-85)—Revenge of the cliché in a show of the stripe painter's drawings—scores of them—from 1952 to 1982. A few early works are adept, but most of them merge into an endless sea of dull and nervous childlike drawings of notations and connect-the-dot constellations. Through April 21. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Andrea Evans—It's not always clear what Evans' point is—it seems to be about cultural imperialism—or whether it's a resonant one. The centerpiece of the show is a frieze of cheery, small, very optical mandalic paintings in bright colors, some of which look like fine John McLaughlin minimalist paintings, but most of which look like ethnic patterns. The titles reveal that all are, in fact, derived from Native American beadwork. In these and other works, there's a sense of earnestness in the artist's commitment to Native American visual culture, but in the final analysis she may perpetuate the same biases she seems to oppose. Through April 21. (Postmasters, 80 Greene St.)

Ian Hamilton Finlay—The artist's folly-filled garden in the Scottish countryside—a series of outdoor sculptures combining classical images and revolutionary ideas—is a legendary, if physically inaccessible, creation. Less well known here are Finlay's roots in concrete poetry, a crucial aspect of his work that is evident in this beautiful show of recent pieces, which consist simply of words and phrases painted on the gallery's walls, in which each change of typeface or color is exquisite and meaningful. Also included are some works from the sixties and seventies that are more purely concrete poetry. Through April 21. (Burgin, 130 Prince St.)

César Galicia—Technique-burdened Photo-Realist paintings and drawings, many of joyless women and motorcycles against etched walls. Through April 21. (Staempfli, 415 West Broadway.)

Hans Haacke—This formidable artist is getting sharper in his search for intelligent forms for his own brand of Naderism. The most resonant work in an exceptionally compelling show documents a piece Haacke erected in Graz, Austria, representing the verve with which the Austrians embraced Hitler; included is a text describing the debate—and, ultimately, the violence—the piece inspired. Haacke is capable of an occasional clinker—for instance, a very Pop cigarette package concerned with the N.E.A., Jesse Helms, and Philip Morris. Among the stronger works are remakes of Picasso and Braque collages of smokers, updated with newspaper fragments concerned with smoking's cost to society. One excerpt is a distressing piece of information about a large donation made by Philip Morris, a company with a purportedly enlightened arts-sponsorship program, to the Jesse Helms Center Foundation; this feeds back into other Haacke works and suggests that the corporation wants to have it both ways. Through April 22. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Mangold—Eccentricity is the last word one would think to apply to the work of the most restrained of the minimalists. But there is the suggestion of a wacky shape, an oval face, some pleasurable brushwork in these new two-part, shaped canvases, which are also perhaps the artist's most sensual. Diehards can rest assured, though: there is a strict geometry peeking through the liver-red paint and chalky gray atmosphere. Through April 24. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

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Joseph Nechvatal—These computer-generated and robotically “painted” works are so overloaded with mechanically derived images, layered and manipulated to the point of meltdown, and so lacking in sensate pleasure, that they are hard to like—but that, of course, is the point. Through April 25. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

John Okulick—Tricky wood reliefs of geometric shapes in forced illusionistic perspective—an advanced version of the old cube-drawing game—and two strong but facile mythopoetic drawings of waves and a waterfall. Through April 25. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Stephen Prina—The artist has taken a conceptual wordwork by Lawrence Weiner—“A Translation from One Language to Another” —and simply and amusingly carried out Weiner's idea: he has had that title translated into each of the sixty-one languages taught by the Berlitz School, and had it typeset on Berlitz stationery. Prina's piece is a sly, smart, and somewhat tragicomic collision of conceptual art and logic in the age of mechanical reproduction. Through April 21. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

Joseph Santore—Included among these voyeuristic painted portraits is an especially disturbing one of two naked women in sexual repose surrounded by detached onlookers, including a sea of heads embedded in the floor, in a canary-yellow twilight zone. The artist is aggressively adept with a brush, but his use of color is so claustrophobic that the viewer is inspired to flee. Through April 14. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Carolee Schneemann—This performance artist has been baring her bod for several decades now, and the underlying feminist gesture is beginning to look silly. Her current piece consists of eleven mechanized violins wiggling on the wall, slides of violins and the artist's naked body projected over them, and drawings of a Cycladic shape that looks like the violin and the female body, all of which makes a very trite statement about history and form. Through April 14. (Harvey, 537 Broadway.)

Wolfgang Staehle—Cutting attacks on the art system and the media executed with great style and wit. Half the works are assemblages with miniature video screens; they are handsome, crisp, and smart. The other half are self-consciously arty—three Carl Andre-type wood pedestals, for example, with “Reserviert” signs atop them and framed misprinted newspaper pages behind them. The most disturbing piece—a photographic transparency overlaid with the text “ . . . Art is lost in this town . . . ”—links the two bodies of work and is not mediated with humor. Through April 21. (Koury Wingate, 578 Broadway.)

Bernar Venet—Big recent sculptures of steel, principally in the form of the artist's characteristic spirals—sometimes coiled in three-dimensional space, sometimes marking time on the walls. There is very little finesse and no element of surprise in Venet's work, agreeable though it can be. Through April 14. (Baghoomian, 555 Broadway.)

Betty Woodman—It's always refreshing to see this ceramist's work. Her new, toucanlike vases have fanciful capes and are coated with luscious spotted and swirled glazes. Much to her credit, Woodman's works look sculptural and painterly without ever looking like they're trying to be what they are not. Through April 28. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

“The Fifth Essence”—The curator Frederieke Taylor has gathered a varied, somewhat uneven, but mostly fascinating assortment of works concerned with alchemical transformation; many of them take on greater depth in this context. There's a fine metal-powder-and-paper work by Ching Ho Cheng (who died as a result of the vapors from the materials he worked with); a salted piece of copper by Eve Laramee that refers to Dante's burial in a crypt submerged in water; and a sweet piece by Gordon Matta-Clark, a wall fragment—from Food, the SoHo restaurant he started—with a scribbled recipe, which, in this company, one presumes is more for spiritual than for nutritional consumption. There are also context-setting works by Duchamp and Beuys. Through April 21. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 532 Broadway.)

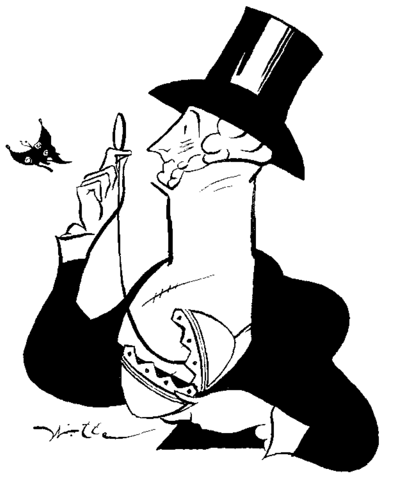
Short List—**Richard Artschwager,** Boone, 417 West Broadway (through April 28); **Dennis Ashbaugh,** Kasmin, 580 Broadway (starts April 11); **Eric Bainbridge,** Ala, 560 Broadway (through April 14); **Bill Barrette,** Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St. (through April 28); **Bård Breivik,** Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through April 28); **Joan Gardner,** 55 Mercer Street Gallery (through April 21); **Raoul Hague,** Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway (through May 12); **Lester Johnson,** Gimpel, 415 West Broadway (through April 28); **Hai Knafo,** O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway (through April 28); **Robert Morris,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through April 28); **David Rabinowitch,** Flynn, 113 Crosby St. (opens at 1, Tuesdays through Fridays, through June 30); **Archie Rand,** Hanson, 415 West Broadway (through April 28); **Wolfgang Robbe,** Gibson, 568 Broadway (through April 21); **Miriam Schapiro,** Steinbaum, 132 Greene St. (through May 5); **Jane Schneider,** Kelly, 591 Broadway (through May 5); **Ray Smith,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through April 21); **Hiroshi Teshigahara,** 65 Thompson Street Gallery (through May 12); **Michael Venezia,** Roeder, 545 Broadway (closed Tuesdays, through May 3); **Not Vital,** Marcus, 578 Broadway (through April 28); **Kay Walkingstick,** M-13, at 72 Greene St. (through April 21); **Meg Webster,** Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (through April 28); **William Wegman,** Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (through May 5); **Terry Winters,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through April 21).

MISFITS

“Christmas Is Just Around the Corner” reads a sign in the window of a Fifth Avenue Christmas-supply store that's trying to drum up some off-season business. Nearby, in one of the shop's 23rd Street windows, there's an Edward Gorey-esque display of gussied-up mechanical dolls. The figures have spidery fingers with no knuckles, heads that roll back and forth, and the drowsy expression of revellers who've popped a few too many Actifeds. One of the dolls, who's apparently meant to be Marie Antoinette, is trying to eat a piece of cake but can't manage to swing the morsel within range of her face. Another keeps reaching out for something (an apéritif, maybe?) that isn't there. On the store's Fifth Avenue side—near a revolving door that has been more or less blockaded by a Christmas tree bearing the slogan “They Won't Know It's Artificial Unless You Tell Them”—there's a re-creation of a well-known North Pole workshop. Things are slightly off kilter here, too. One of Santa's minions has dropped his palette and is waving a paintbrush absent-mindedly in the air. Another has fallen from his perch and landed on his head, exposing his midriff and gyrating his elfin butt in the air. Whoever plugged in this surrealistic Christmas might want to tend to it. Otherwise, when Santa gets back from Rio there's going to be hell to pay.

OTHER GALLERIES

Gerhard Richter—An important cycle of works, concerned with the suspicious deaths of members of the revolutionary/terrorist Baader-Meinhof group, serves as a stark counterpoint to the German painter's recent two-gallery show. In dark, saturnine grisaille paintings, derived from news photographs, Richter takes on the very complex task of representing history. The images are blurry, their surfaces streaked in a dazzling display of painting that seems to deliberately fall short of being truly seductive. This tension between sensuality and deathliness pervades the paintings on all levels and is responsible for the cycle's elusive charge. Through April 21. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl.)



Charles Saxon (1920-88)—Original watercolors for *New Yorker* covers, plus cartoons and sketchbooks. Through June 29. (Butler Library, Columbia University, 6th floor, Broadway at 114th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 4:45.)

Short List—**john chamberlain,** Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. (opens at noon, Thursdays through Sundays, through June 17); **frank holliday,** Cugliani, 508 Greenwich St., at Spring St. (through April 28).

PHOTOGRAPHY

SOMETIMES when we pass by a school it all comes back, and we once again feel the way we did all those years sitting in the classroom. We had that same kind of visceral reaction the other day, but at a photography exhibition, at the Laurence Miller Gallery on Spring Street. We felt small, strange, and panicked about not knowing enough. We listened for the end-of-class bell to ring. We were looking at a selection of Catherine Wagner's photographs from her project "American Classroom," and they create the perfect environment for reëxperiencing the sensations of being a kid in school. There are no people in the photos, so they really allow you to be alone with your memories, even if some of the images are about rather specialized lessons we may never have learned, such as dog grooming. The best picture of all, however, is one that will feel familiar to everyone: a closeup of a desk top, scribbled over. Among the markings are a couple of fragments of literary criticism. Someone has written, "Hemingway is an overrated clod." And someone else has scrawled, "F. Scott rules." A-plus.

Czech Modernism: 1900-1945—A show of a hundred and eighty-five black-and-white photographs, in conjunction with the exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper at the Brooklyn Museum. Through May 13. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Short List—**stephen frailey,** Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. (opens at noon on Saturdays, through April 14); **john gutmann,** Castelli Graphics, 578 Broadway (through April 28); **larry johnson,** 303 Gallery, 89 Greene St. (through April 28); **nic nicosia,** Facchetti, 476 Broadway (through April 28); **irving penn,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through April 28); **eliot porter,** Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through May 5); **eve sonneman,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through April 28); **catherine wagner,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through April 14).

MUSIC

IN the lightning-strikes-twice department, we note the imminent appearance of two works for trombone and orchestra on New York programs. This is not one of the more heavily worked genres in classical music, and trombonists everywhere will want to take note: Paul Creston's "Fantasy for Trombone" in the New York Philharmonic subscription concert that is first heard on April 12, and Donald Erb's concerto with the American Symphony Orchestra on April 15. The respective soloists are Joseph Alessi and Ava Ordman. (Those who find themselves a little startled by the prospect of a female trombone soloist may be assured that times are, however tardily, changing; the concert is to be conducted by Catherine Comet.) Meanwhile, there are two period-instrument performances going head-to-head in the same week: the Classical Band's version of the Mozart Requiem in Carnegie Hall on Friday the 13th, and the Grande Bande's rendition of a Haydn symphony and Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 17 the following evening in Alice Tully Hall.

Much rarer than lightning striking twice in the same place is the appearance of a really good Siegfried in any place. Wagner's tenor hero in the last two episodes of the "Ring" cycle endures such punishing tests of stamina and power that very few good singers have attempted the part; it is usually done by bad singers—or, let us say, by singers who would have to be found direly wanting by ordinary musical standards—whose great qualification is simply being able to get through the role. The lyrical, beautiful, musical aspects of Wagner's writing are almost always given up for lost at the outset, and many conductors and critics consider it irrelevant even to think about them. We bring this up because a singer who at his best might be called good by decent critical standards (and whose Loge in "Das Rheingold" we recall with much pleasure) is about to take on the role at the Met for the first time, on April 13 ("Siegfried") and April 21 (Götterdämmerung"). Perhaps his parents intended him for this mission—his name is Siegfried Jerusalem.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**la bohème,** with Leona Mitchell, Nancy Gustafson, Francisco Araiza, and Brian Schexnayder; conducted by Ralf Weikert. (April 9 at 8.) . . . ¶ With Leona Mitchell, Barbara Daniels, Francisco Araiza, and Brian Schexnayder; Ralf Weikert. (April 14 at 8.) . . . **die fledermaus,** with Barbara Daniels, Barbara Kilduff, Helga Dernesch, Tonio di Paolo, and Michael Best; Hermann Michael. (April 10 at 8.) . . . With Karen Huffstodt, Harolyn Blackwell, Tonio di Paolo, Helga Dernesch, and Michael Best; Hermann Michael. (April 12 at 8.) . . . With Barbara Daniels, Helga Dernesch, Harolyn Blackwell, Tonio di Paolo, and Michael Best; Hermann Michael. (April 16 at 8.) . . . **don giovanni,** a new production, with

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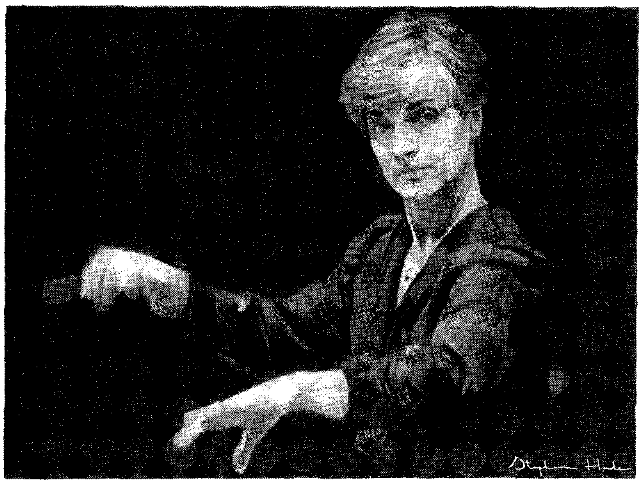
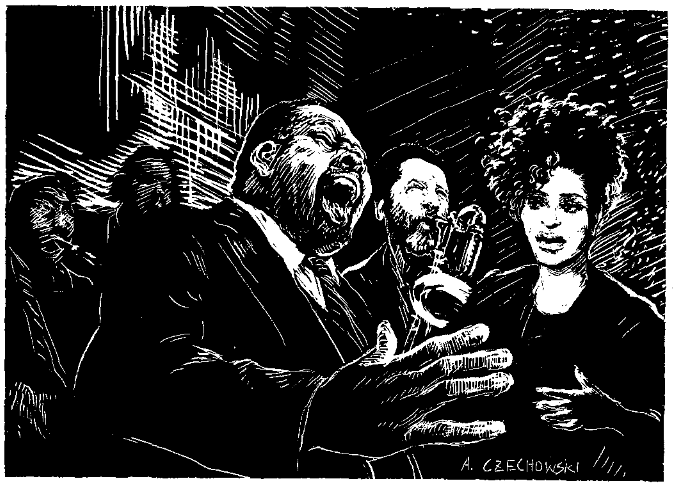
Carol Vaness, Ashley Putnam, Dawn Upshaw, Gösta Winbergh, Ferruccio Furlanetto, and Samuel Ramey; James Levine. (April 11 at 8 and April 14 at 1:30.) . . . With Marilyn Mims, Ashley Putnam, Dawn Upshaw, Gösta Winbergh, Ferruccio Furlanetto, and Samuel Ramey; James Levine. (April 17 at 8.) . . . **SIEGFRIED,** with Hildegard Behrens, Siegfried Jerusalem, Heinz Zednik, and James Morris; James Levine. (April 13 at 6.) . . . **IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA,** with Kathleen Battle, Gino Quilico, Frank Lopardo, and Carlos Feller; Julius Rudel. (April 18 at 8.)



Catherine Comet conducting the American Symphony Orchestra



David Peaston and Miki Howard

"LA WALLY"—Eve Queler conducting the Opera Orchestra of New York in a concert production of Alfredo Catalani's opera. With Aprile Millo and Dawn Kotoski, sopranos; Kristian Johannsson, tenor; and Matteo Manuguerra, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. April 17 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall. April 10 at 8: Charles Dutoit conducting works by Stravinsky, Prokofiev, and Shostakovich. With Joshua Bell, violin. . . . ¶ April 12 at 8, April 13 at 2, April 14 at 8, and April 17 at 7:30: Leonard Slatkin conducting a program of works by Haydn, Paul Creston, and Elgar. With Joseph Alessi, trombone.

MANHATTAN PHILHARMONIC—Jerry Ann Alt, Hugh Sanders, and Larry Wyatt conducting works by Mozart and Vivaldi. (Carnegie Hall. April 10 at 8.)

THE CLASSICAL BAND AND CHORUS—Trevor Pinnock conducting two different all-Mozart programs. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. April 11 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. April 13 at 8.)

RIVERSIDE SYMPHONY—George Rothman conducting works by Debussy, Prokofiev, Copland, and Mozart. With Marc-André Hamelin, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. April 12 at 8.)

JUPITER SYMPHONY—Jens Nygaard conducting an all-Mozart program. With Constance Geanakoplos, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. April 13 at 8.)

GRANDE BANDE—Frederick Renz conducting a Haydn-Mozart program. With John Gibbons, fortepiano. (Alice Tully Hall. April 14 at 8.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Catherine Comet conducting music by Ravel, Donald Erb, and Saint-Saëns. With Ava Ordman, trombone, and Anthony Newman, organ. (Carnegie Hall. April 15 at 3.)

MANHATTAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Robert Summer and Richard Auldon Clark conducting, respectively, works by Schubert and Rimsky-Korsakov. (Carnegie Hall. April 16 at 8.)

SOLISTI NEW YORK—Alasdair Neale conducting the chamber orchestra in premières by Robert Beaser, Robert Dick, Paul Schoenfield, and Joseph Schwantner. With Paula Robison, Carol Wincenc, Ransom Wilson, and Mr. Dick, all playing the flute. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. April 16 at 8.)

"THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE"—John McGlinn conducting a concert performance of the Jerome Kern-Otto Harbach musical. With Cris Groenendaal, Judy Kaye, and an orchestra. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. April 18 at 8. Through April 22.)

"THE ST. JOHN PASSION"—Paul Halley directing the Cathedral of St. John the Divine's choir and orchestra in a staged production of the Bach work. (Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. April 13 at 7:30.)

RECITALS

ANNIE FISCHER—Piano; among the compositions, Beethoven's "Pathétique" Sonata. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. April 12 at 8.)

MISHA DICHTER—Piano, in a program of works by Bartók, Rachmaninoff, and others. (Carnegie Hall. April 12 at 8.)

MIECZYSLAW LITWINSKI—The composer-singer will perform his own works. With an ensemble and a choir. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. April 13 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

MENDELSSOHN STRING QUARTET—With assisting artists Michael Tree, viola, and David Soyer, cello. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 14 at 8:30.)

"SEVEN LAST WORDS OF CHRIST"—A string-quartet version of Haydn's work. With Alexander Schneider and Isidore Cohen, violin; Steven Tenebom, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; and Schuyler Chapin, narrator. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. April 15 at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Music by Beethoven, Gunther Schuller, and Brahms played by Stephen Taylor, oboe; Frank Morelli, bassoon; and artists of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. April 15 at 5 and April 17 at 7:30.)

JOEL KROSNICK AND GILBERT KALISH—Cello and piano, in a program that includes a work by the late composer Ernst Bacon. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. April 17 at 8.)

HORACIO GUTIÉRREZ—Piano, performing works by Schumann, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. (Carnegie Hall. April 18 at 8.)

FREDERICA VON STADE—Soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 18 at 8.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

LAURIE ANDERSON—The music on her current solo tour, featured at BAM's Next Wave Festival last year, is just Laurie and her machines. It's bright, daring material, much of it drawn from her latest album, "Strange Angels." There's some startling video in this show, and, thank goodness, much of the end-of-the-world ballyhoo that's marred previous tours has been dropped. Her music, more laconic than aggressive, now moves you in small, beautiful ways—through a repeated phrase, or a synthesized sigh. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. April 12-14 at 7:30.)

TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI JAZZ ORCHESTRA—Ten years ago, Akiyoshi's outfit was at the head of the modern big-band pack. Its following has diminished since then, but Akiyoshi's powers—as a composer and as a pianist in the breezy, bebop tradition of Bud Powell—have not. Her group still swings in concert, and, as always, her chief soloist is her husband, the entrancing sax-and-flute man Lew Tabackin. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. April 13 at 8.)

MÖTLEY CRÜE—Wicked, sleazy, and sometimes hilarious, this veteran L.A. glam-rock band knows what it's doing: they play well, strike outrageous poses, and keep their distance from the flash pots. These guys have sold millions of records on the strength of songs with such titles as "Slice of Your Pie," and they show no signs of giving up the pop-metal formula that has made them so rich. (Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. April 15 at 7:30.)

DAVID PEASTON AND MIKI HOWARD—Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. Performances on April 13 at 8 and midnight.

BENEFIT CONCERT—Joe Williams, Wynton Marsalis, Dianne Reeves, Tito Puente, George Benson, David Sanborn, and others in a salute to the jazz promoter George Wein. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. April 11 at 8.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

METS—Vs. the Pittsburgh Pirates, April 9 (opening day) and April 11 at 1:35, and April 12 at 3:05. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago Cubs, April 17-18 at 7:35 and April 19 at 3:05.

YANKEES—Vs. the Cleveland Indians, April 12 at 1. . . . ¶ Vs. the Texas Rangers, April 13 at 7:30, and April 14-15 at 1:30.

KNICKS—Vs. the Detroit Pistons, April 10 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Indiana Pacers, April 12 at 8. . . . ¶ Vs. the Miami Heat, April 16 at 7:30.

NETS—Vs. the Boston Celtics, April 10. . . . ¶ Vs. the Indiana Pacers, April 14. . . . ¶ Vs. the Cleveland Cavaliers, April 18. (Game time, 7:30.)

(The Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; the Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 293-6000; the Knicks and the Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; the Nets and the Devils play at the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-3900; and the Islanders play at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 422-9222.)

CHAMPIONSHIP—HOCKEY

STANLEY CUP PLAYOFFS—The Islanders host the Rangers April 9 and 11, and, if necessary, April 15. . . . ¶ The Rangers host the Islanders, if necessary, April 13 and 17. . . . ¶ The Devils host the Washington Capitals, if necessary, April 13 and 17.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

EASTER SERVICE—Inspired by a Korean ceremony in which people climb the highest mountain in order to worship, the Reverend Frank Rafter conducts a sunrise (6 A.M.) Easter service on the observation deck of the Empire State Building. For reservations, which are necessary, call 1-718 849-3580.

TALKS—April 16 at 6:30: A discussion of Trump City. With Robert Kupferman, Michael Weil, and Maxine Griffith. (Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 50th St. For reservations, call 935-3960.) . . . ¶ April 17 at 7:30: Wesley Brown, Fay Chiang, Mary Gordon, Oscar Hijuelos, Cynthia Ozick, and others talk about how writers' ethnic backgrounds affect their work. (The Columns, 584 Broadway, 2nd floor. No tickets necessary.)

MEMORANDUM—1989 income taxes are due Monday, April 16.

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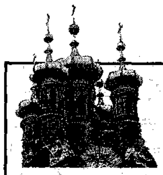

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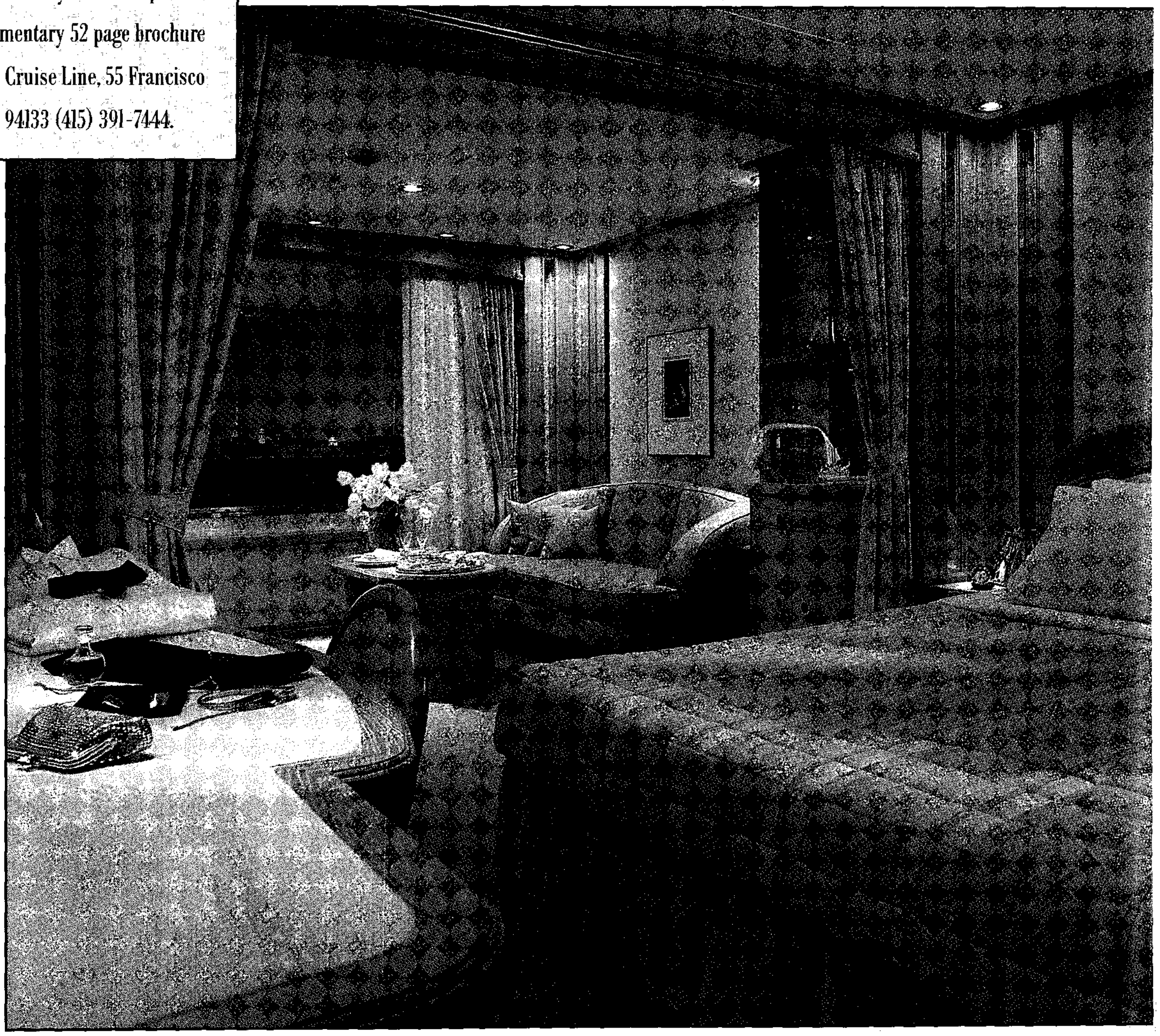

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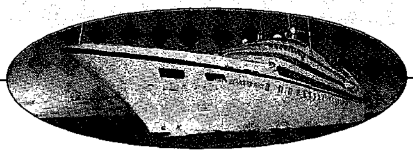

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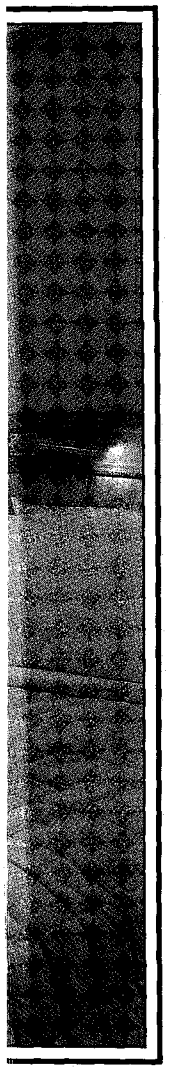

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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15	16	17	18			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: Through April 12: (Separate admissions) "Black Rain" (†); and "New Year's Day" (directed by Henry Jaglom). From April 13: "Bail Jumper" (Christian Faber).
Theatre 2: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (Peter Greenaway), with Richard Bohringer, Michael Gambon, Helen Mirren, and Alan Howard.
Theatre 3: "Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer" (John McNaughton).
Theatre 4: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn.
Theatre 5: "Mystery Train" (Jim Jarmusch).
Theatre 6: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
The Documentary Festival of New York, featuring film, video, and made-for-television documentaries.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane.
Theatre 2: "I Love You to Death" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline, Tracey Ullman, and River Phoenix.
Theatre 3: "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey.

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "I Love You to Death" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline, Tracey Ullman, and River Phoenix.
Theatre 2: "In the Spirit" (Sandra Seacat), with Jeannie Berlin, Olympia Dukakis, and Peter Falk.
Theatre 3: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).
Theatre 4: "The First Power" (Robert Resnikoff), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Tracy Griffith.
Theatre 5: Through April 10: "A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine, Swoosie Kurtz, and Peter Riegert. From April 11: "Crazy People" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Daryl Hannah.
Theatre 6: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Pretty Woman" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through April 12: "Opportunity Knocks" (Donald Petrie), with Dana Carvey.
From April 13: "The Gods Must Be Crazy II" (Jamie Uys).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The First Power" (Robert Resnikoff), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Tracy Griffith.
Theatre 2: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).
Theatre 3: Through April 10: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan. From April 11: "Crazy People" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Daryl Hannah.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through April 12: "Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane.
From April 13: "Vital Signs" (Marisa Silver), with Adrian Pasdar, Diane Lane, and Jimmy Smits.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Glory" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through April 12: "Enemies, A Love Story" (†).
From April 13: "Vital Signs" (Marisa Silver), with Adrian Pasdar, Diane Lane, and Jimmy Smits.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (Peter Greenaway), with Richard Bohringer, Michael Gambon, Helen Mirren, and Alan Howard.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe and James Spader.
Theatre 2: "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through April 10: "Lord of the Flies" (Harry Hook).
From April 11: "Crazy People" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Daryl Hannah.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through April 12: "Cry-Baby" (†). From April 13: "The Gods Must Be Crazy II" (Jamie Uys).
Theatre 2: "Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Pretty Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 3: "Ernest Goes to Jail" (John Cherry), with Jim Varney.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "I Love You to Death" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline, Tracey Ullman, and River Phoenix.
Theatre 2: "A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Opportunity Knocks" (Donald Petrie), with Dana Carvey.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Alec Baldwin.
Theatre 2: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"In the Spirit" (Sandra Seacat), with Jeannie Berlin, Olympia Dukakis, and Peter Falk.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 10: "Joe Versus the Volcano" (†).
From April 11: "Crazy People" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Daryl Hannah.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Alec Baldwin.
Theatre 2: "Cry-Baby" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey.
Theatre 2: "Pretty Woman" (†).

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Sweetie" (directed by Jane Campion).
Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Macho Dancer" (Lino Brocka); and "Labyrinth of Passion" (1982, Pedro Almodóvar, in Spanish).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through April 10: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe and James Spader. From April 11: "Crazy People" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore.
Theatre 2: "Cry-Baby" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Pretty Woman" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).
Theatre 2: Through April 12: "Opportunity Knocks" (Donald Petrie), with Dana Carvey. From April 13: "The Gods Must Be Crazy II" (Jamie Uys).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine.
Theatre 3: "Henry V" (†).
Theatre 4: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: Through April 12: "Lord of the Flies" (Harry Hook). From April 13: "Vital Signs" (Marisa Silver), with Adrian Pasdar, Diane Lane, and Jimmy Smits.
Theatre 2: "Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane.
Theatre 3: "Cry-Baby" (†).
Theatre 4: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.
Theatre 5: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (Peter Greenaway), with Richard Bohringer, Michael Gambon, Helen Mirren, and Alan Howard.
Theatre 6: Through April 12: "Rosalie Goes Shopping" (Percy Adlon), with Marianne Sägebrecht, Brad Davis, and Judge Reinhold. From April 13: "The Gods Must Be Crazy II" (Jamie Uys).
Theatre 7: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 8: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn.
Theatre 9: "Opportunity Knocks" (Donald Petrie), with Dana Carvey.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey.
Theatre 2: Through April 12: "House Party" (Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin. From April 13: "Angel Town" (Eric Karson), with Olivier Gruner and Theresa Saldana.
Theatre 3: "Ernest Goes to Jail" (John Cherry), with Jim Varney.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through April 10: "The Little Mermaid" (†).
From April 11: "Crazy People" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Daryl Hannah.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Opportunity Knocks" (Donald Petrie), with Dana Carvey.
Theatre 3: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.
Theatre 4: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (Peter Greenaway), with Richard Bohringer, Michael Gambon, Helen Mirren, and Alan Howard.
Theatre 5: "Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane.
Theatre 6: "Cry-Baby" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Mountains of the Moon" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Henry V" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Through April 12: "Enemies, A Love Story" (†).
From April 13: "The Gods Must Be Crazy II" (Jamie Uys).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
Through April 12: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).
From April 13: "Camille Claudel" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through April 12: "Camille Claudel" (†).
From April 13: "Mama, There's a Man in Your Bed" (Coline Serreau; in French), with Daniel Auteuil and Firmine Richard.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn.

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Cry-Baby" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).

Theatre 2: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.

Theatre 3: "Too Beautiful for You" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Josiane Balasko, and Carole Bouquet.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).

Theatre 2: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

Theatre 3: "Pretty Woman" (†).

Theatre 4: "In the Spirit" (Sandra Seacat), with Jeannie Berlin, Olympia Dukakis, and Peter Falk.

Theatre 5: Through April 10: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†). From April 11: "Crazy People" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Daryl Hannah.

Theatre 6: "The First Power" (Robert Resnikoff), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Tracy Griffith.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "I Love You to Death" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline, Tracey Ullman, and River Phoenix.

Theatre 2: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe and James Spader.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey.

Theatre 2: "House Party" (Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "House Party" (directed by Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

Theatre 2: "I Love You to Death" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline, Tracey Ullman, and River Phoenix.

Theatre 3: Through April 12: "Lambada" (Joel Silberg), with J. Eddie Peck and Melora Hardin. From April 13: "Vital Signs" (Marisa Silver), with Adrian Pasdar, Diane Lane, and Jimmy Smits.

Theatre 4: "Glory" (†).

Theatre 5: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).

Theatre 6: Through April 12: "A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine, Swoosie Kurtz, and Peter Riegert. From April 13: "Angel Town" (Eric Karson), with Olivier Gruner and Theresa Saldana.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"Pretty Woman" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through April 10: "The First Power" (Robert Resnikoff), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Tracy Griffith. From April 11: "Crazy People" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Daryl Hannah.

Theatre 3: Through April 10: "Blue Steel" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Ron Silver. From April 11: "The First Power."

Theatre 4: "Ernest Goes to Jail" (John Cherry), with Jim Varney.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Cry-Baby" (†).

Theatre 2: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"Opportunity Knocks" (Donald Petrie), with Dana Carvey.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal.

Theatre 2: "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey.

At the Cinema Village, "2001: A Space Odyssey"

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Through April 10: "Travels with My Aunt" (1972, directed by George Cukor), with Maggie Smith and Alec McCowen; and "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" (1969, Ronald Neame), with Smith, Robert Stephens, Celia Johnson, and Pamela Franklin.

April 11: "The Missionary" (1982, Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin, Maggie Smith, Trevor Howard, and Denholm Elliott; and "A Private Function" (1985, Malcolm Mowbray), with Palin, Smith, and Elliott.

April 12-14: "A Room with a View" (1986, James Ivory), with Maggie Smith, Denholm Elliott, Helena Bonham-Carter, Julian Sands, and Daniel Day-Lewis; and "Quartet" (1981, Ivory), with Alan Bates, Smith, Isabelle Adjani, and Anthony Higgins.

April 15-16: "California Suite" (†); and "Hot Millions" (1968, Eric Till), with Peter Ustinov and Maggie Smith.

April 17-18: "Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing" (1973, Alan J. Pakula), with Maggie Smith and Timothy Bottoms; and "The Pumpkin Eater" (1964, Jack Clayton), with Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Smith.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 10: "The Graduate" (1967, Mike Nichols), with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross; and "Risky Business" (1983, Paul Brickman), with Tom Cruise and Rebecca De Mornay.

April 11-12: "Paris, Texas" (1984, Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell; and "Hud" (1963, Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde.

April 13-14: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968, Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood; and "Star Wars" (†).

April 15: "The Cameraman" (1928, Edward Sedgwick; silent), with Buster Keaton; and "Spite Marriage" (1929, Sedgwick), with Keaton.

April 16-17: "Choose Me" (†); and "Bagdad Café" (1988, Percy Adlon), with Marianne Sägebrecht and CCH Pounder.

From April 18: "Family Business" (1989, Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick; and "The Offence" (1973, Lumet), with Connery, Trevor Howard, and Ian Bannen.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Through April 10: "The Ten Commandments" (1956, Cecil B. De Mille), with Charlton Heston and Yul Brynner.

April 11-12: "Blow-Up" (1966, Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Blow Out" (1981, Brian De Palma), with John Travolta, Nancy Allen, John Lithgow, and Dennis Franz.

April 13-14: "Breathless" (†); and "Pierrot le Fou" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina.

April 15: "The Magic Flute" (1975, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "Wild Strawberries" (1957, Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin.

April 16-17: "Wait Until Dark" (1967, Terence Young), with Audrey Hepburn, Alan Arkin, and Richard Crenna; and "Roman Holiday" (1953, William Wyler), with Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert.

From April 18: "Badlands" (†) and "The Stepfather" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 9: "Testament of Orpheus" (1962, Jean Cocteau; in French); "The Blood of a Poet" (1930, Cocteau; in French); and "Orpheus" (1949, Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, François Périer, and Edouard Dermithe.

April 10: "Portrait of Jennie" (1949, William Dieterle), with Jennifer Jones and Joseph Cotten; and "Duel in the Sun" (1946, King Vidor), with Jones, Gregory Peck, Cotten, Charles Bickford, and Lillian Gish.

April 11: "Les Misérables" (1935, Richard Boleslavsky), with Charles Laughton and Fredric March; and "Rasputin and the Empress" (1932, Boleslavsky), with Lionel, Ethel, and John Barrymore.

April 12: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943, Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, and Lena Horne; and "Stormy Weather" (1943, Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.

April 13-14: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941, John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "Casablanca" (1942, Michael Curtiz), with Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, Paul Henreid, Conrad Veidt, and Greenstreet.

April 15: "Simon of the Desert" (1965, Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Claudio Brook and Silvia Pinal; and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with a cast of nonprofessionals.

April 16: "Le Jour se Lève" (†); and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (1937, Marcel Carné; in French), with Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay, Jean-Louis Barrault, Michel Simon, and Jean-Pierre Aumont.

April 17: "Women in Love" (1970, Ken Russell), with Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, Glenda Jackson, and Jennie Linden; and "Sons and Lovers" (†).

April 18: "Dr. No" (1963, Terence Young), with Sean Connery as James Bond; and "Thunderball" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

THEATRE 1: April 9 at 2:30: "Diabolique" (1955, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Charles Vanel, Simone Signoret, and Vera Clouzot. . . . ¶ April 9 at 6: "The Killers" (1946, Robert Siodmak), with Ava Gardner, Burt Lancaster, and Edmond O'Brien. . . . ¶ April 10 at 2:30: "The Lady Eve" (1941, Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, and Charles Coburn. . . . ¶ April 10 at 6: "The Whales of August" (1987, Lindsay Anderson), with Bette Davis, Lillian Gish, and Ann Sothern. . . . ¶ April 12 at 2:30: "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp" (1943, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Roger Livesey and Deborah Kerr. . . . ¶ April 12 at 6: "A Matter of Life and Death" ("Stairway to Heaven"; 1946, Powell and Pressburger), with David Niven, Kim Hunter, and Livesey. . . . ¶ April 13 at 2:30: "The Sleeping Car Murders" (1965, Costa-Gavras; in French), with Simone Signoret, Yves Montand, and Michel Piccoli. . . . ¶ April 13 at 6: "Z" (1969, Costa-Gavras; in French), with Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Jacques Perrin. . . . ¶ April 14 at 2: "Special Section" (1975, Costa-Gavras; in French), with Michel Lonsdale, Heinz Bennent, and Michel Galabru. . . . ¶ April 14 at 5: "State of Siege" (1973, Costa-Gavras; in French), with Montand, Renato Salvatori, and O. E. Hasse. . . . ¶ April 15 at 2: "Z." . . . ¶ April 15 at 5: "The Sleeping Car Murders." . . . ¶ April 16 at 2:30: "State of Siege." . . . ¶ April 16 at 6: "Special Section." . . . ¶ April 17 at 2:30: "The Confession" (1970, Costa-Gavras; in French), with Montand and Signoret. . . . ¶ April 17 at 6: "One Man Too Many" (1967, Costa-Gavras; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Bruno Cremer, and Jacques Perrin.

THEATRE 2: April 9 at 3: "Lycanthropy" (1981), "Little Black Riding Hood" (1982), "Flying Hair" (1984), "Gentle Spirit" (1985), "Jittery Life in Space" (1986), "Walls" (1987), and "Freedom of the Leg" (1988), all Polish animated films by Piotr Dumala, who will be present. . . . ¶ April 9 at 6: "The Return," "The Barrier," "The Circle," "Chips," "Reflexes," and "Parada," all Polish animated films made by Jerzy Kucia between 1975 and 1989. Mr. Kucia will be present. . . . ¶ April 10 at 3: "Blow-Up" (1966, Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. . . . ¶ April 10 at 6: "Alice in the Cities" (1974, Wim Wenders; in German). . . . ¶ April 12 at 3 and 6: "Blowpipes and Bulldozers" (1989, Jeni Kendell and Paul Tait), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 17 at 3: "Salvador" (1986, Oliver Stone), with James Woods, James Belushi, and Michael Murphy. . . . ¶ April 17 at 6: "Under Fire" (1983, Roger Spottiswoode), with Nick Nolte, Gene Hackman, and Joanna Cassidy.

MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"Laurence Olivier: The Television Legacy." April 10-14: "The Dick Cavett Show" (1973, ABC), a ninety-minute interview with Olivier. . . . April 17-18: "The Collection" (1976, Michael Apted), with Olivier, Alan Bates, Malcolm McDowell, and Helen Mirren. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6, Wednesdays through Fridays at 3, and Saturdays at 1. . . . ¶ "The Reiner Moritz Collection." April 10-14: "Otto Dix" (1989, Reiner E. Moritz), a documentary. Showings Tuesday at 2 and 6:30 and Wednesday through Saturday at 2. . . . April 10-14: "Silence Is the End of Our Song" (1983, Thomas Grimm), performed by the Royal Danish Ballet. Showings Tuesday through Saturday at 3:15. . . . From April 17: "Sir Georg Solti" (1987, Alan Benson), a documentary. Showings Tuesday at 2 and 6:30 and Wednesday through Saturday at 2. . . . From April 17: "Mstislav Rostropovich" (1984, Don Featherstone), a documentary. Showings Tuesday through Saturday at 3:15.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In the Riklis Theatre, films on which William Cameron Menzies was either the production designer or the director. April 11 at 2:30: "Alibi" (1929, Roland West), with Chester Morris. . . . ¶ April 12 at 2:30: "Kings Row" (1941, Sam Wood), with Ann Sheridan, Robert Cummings, and Ronald Reagan. . . . ¶ April 13 at 2:30: "Our Town" (1940, Wood), with William Holden and Martha Scott. . . . ¶ April 14 at 2: "The Spider" (1931, Menzies and Kenneth MacKenna), with Edmund Lowe and Lois Moran; and "Chandu the Magician" (1932, Menzies and Marcel Varnel), with Lowe, Bela Lugosi, and Irene Ware. . . . ¶ April 14 at 5: "Conquest of the Air" (1935, Zoltán Korda and John Monk Saunders), with Laurence Olivier. . . . ¶ April 15 at 2: "For Whom the Bell Tolls" (1943, Wood), with Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman. . . . ¶ April 15 at 5: "Reaching for the Moon" (1931, Edmund Goulding), with Douglas Fairbanks and Bebe Daniels.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. April 11 at 7: "Potemkin" (1925, Sergei Eisenstein; silent). . . . ¶ April 11 at 9: "Gertrud" (1964, Carl Theodor Dreyer; in Danish). . . . ¶ April 12 and 14 at 7: "The River" (1933, Josef Rovensky; in Czech). . . . ¶ April 12 and 14 at 9: "The Earth Sings" (1933, Karel Plicka; in Czech). . . . ¶ April 14 at 5:30: "The Girl from Podskalí" (1922, Václav Binovec; silent). . . . ¶ April 18 at 7: "Old and New" (1929, Eisenstein; silent). . . . ¶ April 18 at 9: "October" (1928, Eisenstein; silent).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—April 18 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Topaze" (1933, Louis Gasnier; in French), with Louis Jouvet, Pierre Larquey, and Edwige Feuillère.

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—April 13 at 6:30: "The Gambling Monk" (1963, Shogoro Nishimura; in Japanese), with Shoichi Ozawa.

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-2742)—Films directed by Tsui Hark, in Cantonese, with English and Mandarin subtitles. April 13 at 6:30: "Love and Death in Saigon." . . . ¶ April 13 at 8:30: "All the Wrong Clues." . . . ¶ April 14 at 6:30: "We're Going to Eat You." . . . ¶ April 14 at 8:30: "Shanghai Blues."

ADAM CLAYTON POWELL, JR., STATE OFFICE BUILDING, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—April 13 at 1 and 4:35: "Brother from Another Planet" (1984, John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Rosanna Carter, and Minnie Gentry; and "Three the Hard Way" (1974, Gordon Parks, Jr.), with Jim Brown, Fred Williamson, and Jim Kelly. . . . ¶ April 13 at 7: "Dolemite, Part 2" (1975, Cliff Roguemore); and "Super Soul Brother" (1976), with Wildman Steve. . . . ¶ April 15 at 2 and 6: "Do the Right Thing" (1989, Spike Lee), with Lee and Danny Aiello; "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads" (1983, Lee); and "Making 'Do the Right Thing' " (1989, St. Clair Bourne), a documentary.

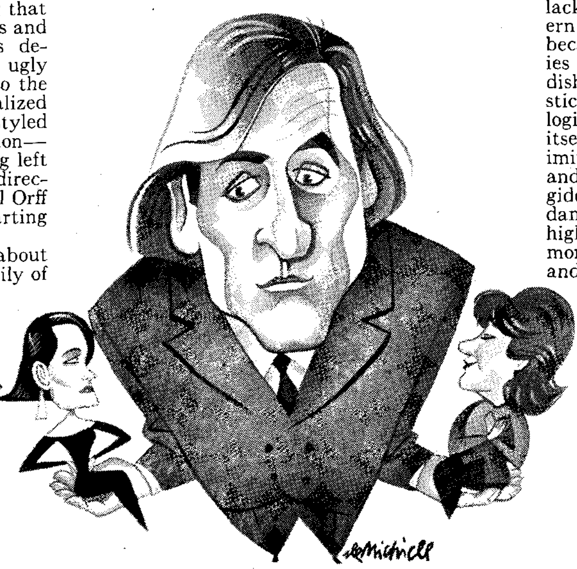
IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

BADLANDS (1973)—Probably we've all seen those convicted killers in prison documentaries on TV who sound uninvolved and mechanical when they talk about their crimes; Terrence Malick's début picture extends that uninvolvement to the whole culture. Set at the end of the fifties, it's about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girlfriend (Sissy Spacek), whose killing spree starts in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant and yet just like everybody else; their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless, but his detached tone puts the viewer in the ugly position of feeling culturally superior to the people on the screen. It's an intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. With Warren Oates; art direction by Jack Fisk. The music is by Carl Orff and Erik Satie.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; starting April 18.)

BLACK RAIN—The most surprising thing about this film, which tells the story of a family of survivors of the atomic-bomb attack on Hiroshima, is that it isn't depressing. It's too intelligent; every scene is drenched in irony. The director, Shohei Imamura, treats the bombing itself with telling poetic concision, as a series of awful tableaux flashing before us with the speed of memory. Then, abruptly, he cuts to a tranquil-looking country scene and a very different kind of story. It's five years later, and the Shizuma family, last seen making their way through the wreckage of the city, now live in a remote village and are preoccupied with a traditional problem of Japanese movie families: arranging a marriage. This leisurely rural existence is restful in only the most superficial ways: two members of the family suffer from radiation sickness and have been ordered not to work hard. The Shizumas live in a perpetual state of suspension, a constant twilight; their survival is more like a wary, static persistence. We're unsure how to respond; we've never seen a family drama quite like this. Imamura has transformed this Hiroshima story into a Sartrean soap opera. With Yoshiko Tanaka, Kazuo Kitamura, and Etsuko Ichihara. The screenplay, by Imamura and Toshiro Ishido, is based on a novel by Masuji Ibuse. Superb black-and-white cinematography by Takashi Kawamata; a harrowingly beautiful score by Toru Takemitsu. In Japanese.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/26/90.) (Angelika Film Center; through April 12.)



At Lincoln Plaza, Carole Bouquet, Gérard Depardieu, and Josiane Balasko in "Too Beautiful for You"

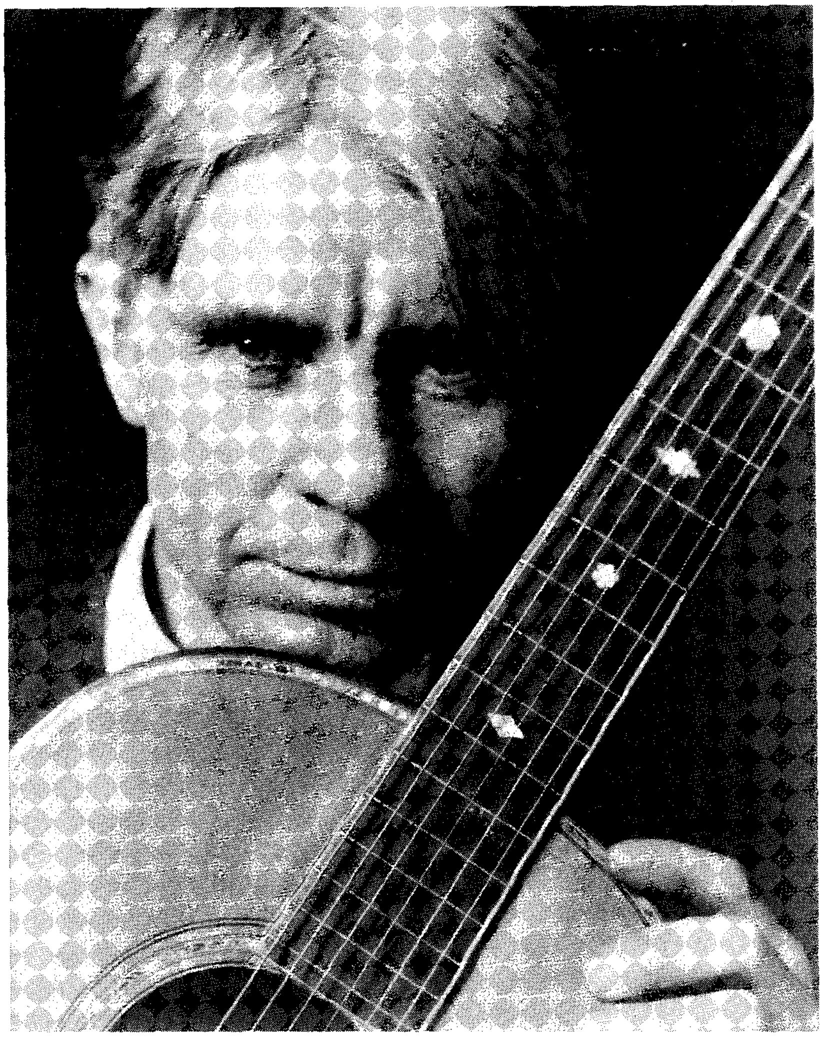
BREATHLESS (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with the twenty-six-year-old Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood, and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and just as casually turns him in to the police when he becomes an inconvenience. Godard, who dedicated this film (made for $90,000) to Monogram Pictures, saw something in the cheap American gangster movies of his youth that French movies lacked; he poeticized it and made it so modern (via fast jump cutting) that he, in turn, became the key influence on American movies of the sixties. Here, he brought together disharmonious elements—irony and slapstick and defeat—and brought the psychological effects of moviegoing into the movie itself. (His hero was probably the first to imitate Bogart.) The film is light and playful and off-the-cuff, even a little silly. Yet the giddy, gauche characters who don't give a damn—the hood who steals a car, kills a highway patrolman, and chases after some money that is owed him for past thefts so he and his impervious, passively butch girl can get to Italy—are not only familiar in an exciting, revealing way, they are terribly *attractive*. The well-known director Jean-Pierre Melville appears as a celebrity being interviewed; Daniel Boulanger appears as the police inspector. Jean-Louis Richard and Philippe de Broca turn up, and there are also bit appearances by Godard, as an informer, by Truffaut (who supplied the news item on which Godard based the script), and by Chabrol (who lent his name as supervising producer). In French.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; April 13-14.)

CALIFORNIA SUITE (1978)—Neil Simon's four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel have been intercut, and the director, Herbert Ross, has bleached the space around the pairs of combatants to get rid of it as tastefully as possible. This look of sunstruck swank is appropriate to the two mawkish, bittersweet Wasp playlets (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda, Maggie Smith and Michael Caine), in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet (low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May) is directed apathetically, and the fourth (slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doctors from Chicago) is a disaster, and not only because it has no comic rhythm. When the black doctors stumble around a flooded hotel room, crash into each other, and step on broken glass, and Cosby bites Pryor's nose, the sequences have horrifying racist overtones. (Inadvertently, the movie seems to be saying that while these black men may be educated, they're still savages.) The audience doesn't get restless, because the pairs of actors keep whacking each other with insults; at the end, there's always the loneliness, the fear, and the reconciliation. Simon and Ross turn vaudeville into mush.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; April 15-16.)

Camille Claudel—She lived, she loved, she sculpted, she went nuts. Bruno Nuytten's first film is a de-luxe biography of a nearly forgotten (but attractive!) artist who studied with the great Rodin, became his assistant and lover, and then struggled to break free of his influence and discover her own identity as a sculptor. Willful (and comely) as she is, Camille never manages to shake her obsession with Rodin, and she makes a mess of her life and her career. This is rich material, but the movie is a real chore to sit through: it's two and a half hours long, and the pace is sluggish. Nuytten, a superb cinematographer, doesn't seem to know how to tell a story—not one as complex as this, anyway. Isabelle Adjani plays Camille (there are obvious similarities to her role in "The Story of Adèle H.") with terrific abandon and intensity, yet the performance isn't satisfying; the film is so poorly shaped as drama that even her most striking moments seem to come out of nowhere. Also with Gérard Depardieu as Rodin, Laurent Grevill as Paul Claudel (Camille's younger brother, who became a well-known writer), and Alain Cuny. The script, by Nuytten and Marilyn Goldin, is based on a biography by Reine-Marie Paris. In French.—T.R. (Paris; through April 12. . . . ¶ Carnegie Screening Room; starting April 13.)

Choose Me (1984)—Written and directed by Alan Rudolph, this romantic comedy-fantasy is about a group of lovers whose madnesses and illusions interlock, and it's giddy in a magical, pseudo-sultry way—it seems to be set in a poet's dream of a red-light district. Teddy Pendergrass is on the soundtrack, and the entire movie has a lilting, loose choreographic flow. And though you can't always tell the intentional humor from the unintentional, this low-budget picture has a marvellous cast, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, Geneviève Bujold, Rae Dawn Chong, and Keith Carradine. Also with John Larroquette, Edward Ruscha, and Patrick Bauchau as the brutal racketeer.—P.K. (Cinema Village; April 16-17.)

Cry-Baby—John Waters' new movie, set in Baltimore in 1954, is an attempt to repeat the formula of his "Hairspray" (1988), but this is a much less enjoyable picture. Like all Waters movies, it's about a battle between the good, disreputable people and the bad, conventional ones—in this case, a group of juvenile delinquents (called "drapes"), whose leader is a handsome rock and roller known as Cry-Baby (Johnny Depp), versus "the squares," represented by just about everybody else in town. Cry-Baby, a sensitive sort (he lost both his parents to the electric chair), falls in love with a square girl, Allison (Amy Locane), and the film devotes itself to exploring the question, Can their forbidden love survive in a world that just doesn't understand? (Can't the adults see that these mixed-up kids are the cutest people alive?) Unfortunately, almost everything in the movie feels flat and enervated. It's indifferently, mechanically paced; the musical numbers are ineptly staged; and Depp isn't a very exciting presence. Waters seems to be going through the motions: "Cry-Baby" is all attitude, a rote recitation of mildly naughty jokes he's made before. Maybe cute people don't inspire him. The bizarre supporting cast includes Polly Bergen, former porn



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queen Traci Lords, Kim McGuire (as a spectacularly ugly girl called Hatchet-Face), Susan Tyrrell, Iggy Pop, Troy Donahue, Joey Heatherton, Joe Dallesandro, David Nelson, and celebrity ex-con Patty Hearst. The star of Waters' previous films, the massive transvestite Divine, died just after the release of "Hairspray," and in his absence the bad-taste touches are sourer than usual; in this picture we feel there's something a little masochistic about Waters' fascination with the grotesque.—T.R. (4/9/90) (Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and National Twin. . . . ¶ Baronet; through April 12.)

Dean Stockwell, Wendy Hiller, and townspeople in "Sons and Lovers"

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's adaptation of his much honored play is still full of manipulative bits—it's virtually all manipulative bits—but the director, Bruce Beresford, understands how to work them while cutting down on their obviousness. Set in Atlanta, starting in 1948, the movie is the story of the companionship that develops between stubborn, suspicious Miss Daisy (Jessica Tandy), a wealthy Jewish widow of seventy-two, and her resilient chauffeur, Hoke (Morgan Freeman), a widower about a decade younger than she is. Essentially, it's about how he changes her. He's made upright, considerate, humane—he's made perfect—so that nothing will disturb our appreciation of the gentle, bittersweet reverie we're watching. But it's acted (and directed) eloquently. Tandy and Freeman achieve a beautiful equilibrium. And Dan Aykroyd comes through with a fine performance as Miss Daisy's good-old-boy son.—P.K. (12/25/89) (68th St. Playhouse, Quad Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through April 10.)

Drugstore Cowboy—Nihilistic humor rarely bubbles up in a movie as freely as it does here. Set in Portland, Oregon, in 1971, the story is about two couples who live together and travel around the Pacific Northwest robbing hospitals and pharmacies, grabbing fistfuls of pills and capsules. They're like a junkie version of Clyde Barrow's gang. The director, Gus Van Sant, takes us inside a lot of underground attitudes: the druggies are monomaniacal about leading an aimless existence—they see themselves as romantic figures. They're comic, but they're not put down for being comic. The picture keeps you laughing because it's so nonjudgmental. Van Sant is half in and half out of the desire of adolescents to remain kids forever. As the gang's twenty-six-year-old leader, Matt Dillon brings the role a light self-mockery that helps set the tone of the film, and Kelly Lynch is strikingly effective as the leader's wife. The script, by the director and Daniel Yost, was based on an unpublished novel by James Fogle, who's in prison for drug-related robberies.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Angelika Film Center. . . . ¶ Carnegie Screening Room; through April 12.)

Enemies, A Love Story—Emotionally overwhelming. Adapted from Isaac Bashevis Singer's New York City novel, set in 1949—a post-Holocaust sex farce in which three passionately jealous women are in love with a guilt-ridden, self-effacing man. The director, Paul Mazursky, has gathered a superbly balanced cast and kept the action so smooth that the viewer is carried along on a tide of mystical slyness. Ron Silver is the Polish-Jewish intellectual who survived the Final Solution by hiding in a hayloft. Margaret Sophie Stein is the Gentile peasant (now his wife) who risked her life to take care of him. Lena Olin is his diabolically willful mistress, a survivor of the camps. Anjelica Huston is the wife (with an erotic aura) he thought was killed by the Nazis. This richly satisfying movie is restrained, yet it has its own deeply crazy turmoil. Mazursky pulls the rug out from under us, and we drop through the farce. With Alan King, Judith Malina, Phil Leeds, and Mazursky. The script is by Roger L. Simon and the director.—P.K. (12/25/89) (Gotham Cinema, and Carnegie Hall Cinema; through April 12.)

Glory—This Civil War epic, based on fiery, spirit-stirring material that has never before been tapped for the movies, is emotionally moving even when the scenes falter. The 54th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry was the first black fighting unit to be formed in the North, and the white colonel in command of the effort to prove that black men had the discipline and valor to stand up against the enemy was Robert Gould Shaw, the twenty-five-year-old son of abolitionists. As the small, sad-faced Shaw, Matthew Broderick shows us the misery of a softhearted commanding officer who is determined to prepare his men for what's ahead. Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Andre Braugher are the usual representative group of enlistees who bicker and quarrel before they shape up and become fine soldiers, but the actors perform the roles as if they've never been played before. Although the script is a conventional melodrama, the director, Edward Zwick, has made something more thoughtful than that. He doesn't have the instinct for images that would burst the written framework, but he's made a good film on a great subject. The screenplay, based partly on Shaw's letters, is by Kevin Jarre. With Jihmi Kennedy.—P.K. (2/5/90) (Eastside Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

Henry V—Adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, this fast-paced version isn't exultant, like the one made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec McCowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Christian Bale as Falstaff's boy, and, best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

Joe Versus the Volcano—Tom Hanks plays Joe, a depressed-looking average guy who works in the advertising department of a Staten Island medical-supply business. A doctor tells him he has only a few months to live; a wealthy businessman offers him a paid trip to a South Seas island so that he can end his life gloriously by leaping into an active volcano; after stops in Manhattan and Los Angeles, he sets sail on a yacht piloted by the businessman's daughter Patricia (Meg Ryan, who also plays two other roles); a shipwreck, tropical high jinks, and a romantic happy ending ensue. This sort of crackpot comic fantasy works only if it's done with a light touch. Unfortunately, John Patrick Shanley, directing for the first time (from his own original screenplay), overemphasizes everything. He has a talent for weird, off-kilter dialogue (he also wrote "Moonstruck"), but his inspirations are too fragile for the hard sell he gives them here. Also with Lloyd Bridges, Robert Stack, Dan Hedaya, and Ossie Davis, who is commandingly funny in his brief appearance.—T.R. (3/26/90) (U.A. East; through April 10.)

Le Jour se Lève (1939)—The director Marcel Carné and the writer Jacques Prévert collaborated on this justly famous film about a decent sort of man (Jean Gabin) who is forced to become a murderer by the masochistic trickery of the man he kills, played by Jules Berry (who had a warm-up for this role in Renoir's 1935 "The Crime of Monsieur Lange," also from a script by Prévert). Perhaps the finest of the French poetic melodramas, it's a definitive example of sensuous, atmospheric moviemaking—you feel that you're breathing the air that Gabin breathes. With Arletty and Jacqueline Laurent, and a good score by Maurice Jaubert. In French.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 16.)

The Little Mermaid—Disney-style kitsch. It's technologically sophisticated, but with just about all the simpering old Disney values in place. They're just slightly updated: the Little Mermaid—a teen-age tootsie in a flirty seashell bra—is like Sleeping Beauty plus tomboy spunk. The film does have a cheerful calypso number ("Under the Sea," by Howard Ashman and Alan Menken), and the color is bright—at least, until the mermaid goes on land, when everything seems to dull out. Samuel E. Wright provides the voice of Sebastian.—P.K. (12/11/89) (Guild; through April 10.)

Mountains of the Moon—An awfully strange movie about an 1857 expedition to discover the source of the Nile, and the subsequent feud between the explorers, Richard Burton (Patrick Bergin) and John Hanning Speke (Iain Glen). The director, Bob Rafelson, seems to be trying for a mixture of irony and spectacle, but he doesn't carry it off. Although he deliberately underplays the romance of nineteenth-century exploration, his historical irony isn't rigorous enough: it doesn't extend to Burton. Burton, a dashing intellectual adventurer, was in some ways ahead of his time; Rafelson distorts history to make Burton seem entirely a man of *our* time—the enlightened opposite of all the Victorian values and mores we now reject. The director and his cinematographer, Roger Deakins, give the film a wonderful look in the African scenes; during the explorers' arduous trek we often feel, despite everything that's going wrong, that we're on the verge of seeing something amazing. But, whatever it might be, it remains just over the horizon.—T.R. (3/12/90) (Ziegfeld.)

My Left Foot—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in, yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker.—P.K. (10/2/89) (Cinema II, Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Pretty Woman—The lovers in this romantic comedy, directed by Garry Marshall, are a long-legged, golden-hearted Hollywood Boulevard hooker (Julia Roberts) and a cold, suave corporate raider (Richard Gere). He buys her tasteful (expensive) clothes and shows her how to act "classy"; she opens—in order—his wallet, his fly, and his heart. The only real distinction of this long and rather uneventful diversion is the radical contrast between the stars' performing styles. Roberts is all ebullience and scattershot charm. The kind word for Gere's style is minimal. He's opaque, stubbornly remote; he seems to have faxed his performance in. The wild disparity between the leads' energy levels doesn't give the picture much excitement, though: Marshall sort of splits the difference between Roberts and Gere, and maintains an even, mildly bouncy tone throughout. At its worst, the movie is just unimaginative; at its best, it's pleasant and competent. It's business-as-usual entertainment. Also with Jason Alexander, Laura San Giacomo, Ralph Bellamy, and Hector Elizondo. The screenplay is by J. F. Lawton.—T.R. (Gramercy, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, 8th St. Playhouse, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—A sensitive and intelligent (though not altogether satisfying) version of D. H. Lawrence's autobiographical novel, adapated by Gavin Lambert and T. E. B. Clarke, and directed by Jack Cardiff. Visually, it's extraordinarily fine, though the visual beauties aren't informed by Lawrence's passionate sense of life. The artist's fire simply isn't here—the movie is temperate, earnest, episodic. But Dean Stockwell does well in the role of Lawrence, and Wendy Hiller as the mother and Trevor Howard as the drunken-miner father are superb; it's possible that Howard has never done anything to match his work here. There are scenes—such as the one of the father getting his weekly bath—that are so remarkable they almost do Lawrence justice; other scenes are merely conscientious. The most embarrassing sequences are two postcoital discussions. In the book they're the culminations of relationships that have been developed over hundreds of pages; in the film it's as if as soon as two people hit the sack, they know exactly what's wrong with the relationship and why it has got to end. With Mary Ure as Clara the suffragette, Heather Sears as Miriam, Rosalie Crutchley as Miriam's mother, and Ernest Thesiger and Donald Pleasence.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 17.)

Star Wars (1977)—One of the biggest box-office successes in movie history—probably because for young audiences it's like getting a box of Cracker Jack that is all prizes. Written and directed by George Lucas, the film is enjoyable on its own terms, but it's exhausting, too: like taking a pack of kids to the circus. There's no breather in the picture, no lyricism; the only attempt at beauty is in the image of a double sunset. The loudness, the smash-and-grab editing, and the relentless pacing drive every idea from your head, and even if you've been entertained, you may feel cheated of some dimension—a sense of wonder, perhaps. It's an epic without a dream. Maybe the only real inspiration involved was to set its sci-fi galaxy in the pop-culture past, and to turn old-movie ineptness into conscious Pop Art. And maybe there's a touch of genius in keeping the film so consistently what it is, even if this is the genius of the plodding. Lucas has got the tone of bad movies down pat. In a gesture toward equality of the sexes, the high-school-cheerleader princess-in-distress (played by Carrie Fisher) talks tomboy-tough—Terry Moore with spunk. With Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker, Harrison Ford as Han Solo, Peter Mayhew as Chewbacca, Anthony Daniels as See Threepio, Kenny Baker as Artoo-Deetoo, and Alec Guinness as Ben Obi-Wan Kenobi. —P.K. (Cinema Village; April 13-14.)

The Stepfather (1987)—A first-rate cunning, shapely thriller, directed by Joseph Ruben, from a dandy screenplay by the crime novelist Donald E. Westlake that was probably suggested by the John List case. The blandly handsome perfectionist (Terry O'Quinn) wants to be the head of an ideal family; he's attracted to widows with children, in picture-postcard houses. Everything's going smoothly for him in his new marriage, except that his sixteen-year-old stepdaughter (Jill Schoelen) recoils from his touch. She knows right down to her toes that he's got some kind of fix on her and that he doesn't love her bamboozled mother (Shelley Hack). This movie has a deceptively placid surface: the horror is there waiting all the time. It's in what's missing from the man we see, and the skill of the picture is that it keeps us creepily conscious of what's missing. With the Vancouver area doubling for Seattle in the opening section, and then for the fictitious towns nearby, Ruben uses everyday settings, and the film's scariness is almost cruelly plausible; luckily he and Westlake are entertainers. Cinematography by John W. Lindley.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; starting April 18.)

Costa-Gavras's 1970 exposé of Stalinist mind control, "The Confession" (playing April 17 and 20 at the Museum of Modern Art), hasn't lost any of its urgency. In this gripping, intelligent movie, the director and his screenwriter, Jorge Semprun, do justice to an injustice: the 1952 show trial that brought down Rudolf Slansky, the Secretary-General of the Czech Communist Party, and thirteen others, including Artur London, who was Czechoslovakia's Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs. Based on London's memoirs, the film is a political policier *told from the incarcerated victim's point of view. It depicts how the loyalty of Communists like London made them vulnerable to the Party's manipulations, and how, after months of psychological and physical duress, they confessed to trumped-up venal crimes.*

The movie's power is cumulative; it builds right from the jolting images of the hero's seizure. Via a rearview mirror, the London-based character (Yves Montand) watches as a car trails him and another emerges from a side street. The camera shifts from rearview mirror to side-view mirror to Montand, who realizes it's the moment of his capture. The agents corner him when the street narrows—an action sequence becomes a metaphor for political tunnelvision. Working mostly in close quarters, Costa-Gavras, Semprun, and Montand make the protagonist's mental topography palpable. You experience his movement from bewilderment to total dependence on the Party as his jailers stand him face against a wall or let him slumber.

"The Confession" is studded with bitter, saddening sequences. A beer-and-sausage-scarfing interrogator asks the starving Montand to tell his life story. The prisoner struggles to describe his father, who emigrated to America; memorized Whitman, Paine, and Jefferson; and marched for Sacco and Vanzetti. The bloated questioner dozes. At such moments, this movie seems even more topical now—when idealistic socialists once again seek inspiration from Western democracy—than it did twenty years ago.

Thunderball (1965)—Sean Connery as James Bond. The setting is Caribbean; the enemy is Adolfo Celi, the mastermind of SPECTRE, who stoops to using sharks. Terence Young directed. Not bad, but not quite top-grade Bond. A little too much underwater war-ballet. With Claudine Auger and Luciana Paluzzi, and, of course, Bernard Lee and Lois Maxwell. The script was written by Richard Maibaum and John Hopkins.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 18.)

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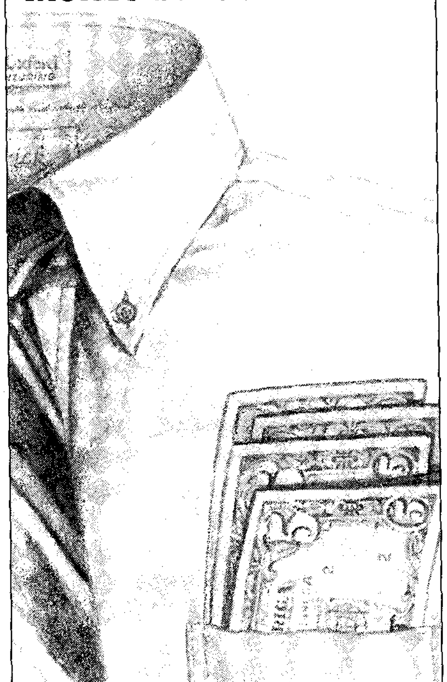

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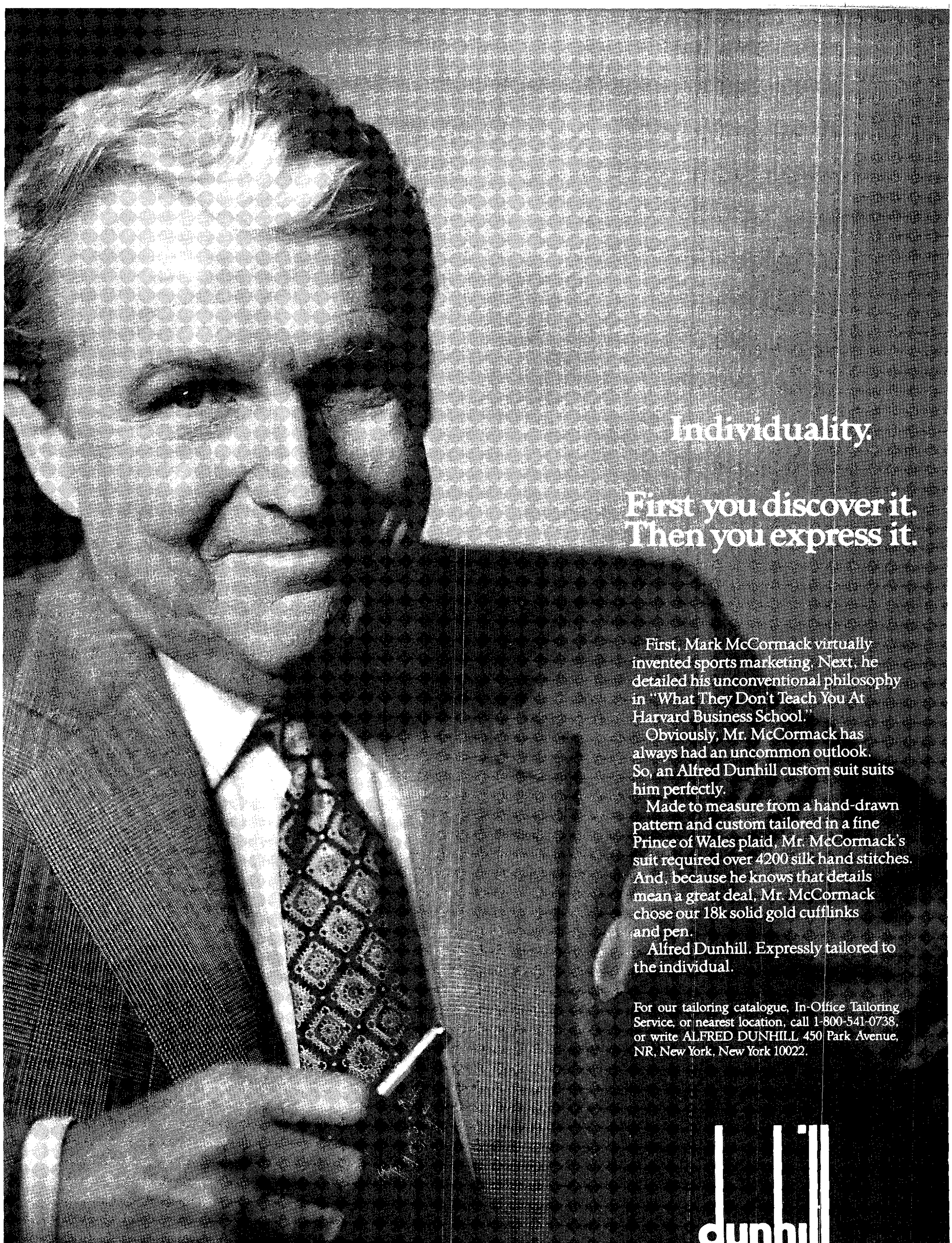

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Ray Goulding, who died recently, was not often in his lifetime ranked as one of the seminal American comedians. But the note that he and his partner, Bob Elliott, so often struck seems in retrospect the keenest and truest satiric expression of what, for lack of a better term, has to be called the omnipresent "media culture" of their time. Supposedly, those frenzied, manic comedians from Lenny Bruce to Robin Williams have captured, through their hallucinatory intensifications, the real quality of the age of movies and television and recorded music, but, good as those comics are, there is always a knowingness, a self-conscious showiness—a *hipness*—in their work that keeps it a little outside its subject. Bob and Ray, by contrast, worked from so deep inside the culture they sent up that it was sometimes hard to think of them as satirists: like the grave bowler-hatted businessmen in Magritte's paintings, they had the unthreatening banality of great spies, and it allowed them access to the strangeness that lurks just below the smooth surface of the talk show and the sound bite.

Their genius was to see before anyone else that the real rhythm of the media culture was stately, slow, and tirelessly attentive. Meticulous consideration of the blatantly absurd; calm interrogation of the thunderingly bizarre; fatuous cheerfulness displayed in the face of the outrageous; the syrup of cordiality poured on the whole range of human dementia—that was what Bob and Ray alone caught, and parodied with a pitch so fine that people tuning in late to their work could take a while to realize that what they were hearing was a joke.

Both men could play both sides. Ray perfectly embodied the opaque enthusiasm of the professional interviewer, as in the classic sketch in which he enthusiastically questions Bob, an expert on the California condor. (Bob, as the expert: "The condor is a predatory bird, which migrates each year from Northern California to Peru. It lives on mice and other small rodents, and can have in maturity a wingspan as large as five feet." Ray: "My goodness! Can you tell us—what could a bird that big find to eat?" Bob: "The condor lives on mice and other small rodents, and migrates from Northern California to Peru." Ray: "Obviously, a long way to go. Could you tell our viewers—how big a wingspan would a bird require to make a trip that long?") Ray was also the modest yet quietly proud mill-owner whose cost-cutting secret was not to pay his workers anything. ("Where do they live? Well, you know, that's a good question. On the edge of town, I think. In caves.") It wasn't just the blandness of the media culture that Bob and Ray caught but its tendency to present people almost entirely at the level of their own estimation.

Perhaps it was, as the gloomiest students of media culture like to put it, "no accident" that a kind of unintentional tribute to Ray Goulding was offered in the week of his death by C-SPAN as it ceaselessly replayed the hours and hours of Ronald Reagan's testimony in the Poindexter trial. Only Ray Goulding could have duplicated the former President's tone of wary indignation, his combination of the obliging and the belligerent. And what was most impressive about the President's testimony was less its brazenness than a quality that only a student of the comedy of Bob and Ray could have predicted: its ability to dictate the terms of its own reception. President Reagan was a master of the media and a great communicator in the Bob and Ray sense: he understood that there is no reason in the world to try to defend or adjust a particular line of conduct once you have decided on it; just blandly stick to your story, and sooner or later the interrogators will adjust to you.

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When the former President said that not only could he not remember having diverted money to the Contras but he couldn't remember having been told by the Tower Commission that he had diverted money to the Contras, the prosecutor looked startled, almost on the verge of blurting out some cry of wonder or outrage, but then he just turned and said, in Wally Ballou style, "Let me see if I can help refresh your memory." Marx wrote that history tends to repeat itself, the first time as tragedy and the second time as farce. In American life, the process can work in reverse: our best farceurs, like

Ray Goulding, supply the forms into which a compliant reality eventually fits itself.

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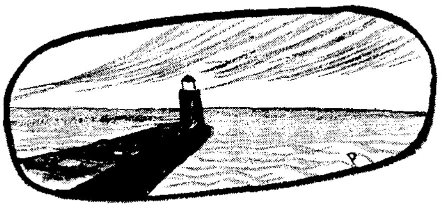
From Scratch

AROUND 1667, Grinling Gibbons, a young wood-carver from Rotterdam, went to England to seek his fortune. He ended up Master Carver to the Crown and, in the sixteen-nineties, embarked on the limewood carvings of foliage which until recently graced the King's State Apartments in the Wren wing of Hampton Court. In 1986, a fire broke out in an apartment above and filtered down into the royal apartments. The damage was not as bad as it might have been: seashells that were discovered under the floorboards—they had been put there to deaden sound, so that the servants couldn't overhear anything—had acted as a firebreak. Because of water damage, actual restoration began only a year ago. Everything is to be put back exactly as it was, including the Grinling Gibbons carvings, not all of which were damaged, and only one of which was destroyed—a seven-foot "drop," or vertical carving that flanked a painting.

Last September, David Esterly, a wood-carver from Barneveld, New York, went to England to help restore the carvings. We visited him not long ago, in the Wren wing, where he has a workshop next to a small, dark room in which are boxes the size of coffins holding the remains of the damaged carvings. The shop, which used to be the King's Privy Chamber, is oak-panelled, and sheets of white paper have been fastened to the walls to reflect the light from the windows. Mr. Esterly, who is forty-five, is lanky, with black hair, a mustache, and glasses; he looks like an English professor (tenured) at a university that is very hard to get into. He told us that the foliage carvings at Hampton Court are considered the finest example of Gibbons' public, royal style, and went on to explain that his contract is for replacing the missing drop, one of a pair that flanked a picture in the King's Drawing Room. "I think I'm the only person who's mad enough to be doing limewood foliage work exclusively—that is, original, from-scratch stuff—for a living," he said. "There are four or five other carvers here, restoring damaged carvings. We all have separate contracts, and we're all equal in the eyes of the Property Services Agency. I am definitely, and happily, *not* supervising any of them."

Esterly was born in Akron, Ohio, and when he was eleven his family moved to Southern California. "Akron and Southern California passed through my system with little effect, as did Harvard," he said. "I feel that my education began when I got off at the station here." He had a Fulbright in English at Cambridge for two years, and stayed around for four more and got a Ph.D., with a dissertation on the influence of Plotinus on Yeats and Coleridge. Then he returned to the United States, and worked in a steel mill, unloaded beer from delivery trucks, and had a few other such jobs. "I never wanted to teach, and I resisted embarking on anything that could possibly tempt me as a profession," he said. "It was kind of a drifting life, and at the end of a year I went back to England and got an office job. Then, in 1973, I was walking down Piccadilly with Marietta von Bernuth, my wife-to-be, and she grabbed me by the arm and dragged me into St. James's Church to see the Grinling Gibbons carvings. I decided to do a book on Gibbons. I mistook my interest for an academic one—I suppose because I'd been trained as an academic. But it seemed clear to me that you couldn't understand how the style developed unless you understood something about the techniques, so I bought some chisels and some limewood and began experimenting. I then lost all interest in writing and started carving. I started right off with Gibbons' style. It's probably the most technically demanding of decorative styles—it's so high-relief. Really, the style faded out with Gibbons, although there were attempts to revive it in the nineteenth century. Today, many carvers will do repairs of foliage work, and will occasionally sell the odd piece of foliage carving, but I think I'm the only one who has taken the vow of poverty and actually does nothing but."



When Esterly arrived at Hampton Court, he was handed two elongated crocuses—all that remained of the drop, it was thought. A charred lump from the center was found later, and these pieces, along with an archive photograph from 1938, helped him to establish the thickness of the original flowers. "It's a kind of detective operation," Esterly said. "I'm learning a great deal about how the man operated, and I'm stealing everything I can—the way Gibbons curls a leaf, the cross-section of stems. The sport of it is to interpret the incomplete information from the photograph, and to figure out from what's left of a broken petal what the rest of the petal looked like."

Here's a partial list of what has to be copied: a cascade of wheat, crocuses, daisies, grossly enlarged forget-me-nots, flattened roses, water lilies, ropes of shamrocks, pea pods (legend has it that Gibbons' signature was a pea pod; the pod was open if he had been paid, closed if he hadn't been), plums, acanthus leaves, and some imaginary species—what are sometimes called "carvers' flowers." Esterly said that you can't have this style of carving without limewood, and he explained, "It has unique properties. It has a crisp, firm grain, and it's soft but very strong, so it can be radically undercut. You get a wonderful curviform softness, because you can cut across the grain, and even against the grain, in such a way that the wood will form sort of undulating curves. Gibbons exploits that to the limit. He was a master of scale. He was working in palatial spaces, huge rooms. A carving would be fifteen or twenty feet above you, and you'd be standing back twenty feet. If he had done it in scale and modelled it as meticulously as one would demand if one were up close, it would disappear into a thicket of unreadable vegetation. One big ornamental cresting that is particularly striking contains a tulip that is a foot across: looked at from a distance, it reads like a fine, delicate little tulip. He knew exactly what he was doing. There's a legend that he carved everything from one piece of wood. Actually, he built up his high-relief carvings in layers, using nails and glue. You can see that in some places he had second thoughts—added bits on. His tools were the same as mine, except that he obviously didn't have a band saw. But he did have people sawing away, and a number of skilled workers. The question is: How did he exercise his influence? How did he make his intentions known, impose his own techniques upon his workmen? There were many different hands, but on some objects I think I have been able to disentangle Gibbons'."

Esterly hopes to finish the drop in six months. He's also organizing a Gibbons exhibition, but it's slow work—he's thinking big. "You know, I have to believe that the style has particular relevance for us today," he said. "I think people have a real hunger for a form that is obviously technically skilled, and, plainly, there's a much greater interest in ornament now than there was when I set out doing it, in 1973—when people were still doing very minimalist things. And the style is about the beauty of organic form, the beauty of growing things. And I think that especially these days, when we're all very worried about nature, there's a sort of piquancy to that. It has an elegiac quality—this is the world we're grinding under our heels, so to speak. But, whatever you do, don't put me down as a sculptor, and don't refer to my 'studio.' I'm a craftsman—or, at best, a decorative artist—and I have a workroom."

SITTING OUT THE LAMBADA

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Exotic

YOU can't just decide you're going to sell shark fins and then rent an office and think up a name for your outfit and get business cards printed and arrange with the phone company for a listing in the yellow pages. It's not that easy. You'll need fins. Then you'll need drying racks, because often the fins arrive wet, and you'll need several industrial fans. You'll need to know that you can't let drying fins touch when they're wet, or they'll rot, and that you can't leave them touching in sunlight too long, or they'll burn. You'll also need somewhere to dry your fins—preferably a big room with lots of ventilation. Location is not that important.

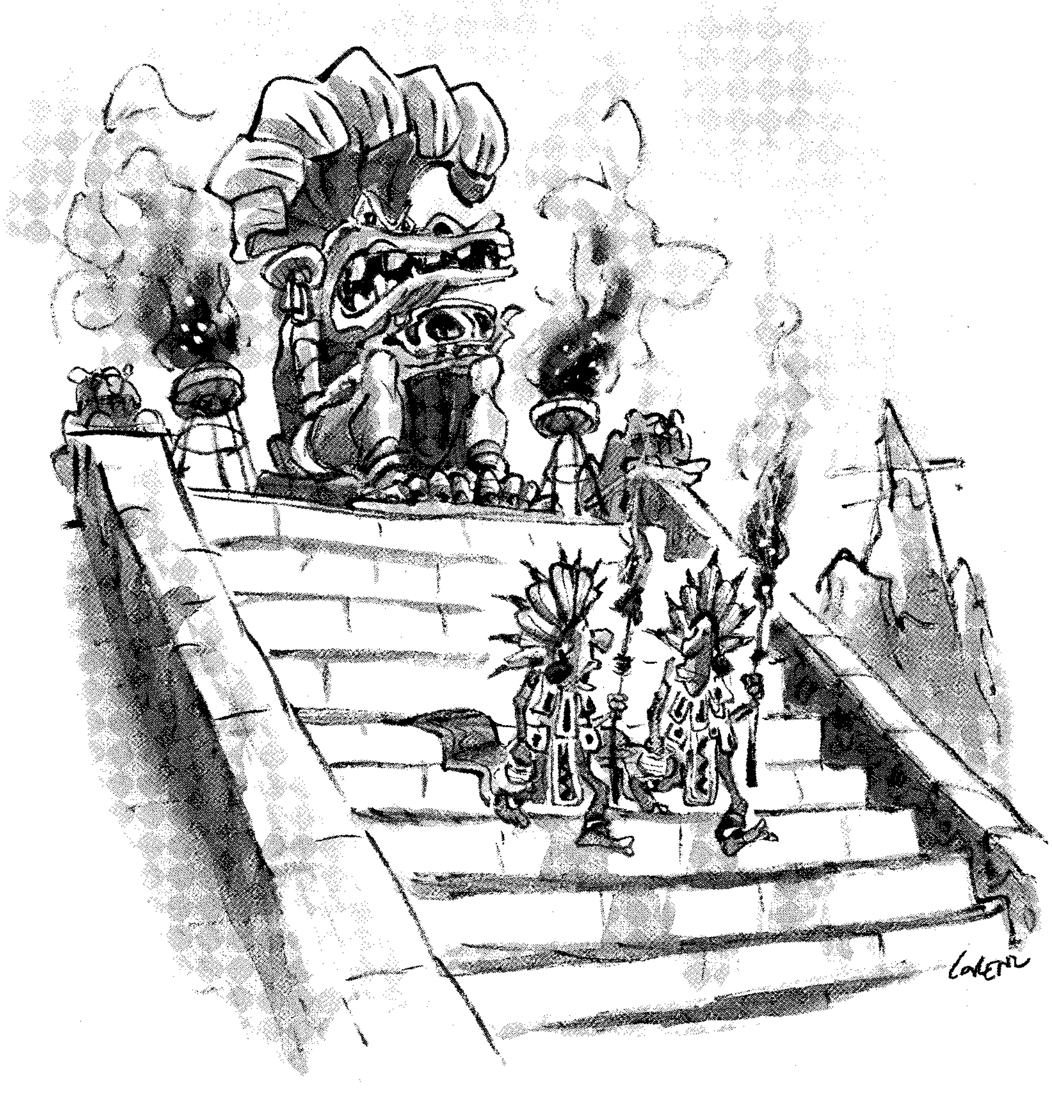
A good place to dry shark fins is Brooklyn, which is where Marc Agger does it. His business is called the Agger Trading Company, and its offices are in an old warehouse on the premises of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Mr. Agger is thirty-two years old, small and wiry, with sharp, chiselled features, which always leave a shadow somewhere on his face. In one room he answers the phone and in another he dries fins, sometimes on racks and sometimes on the floor. The drying room has the same salty smell that the Chinese groceries on Canal Street have. In a corner by a window Mr. Agger has a rack for his trophy fins and curiosities—among others, a fin with white spots, which came from Vietnam, and a huge fin from Africa, which came from a kind of shark the natives call the elephant-ear shark. In addition he maintains a selection of fins for comparison, in order to help him identify the fins that arrive in a shipment. He says that identifying fins is perhaps the most difficult aspect of the business, because he hasn't got the shark at his end; among fins of the same species there is wide variation. There are no books on the subject, and, according to Mr. Agger, what little has been written is intentionally misleading. Few people anywhere in the world are involved in buying shark fins. (There are two other buyers in New York.) Most tend to be older than Mr. Agger and protective of their secrets. Moreover, a good deal of their knowledge tends to be intuitive; that is, they can identify a fin of a particular species, but they can't always explain why.

The fins that Mr. Agger sells are used as ingredients in shark-fin soup, an Asian delicacy. Shark-fin soup is a show-off item: the host serving shark-fin soup is announcing that he can afford it. The most valuable fin is one the right size to be served floating by itself in a tureen. Eating shark-fin soup is thought to foster of virility: in times past, it was believed that eating the shark fin would give a person the powers of the shark, and the bigger the shark the better. Fins too large for the soup bowl are peeled into strands and served floating in the soup. The fin has practically no taste, and takes on the flavor of the broth, which is made from chicken stock.

Shark fins sometimes circle the

earth. It is not unusual for a dealer from Asia to buy fins in Mexico, ship them home to his office, then sell them to a dealer in North America. The fins are so valuable that the cost of shipping is incidental. Mr. Agger says that you can move shark fins around like diamonds. He gets most of his fins from Africa. This is an innovation he has contributed to the trade. The sharks with the most valuable fins—the tiger shark, the white-tip shark, the sandbar shark, and the guitarfish—are found in the greatest numbers around the equator. The sharks that show up most often in colder water—the mako and the thresher—are more valuable for their meat than for their fins. Because competition for fins from California and Mexico makes it difficult to find suppliers, Mr. Agger tried to find fishermen in South America who would sell him fins. What he found was that there were too many Asians already there and they had developed the market. So he looked at the map for countries with climates likely to be productive of sharks, and went to Africa. In his business, R. & D. involves flying to a country, renting a car, driving out to the water, and asking the people standing there, "Anyone ever catch sharks around here?"

On clear days in the summer Mr. Agger loads his van with wet fins and drives around the back of some huge old warehouses in the Navy Yard to a pier on the East River and lays out his fins on the pavement to dry. Across the river in Manhattan, the buildings on Wall Street seem to loom above him. What a person in one of them who was looking toward Brooklyn would see was several dozen shark fins on their way to Manhattan by way of Hong Kong.



"We've done what we can. Now it's all in the hands of the accountants."

Homework

IF you are required to know whether seventeen is a prime number or to come up with ten words that rhyme with "mile" or to name the stars in Orion's belt and you are not quite up to the task, you can always call Dial-A-Teacher. Dial-A-Teacher is a homework-help hotline service, run by the United Federation of Teachers, that operates from Monday through Thursday during the hours before any really great television is on. Forty teachers answer the phones at Dial-A-Teacher. All of them talk in soothing tones. None of them will let you cheat. They are not there to just tell you off the bat what eight times nine equals. They will help you find the right answer within yourself, where it probably already exists but is simply a little inaccessible. If you call Dial-A-Teacher—and each afternoon about six hundred elementary-school kids in New York do—your call will be answered by someone who will say things like "Angelo, darling, first put the phone closer to your mouth, so I can hear you. O.K. Now, we're not dividing four by twelve, sweetie, we're dividing twelve by four. Imagine you have twelve oranges. Do you understand what you're doing, Angelo? Angelo, are you still there? *Angelo*?" Then the teacher may put a hand over the mouthpiece and lean across to one of the other Dial-A-Teachers and say in a hushed voice, "P.S. 4 must have moved on to division now. This is my fourth division call tonight, and he's *panicking*."

Dial-A-Teacher has its headquarters in a large, bright, noisy, low-ceilinged room in a building on East Twenty-first Street. There are moments when it suggests a math-and-science-oriented beehive. The Dial-A-Teachers sit at little carrels, and each one usually has a phone tucked between cheek and shoulder, a pencil stuck behind the ear, and a couple of open dictionaries at one side. If the room weren't lined with copies of the World Book, the Encyclopædia Britannica, the Compton Encyclopedia, and the New Book of Knowledge, and festooned with a banner made of computer paper which says "HOME OF THE DIALETTES," it might be mistaken for one of those rooms in the void where operators are eagerly awaiting your call to order the most recent K-Tel disco collection.

One recent evening, Mrs. Betty Holmes-Anthony, a former teacher, who has been the director of Dial-A-Teacher ever since its founding, in 1980, discussed her work as she strolled the perimeter of the bullpen. "We get hundreds of calls a day," she said. "We'd like to add more phones and get older kids calling in, too. We have teachers who can speak Cantonese, Mandarin, Spanish, Haitian French, standard French, Greek, Italian, and Hebrew. We have a machine that hooks up for the hearing-impaired. We log all our calls, so we know what's hot. We keep track of what the kids are calling about. What's hot now? Prime numbers. Hot. Very hot. Science is hot. And math is always hot."

A Dial-A-Teacher within Mrs. Holmes-Anthony's earshot, dealing with one kind of question that comes up all the time: "O.K., Jenny, now we're getting somewhere. So then how much would it be for a *kilo* of hot dogs?"

Mrs. Holmes-Anthony, pointing to a Japanese film crew that has just entered the Dial-A-Teacher offices: "We're being filmed for a documentary about American education for Japanese television. Apparently, they don't have anything like Dial-A-Teacher in Japan, and they are *fascinated* by the possibilities."

The translator for the Japanese film crew, beginning an interview with Mrs. Holmes-Anthony: "This is not in any sense a confrontative affair. Please relax. Thank you. Now, what is the content of most of the calls? Why do you think there are so many math-related calls? Are there any deficiencies in the way you teach math? Why do students feel more comfortable calling here than talking to their own parents?"

A tired-looking Dial-A-Teacher, between calls, to no one in particular: "All I get is verbs. Past tense of verbs Over and over again. And you get the kids on the speakerphones. And the kids with 'call waiting.' The day I get one on a car phone, I'm going to pack up my pen."

Another teacher, twiddling a pencil as he helps a student with a math problem: "Then let's look at it this way. There are two black limousines in the driveway. Then you add four more. Hello, David? Are you still with me? All right. So add the two limos and the four limos. No, I won't tell you the answer. I'll wait. Sure I'll wait. Try not to count on your fingers."

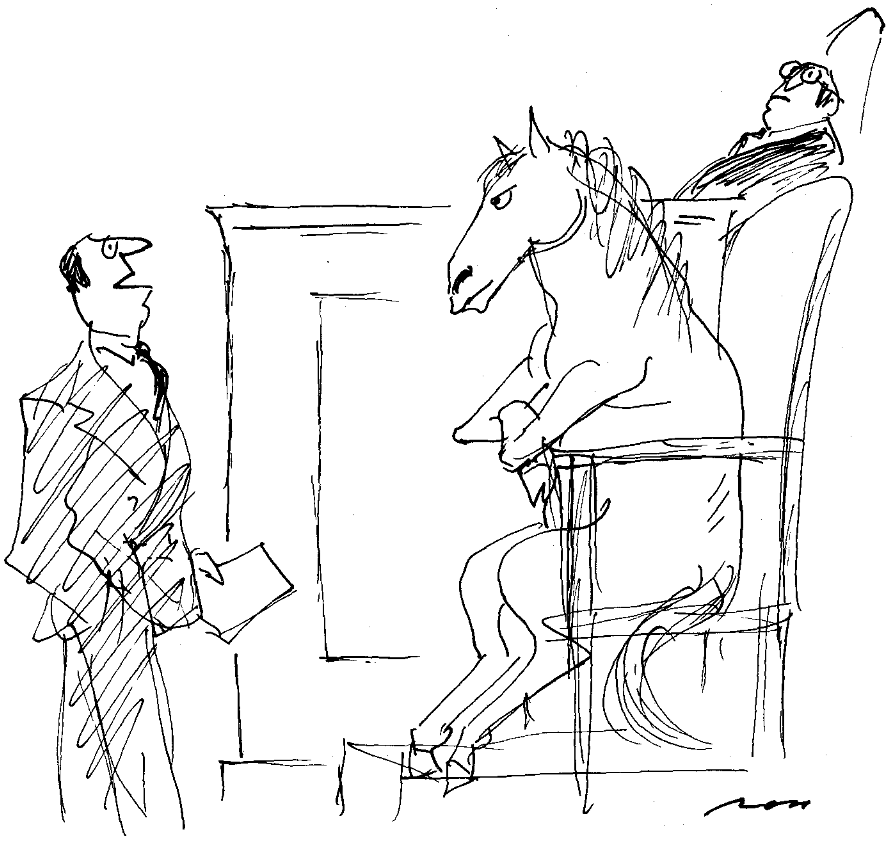
The translator for the film crew: "Mrs. Holmes-Anthony, you have very good presence on the camera. For this I thank you. The director feels that many of the questions the children are asking are so easy. Why are the children asking easy questions? Could you point out the math teachers to us, please?"

Mrs. Holmes-Anthony: "Well, I would say that the children think their parents don't know very much. You know, subjects have changed so much since the parents were in school. We have up-to-date materials and people trained to answer questions and also trained in conflict resolution. Parents might feel inadequate answering some of the questions. Especially the math and science questions. We even get parents calling us sometimes for help in helping the kids on those subjects."

A teacher in the science area of the room: "Hello, Keiko. So this is a sixth-grade science project you need help on. What topics are you studying? Motion? Force? Any biology? Oh, biology is too icky for you? Then how about let's stick with motion."

The translator for the film crew: "Mrs. Holmes-Anthony, may we place a microphone on a math teacher?"

The teacher who is wired for sound by the film crew: "Hello, Tina, sweetie pie. Let's go through this together. How much is three times two? Three times three? Three times four? Try that one again. I hear your dog in the background. Can you get your dog to be quieter, sweetie? It'll help with our homework here. I'll wait. You let the dog run away? O.K., great. Back to our schoolwork now. Do you have any other problems?"



"And, of course, when the King said 'A horse, a horse! my kingdom for a horse!' you assumed he was serious?"

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OUR SUMMER OF LOVE

(AN AUTHENTIC MEMOIR, BEHIND WHICH THE AUTHOR STANDS EXACTLY AS A DISREPUTABLE AUTOMOBILE MAKER STANDS BEHIND HIS CAR)

HERE'S how it happened:

I was standing on the steps of the Primal Trust— Do I have to say that I am changing the *names*? Do you expect me to use the real names? I can barely face the existence of the real names. I like a little stage-naming; we all did. Let's start with me standing outside the Primal Trust, and let's establish the Primal Trust as the ultimate decline-and-fall institution: If you participate in it you're dead, and if you don't participate in it you're dead, so when they ask you, "What is your *expertise*?" you say to them, "Measuring tiny differences in levels of possible deadness," at which point they determine that you don't get to participate, even though you sense that *they* sense that telling the truth is the only road to happiness, and so you are extremely sad, because *you* had determined (using your expertise, which was and is extraordinarily well suited to tiny-calibration jobs) that it would be *slightly less bad* to participate than not to.

So I *was standing on the steps of the* Primal Trust. I had lunched with my father, who had told me in the politest way that I couldn't work there. I worshipped the ground he walked on, because he treated me so cruelly, and that was the spirit of the century, I thought; so he was, in a way, giving me the best possible education, even if no payoff, or no anything. Standing there—I can remember thinking about my body. I was a big guy, and I felt it but couldn't focus on it, exactly, since the smallest tiniest bug eating dust at the Primal Trust seemed to have more *standing* than I had. But I was thinking about my body, seeing it, seeing it function, and she came up to me and said, "I love you," and then, "Really."

She was older. I was shocked. First of all, there are, in all civilized countries, certain rules and regulations; people of different ages don't talk to one another—or perhaps they do. I don't know, and I didn't know then. *Are* we a civilized country? *Do* people of different ages talk together? She produced this feeling of uncertainty in my mind. At the same time her tone was so . . . *forceful*. She said "I love you" in the way a man standing on the county-courthouse steps in Exeter, New Hampshire, had said "Vote for Kennedy." I had not been able to vote for Kennedy. I felt under pressure to accept this woman's love.

It was quite a week. She lived upstairs, up a long flight of wooden stairs, in an old brick building. Downstairs they repaired boilers. They were all in love with her. She walked down the stairs to let me in—clomp, clomp, clomp in wooden shoes, or pad, pad, pad in bare feet, and those boilermakers would stop work. Her name was Dorothy. As to the boilermakers, they made a grinding noise, and then it would stop, and as I went back upstairs I felt the eyes of the world were on me. Great feeling, man.

But my father was still on my mind. My father was a war hero. In his office he had all those books: you know, "War in Europe," "Cripabel: The Secret Door to D-Day," "My Life in the Desert," etc. Pretty hard to ignore. So I went back to see him again.

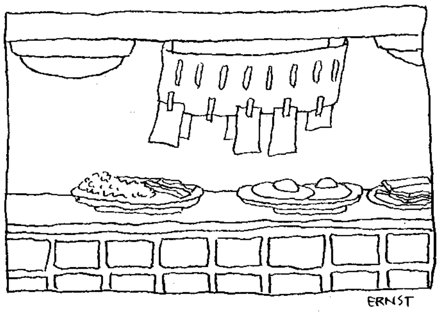
"What are my chances of getting a job?" I asked.

"Zero," he said.

This was June 21, 1967.

I went home to the boilermakers and to Dorothy. Let me describe her: cotton dress really clinging to her—a dress with a pattern of posies that made you want to pounce on her—and a little straw hat. She went around like that. It drove the city crazy.

SO we started a little shop, just a secret one, and that is how we met Earl. He was our first customer, and then we closed up. We were and are in love with Earl. He was driving a baker's van, possibly stolen, with the smell of fresh bread still in it. Earl—why not be blunt?—is as mad as a hatter. Right now he is wailing at the moon. He has this wiry body that is almost circular; that is, he doubles back on himself sometimes. Sometimes it is hard to participate with Earl—he is racing around trying to bite his own tail. But every once in a while he stops and sings. He sang this song:



OUR LIFE

What you know you can have
Your life in full bloom
Forest or scene of pale gold
Our killers are coming
That noise is their feet
But we hear inside them
A beautiful beat
The mission of loves is
Trying to hold
A measure of sense
Out on drums of pure gold
Beat *here* on our drums of pure gold.

Earl has gold eyes.

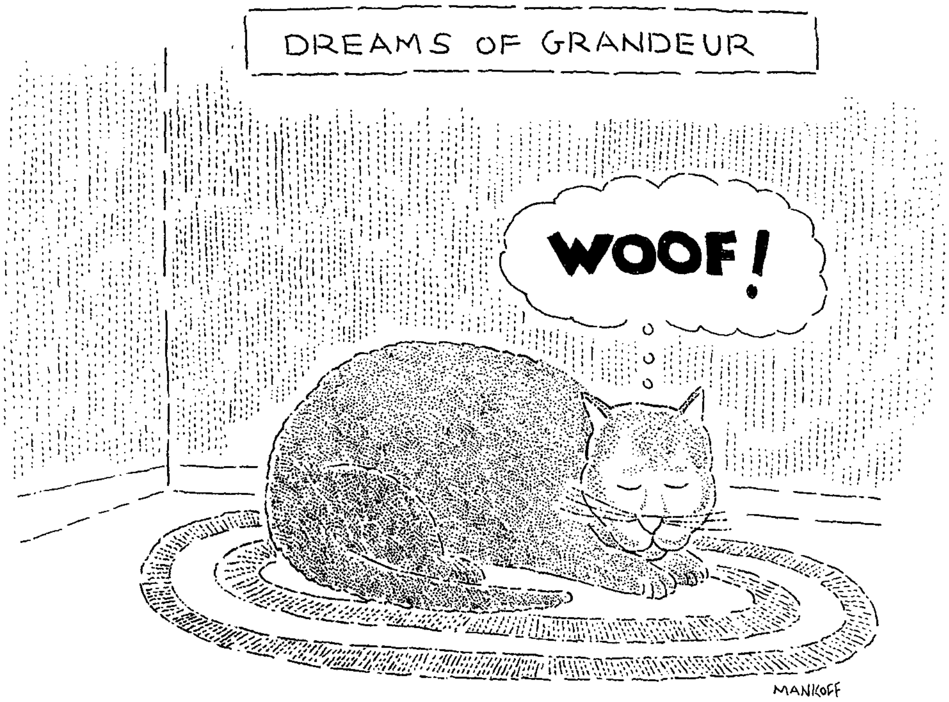
He took us to Des Moines. That's where he had grown up. We came into town, passed the state capitol, all shiny and gold and splendid; then we took a left. We rolled up in front of a hotel named for a President. This was a thing we learned during the Summer of Love: hotels named for Presidents were *permissive*. Earl knew it all along. The older the better.

We drank a cocktail, and Earl sang his song to us that night. We had two rooms with a connecting door. I was supposed to share one room with Dorothy, and Earl was going to have the other. It didn't work out that way. Dorothy was in one room and I was in the other, and Earl ran back and forth between the two of us, trying to keep us happy. He would have sex with Dorothy, and then he would come in and console me. He consoled me by explaining his song: the importance of every moment. "Our killers" were "hour killers." The stupid things people do to keep from being alive. I was impressed. Dorothy told me later that listening to Earl console me was like listening to a high sound like a wind or the voice of a perfect boy child. I could hardly wait for him to finish making love to Dorothy so he could explain more of the song to me. Dorothy said later that she was in an almost unendurable state: she could not stand to be away from him; however, when he was with her she found herself longing to hear the sound of his voice as he talked to me.

And the next day he left. We lost Earl, or so it seemed.

ON the road: we sneaked into those *back* towns, by which I mean those small ur-towns you find stuck onto old cities like appendixes. *The blues*. Your shoes get hotter in this part of city life. We were way, way on the other side of the Mississippi when we met a shaman named Mike. Arms extended, long sexy fingers in watery motion—he chanted nursery rhymes he said predated the Hopi. In general he claimed to know and to be in tune with Indians who were cool before the Indians most people know were cool. We got into a lot of trouble with Mike, especially with Indians. He never slept. I never saw him shut an eye. We rode in a '53 Chrysler he said was part of his grandfather's estate. At night, we pulled off to the side of the road, and Dorothy and I curled up in the back seat. The first night we were feeling a little weird about going to sleep with this lunatic with watery hands *not sleeping* in the front seat. I kept one eye open and then I fell asleep. My head was resting on Dotty's breasts, and I could feel the comfortable prickle of that old wool upholstery those Chryslers used to have—you know? It was all wool, I think, *rich*, and then I felt a voice inside me say, Keep still, and I did, and I felt Mike's hand pass a fraction of an inch above my head. It moved with incredible sureness, and with incredible speed, and it moved just above us, all over us but never disturbing us. When it was over I looked up. Mike's head was grinning just above mine. "Old Mayan blessing," he said.

I got up just before sunrise and found him at the top of a hill overlooking the highway. He had made a little fire of sticks. "This is how my people greet the sun," he said. At other times he claimed to be an Orthodox Jew; in any case, I always drove the car on Saturdays, and he would sit morose and glum, refusing to talk; even the process of *being driven* violated his scruples. There is no point in not saying how Mike ended up. He has a small, very nearly perfect country house in Ireland, in the West Country. He has a fine collection of horns in the entrance hall, which is of singular charm: a rather magical room, much photographed, the proportions of which lend a light gravity to any social intercourse taking place there. The walls run up not quite two stories. The width is such that one feels held in place by a peculiarly benign pressure. Although one knows one is free to move, one doesn't usually move; one stays still, just as I did that night in the Chrysler. Outside is a Daimler that Mike says was part of his grandfather's estate. The horns in the hall always remind me of that morning when he looked into the fire on top of the hill. Well, there was a little something *in* the fire (Mike now serves punches and nogs that are the delight of his neighbors), and when I looked up I saw my friend grow and shed a series of horns. He was an antelope, and then he was Mike again; he was an elk; he was, most remarkably, a moose; he was never a buffalo that I can recall.



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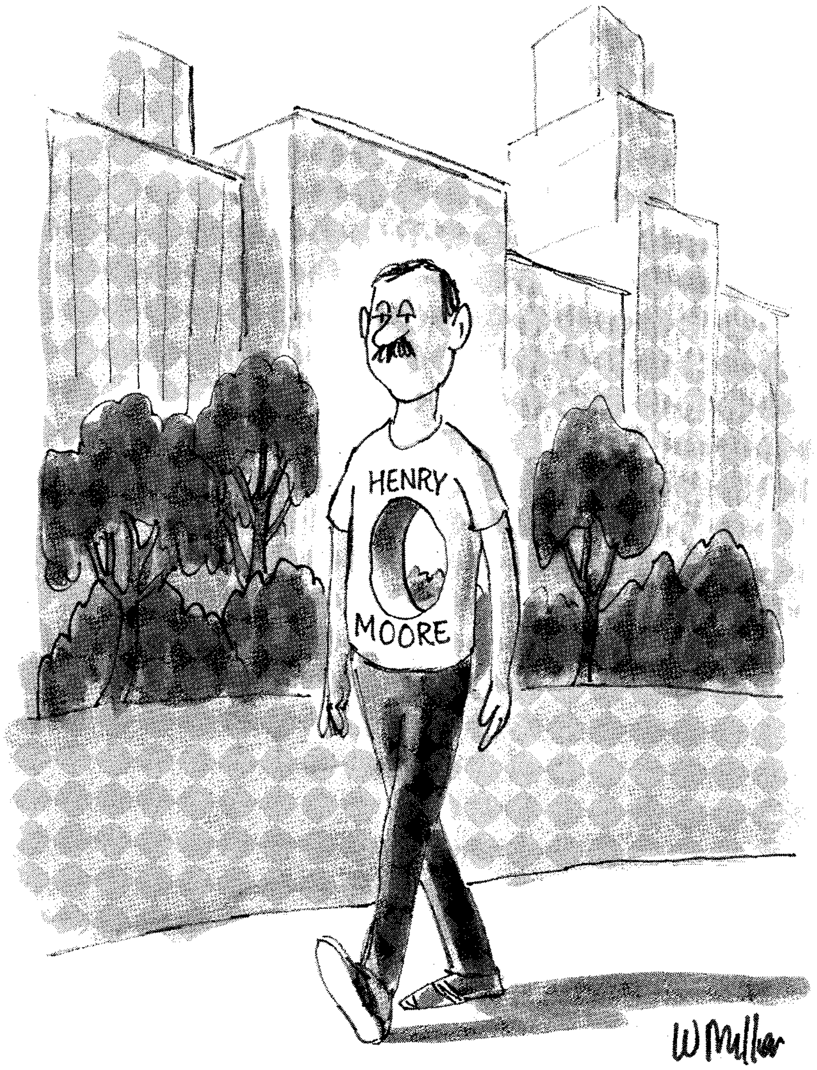
But it wasn't all fun. In a bar in Rapid City, he faced off with two Sioux. They were sleepy types, who drank and drank until their eyes melted. They were muddy men with molten eyes. Mike was impossible. He talked about the money he was going to inherit, and made sneering references to sweat lodges. He was throwing colored powders all over the place—the place looked like a pastel fairyland. And then all at once it *was* a pastel fairyland, because there was a little something *in* the colored powders, and for a moment we all saw the world as Mike saw it: dressed up. The barman looked like an elephant, but he was dressed in a caftan studded with jewels; he had grass growing out of his face, and, looking closely, I could see little tiny lawnmowers at work to try to keep up with it, and little tiny men pushing them. The bar itself was a dam, like the Grand Coulee Dam, but there was a river flowing on top. What a beautiful stream! I couldn't take my eyes off the way it glittered and flowed. I probably missed a lot of other things, but I'm glad I kept my eye on that glorious, beautiful river.

But I don't think the Sioux were impressed. Either they were immune to Mike's spell or they had seen it before or—whatever, they just stood there, stolid, like a certain kind of business-person. Mike was just desperate. I think he'd shot his bolt with that one; it was his Fourth of July, and it just didn't have any effect on them—none. So he ran right up to them, and took off his headband, as though *that* had significance. Let me describe the Sioux. One had white hair and was old, the other was black-haired. Both were fat. They had belts on, with big trucks on the buckles. Remember them? You had a Kenworth steaming down your belly. The jukebox was playing some



corny song, loud. Mike was screaming:

Nouveaux riches!
Nouveaux riches!

It made us want to get to San Francisco.

WE began to swim way beyond the spar. Dorothy became extreme in matters of dress, and I—well, I took drugs. Only certain drugs, and only in a certain way—or so I thought. I was a connoisseur of the psychoactive; I stood over my scene and directed myself. I used my energy in such a way that I kept just the distance I wanted between me and other people—and I wanted a roomful of other people. I *danced*. I ate and I smoked, and all the time a certain energy was slowly being released in me.

"Damn, this is fun" was something I said a lot.

I looked around at the people I was with, and I loved all of them and forgave them anything. I remember one long-faced man with dark circles under his eyes. Only the most negative energy could bring any desire for life into his face.

That's part of it, I thought.

ONE day I hit upon a recipe so good that I had vision after vision. I was walking along a road with golden bushes on one side, and handsome people began floating past me. It ended, and I said, "Good. That was perfect." And I went for a walk. I don't know if you remember what it was like to walk in the Haight in those days, but first of all it was an old part of town, so you had old houses and so on, and then there would be gaps in the oldness, caused by modern Americana, and then there were secret things. You'd pause next to a little door the window of which was covered up by a multicolored piece of cloth, and you'd hear words not associated with old cities or modern Americana. I paused in front of one such door and heard a stream of words—it reminded me of Earl.

All of a sudden I wanted *more*. And I was sick to death of my insistence on *perfection*—just the right recipe, etc. I went to my dealer and got more, but it cost more. "It's the regular price," he said—exactly twice as much.

I looked around the room, and everyone was engaged in a private dilemma. I went to the next room and had a vision of myself behind bars. I went back on the street. I didn't feel that bad, actually, I just knew that it was over.

And there was Earl, just like that. He was smiling, the big irresistible smile; Dorothy was with him—dressed way down. And they were in a car, a new Ford convertible. "Thought we'd find you here," Earl said.

During the next month, we played. Earl *was* the Summer of Love; that is, he summed it up. We looked at him, and he looked at the sun. We're outside a house on Page Street, or we are watching beautiful Hell's Angels motoring up the street to bury their dead. But we are always with Earl.

Earl stole cars. In America it's hard to get to exactly the right amount of criminality, but Earl hit it on the head with his lovely and industrious series of auto thefts. And he did it all for us. We were his God-given audience, as for a man working on a delicate glaze, standing over a hot fire. The summer fired *him*, and he went after hot metal. The cars were always physically scalding. He never stole a car that had been standing in the shade, or one out of a garage. Always they had been in the hot sun, on some street, by some curb, waiting to meet him.

And then it was over. Amphetamines hit, and the world was full of a thousand *parody* Earls. It was impossible. One day we went and bought a car, an old Chevy, and drove back to the East Coast to the Chesapeake Bay. Earl, right now, is, as I say, howling at the moon. Dorothy is wearing a cotton dress. And me—well, I'm not at the Primal Trust. The Trust, by the way, a very conservative institution in my day, made a *lot* of bad guesses about the oil business and isn't doing as well as we are. We're having a simple fish chowder, corn fritters, and poetry later. Can I shuck you an oyster?

—GEORGE W. S. TROW

BEFORE

I GOT pregnant on my honeymoon. We'd screwed everywhere we could for a year and three months, not using a blessed thing, so I had had this feeling that it was a matter of will power—or not even will power but just your body knowing that you were ready to settle into life. "O.K.," the message would go from your brain down your backbone—*pow blip kazaam*—right to the ovaries: "It's time, *right now*," and things would release, open up. Your hands would fit themselves to—I don't know, knitting needles, diaper pins—your hair would start to grow itself into your mother's hairstyle, and you'd automatically stop wanting to go out and drink like a fool and dance all night. I figured this was going to happen when I was around twenty-six; I ought to have had nearly another six years. Oh, I planned to use birth control, I wasn't a total crazy. Just that once, though, just for that couple of days, we didn't want to waste time hanging out in a drugstore.

And, honestly, we were both embarrassed to go in and buy stuff. Now I slap those tubes of jelly on the counter along with the Hershey bars and ten-inch-fashion-doll clothes and corn plasters, and I don't give a damn. But then I didn't even like to see the little sign where the contraceptive stuff was kept that read "FEMININE HYGIENE," as if potential babies were something to be scrubbed away. Some of the stuff said, "Spermicide," too—something like an insect spray.

"You go," I'd say.

"No, you," Allen would say.

"I won't."

"You have to go," he'd say. "You promised, Bonnie."

"I did not."

And so on.

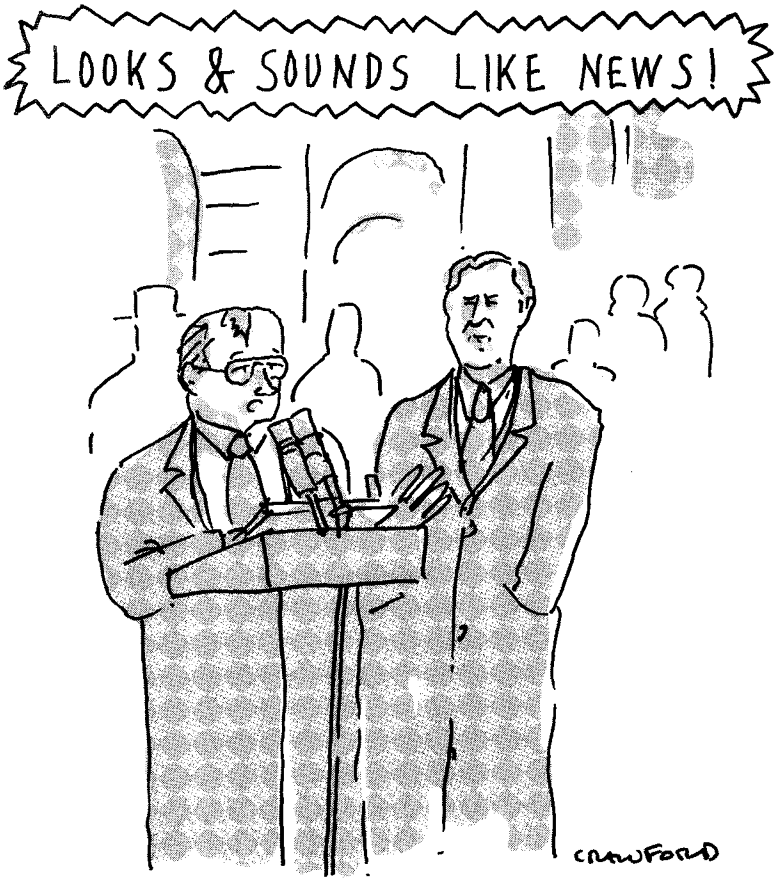
The upshot of this ignorance, this bashfulness, was a baby—or at first not the baby itself but its symptoms: a heavy burning ache behind my breastbone, an inability to stand toothpaste, the gradual swelling of my familiar body into a strange fruit—a gourd or a melon—from which my thin arms and legs stuck out like twigs.

This brought the relatives around to count backward from the due date and offer advice. Most Sundays Allen drove me to one house or another full of aunts, uncles, in-laws, cousins, family friends. I'd sit in big, soft chairs surrounded by people looking at my stomach, and I'd answer questions: "It's due in April" . . . "I'm going to work until the last month" . . . "As long as it's healthy."

Secretly, I wanted to have a girl. I already had Allen—it was hard enough learning to live with one male. Besides, I had it in my mind that I would be able to point out to this girl baby all the places I had gone wrong, and that would be at least one set of mistakes she wouldn't have to make. When I rode on the bus to work in downtown Cleveland and looked out the window at West Twenty-fifth Street, the way I'd been doing for years, when I washed the dishes staring at the yellow kitchen wall in front of me, when I waited in line at the bank or the supermarket, I'd be thinking of the things I'd have to tell her. About speaking up for yourself, about avoiding regret, how to tell if someone is lying, what to say when something is your fault.

And actually I was sure it would be a girl. I had only sisters, three of them, and I had the further evidence of other blood relatives: nine aunts to three uncles. My mother's mother raised her children by herself after Grandpa left—years of hard work and no rest, and then at last about ten years of sitting back and having the fruits of her labor: respect, tiny grandchildren to pet and hand back, meals being cooked for her in her own kitchen by her daughters and daughters-in-law. We are a family of bossy women, talky women, women who intend to be taken seriously. So it was natural that from my body, so like my mother's and my grandmother's, I would produce another woman. Allen had none of this sexual solidarity on his side. He had a brother and a sister, and no visible aunts or uncles. What could he say? He tried to get under my skin by bringing up rumors that twins ran in his family, but I took this for pure devilment.

We had an apartment then. What a trip it was, moving into that apartment. I remember how enamored I was of a green teapot—leaf green with gold trim. I put it up on a shelf over the sink and turned on the light nearby, to admire how it looked. That was the center of the apartment to me, that teapot on that shelf; it



A MAN LOOKING LIKE MIKHAIL GORBACHEV APPEARING YESTERDAY WITH A MAN LOOKING LIKE GEORGE BUSH TO ANNOUNCE A PLAN THAT SOUNDS LIKE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA was the picture of what the rest of it would be when I fixed it up. It was night when we finished moving in and we all sat around and ate pizza—Annie from work, Allen's brother John and his buddy Ted; my best friend from school, Rose, and her sister Ellen; Jimmy Spicer and all that crew. All we had to drink was a six-pack of Champale that someone had brought and put in the refrigerator. No one would admit having brought it. We poured it into Dixie cups and drank it down, rank and beery-sweet.

Annie and Rose and I went to look at the bedrooms. Not Ellen—she wanted to stay with the guys: what a slut she was then. "This is going to be the baby's bedroom," I said to them. "It's going to be yellow and pink, two walls each color. Curtains with a yellow stripe." My old crib was in there already, scarred and scratched, wood-colored, pictures of lambs and rabbits at the head and foot. Probably we should have painted it, but I didn't want to cover up the lambs and rabbits—I'd looked at them, and so had my sisters, when we were too young to know what they were, and traced them with our fingers, and I wanted my girl to look at them with her unfocussed eyes and pat them with her fat hands.

"Do you have a changing table?" Rose asked me. She didn't know a thing about changing tables and I knew it.

"No, and I don't want one," I said. "I'm going to use the top of the low dresser."

They looked at me, looked at my stomach, and looked away. They were horrified, I knew. I was horrified, too, in a way, by the swell of my stomach and by everything else, but also smug at having done it. Without even trying.

"Are you going to work after?" Annie asked me.

"When it's six months old, I'm going back." I was always very careful to say "it." I knew it was a girl but I felt it might jinx things if I said "she" right out. I was afraid something could shift in my body, a slow turn from one sex to the other.

"I don't think it's right to leave a little baby," Rose said. "Not until they go to school."

I sat down on a box and took my shoes off. "Give it a rest, Rose," I said. I knew she was saying what her mother said. They'd had no thought in their heads of babies, her and Annie. They weren't pregnant. They didn't know what to think of me at all. I leaned back against the wall and arched my spine, stretching, with the curve of my stomach pushed out. They looked at it, and their hands went to their own bodies. Annie put one hand on her stomach; Rose's fingers fluttered, touching her chest, her hips, twitching at her clothes.

"I'm going to breast-feed," I said.

"God, you're not," Annie said.

"I am, too," I said. "They get bigger if you do." All three of us looked at my chest.

This was bold talk on my part. Sometimes I felt quite different. Sometimes I wanted out of my body. I didn't feel bad, really—that wasn't it. I felt dreamy and sleepy. I sat for hours looking at baby books, reading about puréeing fruit and the order of immunization, sometimes sitting there looking out the window with my hand on the book, sometimes falling asleep with my cheek on the open pages. There was one book in particular that I liked, that said how to manage if you had one baby, then what to do if you had two, then three, then four. How to take four children for a trip on the bus was one of the things in this book. You were supposed to hold one by the hand who was holding another by the hand, one in a collapsible stroller, one in a sling against your chest. There was a picture of this woman wearing a dress and a hat, taking money out of her shoulder bag and giving it to the smiling bus driver, with all these round-faced children clustering around her like the angels that frame the margins of holy cards. I loved that book. I got it out of the library three times.

No, I felt fine, really. What worried me was this feeling of inevitability. I was going to have a baby and there was *nothing I could do about it.* I couldn't change my mind, couldn't say, "Wait, time out, I'd like to think about this for a minute." Somewhere in front of me were some solid hours of pain and a baby coming. I was going to grunt and bleed. My body was going to open. It was unbelievable, ridiculous, and yet I had to believe it.

I took the position of suspecting everything that was said to me. What did they know—"they" being the doctors and my female relatives? They were all so old. They'd been proved wrong already. I was proud I'd known I was pregnant before the doctor said

FADY FREM TAKES IT BACK

In February of 1984, the United States Marines leave
Beirut, and I tell Brian that I have been unfaithful.

They had arrived in the fall of 1982—just weeks
after I left Brian for the first time, crying

as the pneumatic door sucked shut on his face, and not long
before Habib Shartouni fixed a Syrian bomb to the floor

over Bashir Gemayel's head. They came back
after Sabra and Shatila, after nine hundred corpses

disappeared on buses, after the Israelis lent bulldozers
to the Lebanese Forces, arriving on the New Jersey

sometime shortly before I could say, with Israel, *I didn't mean*
to hurt anybody, or, *I knew what I was doing*

but I didn't know. This said, the United States Marines, minus
two hundred and thirty-nine of their number, leave Beirut

on the New Jersey, and not long after that I leave Brian
in a nearly empty apartment in West Hollywood: slammed doors,

and the Druse militia running wild
in the mountains. The mountains were beautiful

• •

before the Maronites and the Druse, the P.L.O.
and the P.L.A., the Lebanese Forces

and the Lebanese Armed Forces, the Syrian Sixth Brigade
and the troops of Peace for Galilee, the Ottomans and the French

and the Crusaders and the Arabs arrived. They were all just peasants once,
and Brian and I were nineteen when we met. We all spent a lot of time

at the beach: Byblos, Batrun, Naqoura, Santa Monica. They farmed
and built stone houses, houses with triple windows, windows

with pointed arches. The arches travelled with the Crusaders
to Europe. They now appear in Venetian houses. When I call Fady Frem, he says,

No, don't quote me, it's off the record. Brian says, *Can't we just
be friends?* But it was Fady Frem who said, in September

of 1982, just days after the massacres at Sabra and Shatila, just hours
after the Israelis surveyed the camps and saw the usual

piled bodies, the traditional razed tin shacks, all the
pillage and rape they'd seen before, *We did no massacre. Never*

happened. He is now in the export business
in Beirut. He never left.

—Caroline Fraser

• •

so, even though the first two tests were negative. They'd said I'd have morning sickness, that I'd swell up with water, but I hadn't.

"What's the doctor doing for me?" I asked Allen. We were in bed and, against my protests, he was rubbing cocoa butter into my stomach, where the skin stretched over the baby. I wanted no special methods or precautions taken.

"What?" he said.

"Not a thing. Not a fucking thing."

He put his hand over my mouth. "Nice language for a mother."

I said I had to say it now, before I had to be a good example. I was feeling cross and cranky. I closed my eyes so as not to have to look at the greasy mound of my belly. I was seven-and-a-half months, and I finally needed to wear maternity clothes, instead of just unbuttoning the fly of my jeans and wearing a long shirt. My breasts were bigger already and Allen was showing signs of fascination with them, which I decided to find revolting and depraved.

"You have to go to the doctor," he said reasonably.

I hated him for saying this. "I go there and they make me give them a sample and the nurse weighs me and then I sit around in the waiting room with all these other swollen women and I read *Highlights* and then I go in and he gives me a hard time about gaining too much and asks if I've got any problems and I say no. That's it."

"Umhmm," Allen said. He moved his face against my shoulder, nuzzling from side to side, each side sweep carrying him a little farther onto my breast.

"Cut it out, Allen. Pay attention."

"Well, they can tell things from those tests, can't they?"

"You don't know anything about it. You don't know a thing." I threw the cocoa butter on the floor and rolled over.

It wasn't that I didn't want sex. Contrary to what the doctor had warned, I wanted it just as much as before. And I got a lot of attention, too, not only from Allen. I never would have credited it, but there are a lot of men who think it's sexy that you're pregnant. Even at nine months, when I was straining at the seams of these horrible maternity smocks, I got whistles when I was walking down the street. Guys would come up to me at parties and make jokes about buns in the oven, so as to have an excuse to pat my stomach. Partly it was curiosity, I'm sure. We'd never known anyone who got pregnant before—anyone our age, that is. I was the first in our crowd. Frankly, I looked great. My skin cleared up, for one thing.

So I wanted to do it. Allen wanted to do it. But when we did it, something was wrong. We seemed to be looking for each other, as if we were in a crowded room or a dark empty place; we knew the other person was there but we couldn't see each other. We kept trying, but it was no good. When we finished we'd hold each other, we'd turn on the radio and listen to late-night talk shows, and Allen would tell me jokes, and we'd fall asleep laughing. Some things were still O.K.

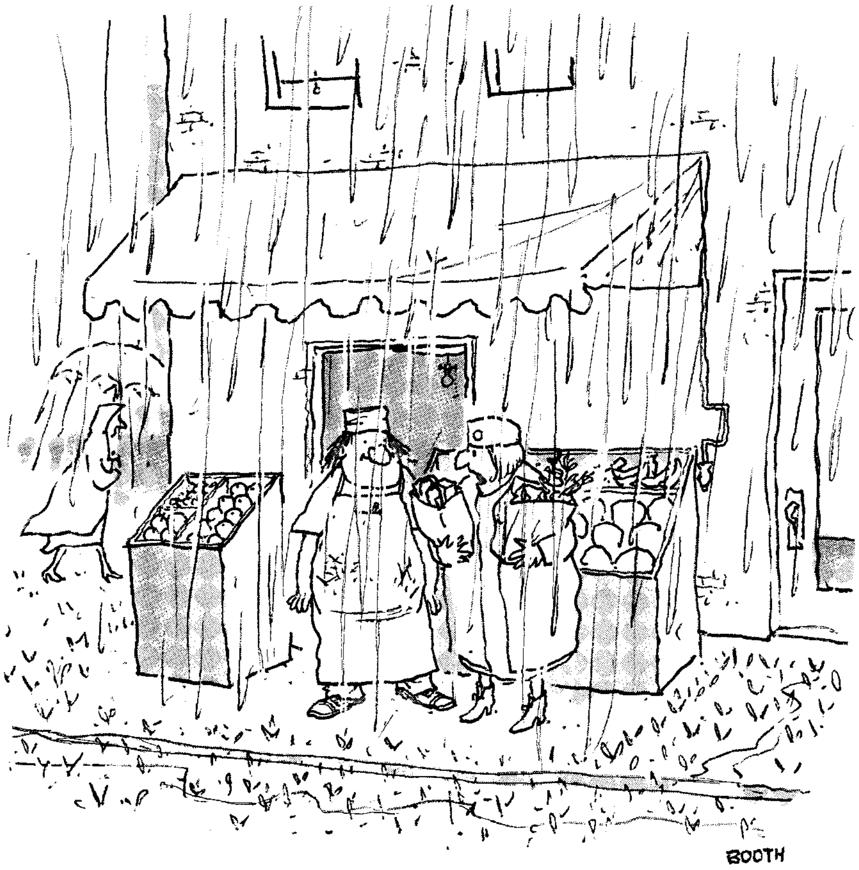
But I worried about this full stop to the thrilling part of my sex life. Was this what had happened to all those sexless women my mother's age? You got pregnant and some switch in your body turned off all that teen-age juice? You turned your cheek and pursed your lips instead of opening your mouth? You put your hands on his chest to push him away instead of to feel his hard little nipples? Watched TV together all evening, not talking, and then slept not touching?

By this time I'd cut my hours at the office to half, and all I had to do in the afternoons was sit around and think. How long does it take to do the dishes? I never made the bed. This is on principle: what's the point of making it look unused, unless it's to impress people? I could have baked but I was big as a house already. I could have watched the soaps. Actually, I did watch them sometimes, but half the actors and all the story lines were different from when I used to watch them in high school and I couldn't pay enough attention to catch up.

So I'd sit in the big armchair in the front room and look out the window and think. And I'd take long slow walks, thinking. Sometimes I thought about our honeymoon. It wasn't much, but it was fine. We went to Chicago, where we had friends we could stay with and save the cost of a motel, except one going and one coming back. With these friends, we went to some ballgames and out dancing and hung out on the North Side the way we used to when we were all going to school there. At the time, I saw my adult life as a wonderful extension of my one year of college: lots of driving around, recreational drinking, and freedoms opening out one after another. The last day, we all went to the dunes on Lake Michigan with a picnic. We forgot the charcoal, but we were so hungry after swimming that we ate the hot dogs cold, with the warm wind blowing sand at us; grains of sand got between our teeth and made interesting gritty noises when we chewed. We grinned at each other, baring our sandy teeth, and we took pictures of our legs all lined up together, our pumped-up biceps, our arms buried from shoulder to wrist in sand, with only the hand sticking out, fingers wiggling. We all hugged each other after, and Allen and I drove off, still in our wet bathing suits, and immediately started looking for a motel, although it was only five-thirty. Even so, we didn't find one for a long time. Every "NO VACANCY" sign made us hotter. I sat as close to Allen as I could and tormented him while he drove, putting my hands inside his shirt and trying to undo his pants. A couple of times we pulled off the road and necked furiously, but we kept on. When we found a motel it was almost seven and we fell on each other, we melted for each other, we opened up all the way. That might have been the time, that one.

A MONTH before my due date, supposedly spring, the weather was still gray, sleeting, dripping. I wasn't reading baby books anymore. All I had in front of me, between me and the baby coming, were a couple of "surprise" showers—one for my relatives, one for girlfriends. My mother had told me about them so I wouldn't turn up wearing something ratty. That was too bad. A surprise would have been distracting, at least—twenty dressed-up women hiding in closets and behind the living-room suite, jumping out. I sat around and felt sorry for myself for not having a surprise in my future.

Annie, Ellen, and Rose came over sometimes. I'd known them all since grade school, and they should have been a comfort. But I seemed to be looking at them from a long way off, across the great expanse of my stomach. I was so tired of it all, too tired to lift my hand or shake my head no when Annie brought me a cup of stinking herb tea. They sat and chattered about a whole fun world that was no longer open to me.



"I'm going to go home, turn on a kung-fu movie, and get my life in order."

Shopping. I couldn't shop, couldn't bear to look at myself in a mirror. When I undressed at night I kept my eyes on a level so as not to see what was going on under my chin. Bad enough to see it with clothes over it. Going out for drinks after work. "Drinks," "work"—the words were no longer in my vocabulary. Sex, men, flirting: Ha. I wasn't a member of any sex anymore. I was a husk, a pod—a container, ready to split open.

I kept thinking and dreaming then of things coming open—of seams splitting, of cartons breaking and spilling their contents, of volcanoes, and, more horribly, of wounds, awful gashes that oozed unlikely substances: peanut butter, mud, ketchup. Sometimes it was melons slashed by a knife, all the seeds visible and gleaming wet. I could hardly stand to look at food just then, but I ate constantly, I just shovelled it in. Allen would watch me eat for another fifteen minutes after he'd finished —horrified, I think, to see all this stuff going in, maybe thinking I was going to explode, or give birth right there in front of him.

Allen was far away from me, too. Hugging was so ridiculous that I wouldn't let him do it. Kissing was out of the question, real kissing. To really kiss you have to wrap your arms around each other—neck, waist, wherever. You have to press up against each other, feel every part of his body pushing into or surrounding every part of yours. We lay in bed next to each other every night, holding hands, staring up at the ceiling until we fell asleep.

I stopped even thinking about the future. All there was, was now. There was my body with another body pushing around in it. I couldn't remember what my stomach, my breasts, had looked like before. I could hardly focus on the baby as any real thing. When Allen wanted to talk about names I really didn't care, but I made myself take a stand, on principle. There was no problem with a boy's name: Allen, for Allen; Joseph, for my father. We agreed about this, and, anyway, I still knew it would be a girl, and a girl had to be named this name I'd been carrying around since I was a kid, the name I'd wanted for myself instead of Bon-

me: Rachel. It was not a silly name, not a name that could sprout a dopey nickname. It had a wonderful sound in your mouth. It was even Biblical. But Allen wanted to name a girl after his sister. Debbie—I ask you. This is what we talked about those last weeks, constantly—at breakfast, at dinner, in bed. There was no compromise available, it seemed. We both hated all the other family names on both sides. We made lists. We read the "Best Baby Book of Names" to each other. It kept our minds off other things, like the fact that we were not allowed to screw anymore, even if we'd wanted to.

On a Saturday exactly two weeks before my due date, my mother-in-law drove over. Why? Who knows? Just to give us a hard time, is what I thought then. She came in and asked a lot of questions and poked around all over the apartment. Did I have my suitcase packed? Had I cooked up a lot of stuff and put it in the freezer for Allen to eat while I was in the hospital? Did I have a diaper service yet? The answer to all these questions was "no." I could hardly bring myself to think about what was going to happen. I'd been telling myself there was plenty of time. It was just like when I was in school and there would be this big paper due that I had to do a lot of library research for, or I would have to make a clay relief model of South America with tiny products and resources glued to it. I would always start out with big plans, make lists, imagine the comprehensiveness of what it would be like when it was finished—the detail, the papier-mâché bananas, the small clay figures with miniature serapes. But I would put it off and put it off until there were only three days left, and then I'd panic for one day and rush around for another and stay up until two in the morning on the third, with my mother hovering anxiously over me as I grimly glued and pinned. So now the suitcase lay open and empty in our bedroom. The list of diaper services lay beside the telephone, unconsulted. I had no intention of freezing up big batches of lasagna or whatever.

"Allen wants to eat out while I'm gone," I said to my mother-in-law.

She was upset by this, I could see, but she had the good sense not to say anything.

To get out of the apartment, we went and got in the car and drove to the park near where we lived. It was real spring now, April, and actually warm. The sun was shining weakly. We parked and walked decorously down the path, the three of us. To our right there was a field with people playing catch and Frisbee, and some swings with children on them, swinging in great arcs, pointing their toes toward the sky. To our left there was the creek, and what Allen and I called the mountain. It was only a small hill, red clay and crumbling fast on its steep sides. But trees grew on it and there was a path on one side that you could scramble up to get to the top, which was a narrow ridge. Allen and I had often climbed it when we first lived in the apartment.

My mother-in-law was fussing with her purse as we walked. Allen had his hands in his pockets. He was scuffing up bits of leaves and gravel with the toes of his tennis shoes, walking his lively, good-natured walk. Even my mother-in-law, with her arthritic knees, was bouncing along. I felt like a sack of cement on stilts. What I wanted to do was climb the hill.

"Let's go up," I said to Allen.

"Don't be silly," my mother-in-law said.

"Come on, Allen," I said.

"You can't climb up there with that stomach," my mother-in-law said. She was showing alarm and I meanly enjoyed it.

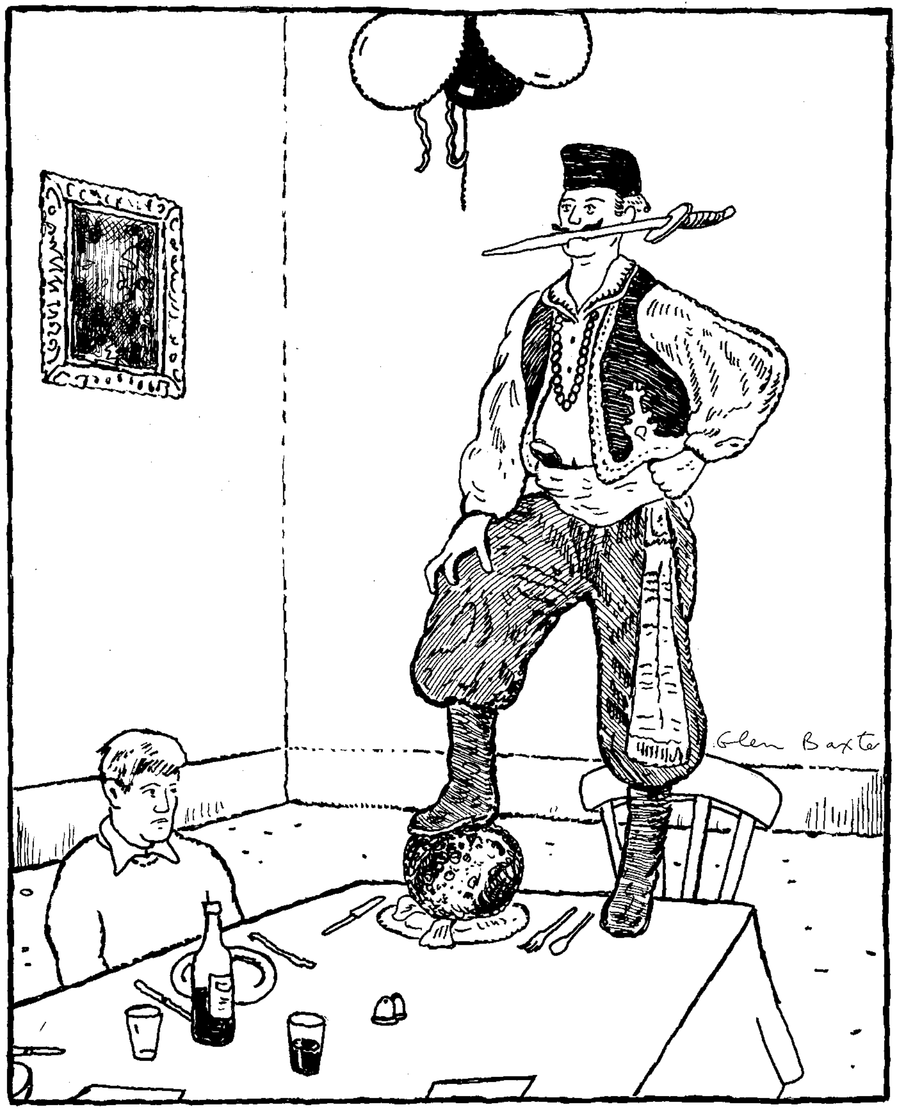
"We can just go part way," I said to Allen, but I meant to go all the way once I got him up there.

He looked doubtful, but he followed me to the place where you have to step over the narrow arm of the creek that circles the hill. I stepped across, and stood waiting for him on the other side.

"Bonnie! Bonnie!" my mother-in-law called from the path. She was holding her purse in front of her with both hands.

"I'm going to do it!" I shouted to her.

We started up. The parts that were easy before were harder. The bits of the path where you had to plant your feet carefully because the ground sloped away were terrible. My balance was different. I felt like a tightrope



IT BECAME APPARENT THAT BRENDA WOULD NOT BE SHARING HER MEATBALL WITH THE REST OF US AFTER ALL.

walker, holding my arms out to keep upright. My stomach got in the way whenever I had to climb up and over the exposed roots of the trees, as if I were mounting a staircase. I had to scrabble up sideways and couldn't use my hands as much as I'd have liked. Finally we came to a part of the path that was like a chute, which you had to climb duckfooted, setting your feet at a careful angle, bending forward and rushing up, to use momentum. I did all that. Allen was just behind me. I made it up to the bend in the chute. I fell to my hands and knees.

"Bonnie! Bonnie!" my mother-in-law was yelling, and I could hear Allen gasping behind me.

"You dope, you jerk, you bitch," he said. He gripped me by my hips and shook them, put his arms around me, and pushed his face into the small of my back.

I let my arms relax until I was lying on my side, my face against the red crumbly clay, which was cool and slightly slick under my cheek. Looking up, I could see the top just above us, another ten feet—the hard ridge of the hill that I knew was bare of grass but carpeted with pine needles that slipped pleasantly under your feet. When you stood up at the top and looked down, the eroded sides, rawer and redder than the hard-packed soil of the ridge, sloped away from under your feet and you felt as if, with very little effort, you might slide down them into the water of the creek. Just one step, one small movement; no thought was necessary.

Allen was crying a little, which I thought was very sweet of him. "Oh, I'm all right," I said. I sat up so I could take his hand and kiss the palm. My mother-in-law was hesitating at the brink of the stepping-over place, holding her purse up almost over her head.

"*I'm not going to do it!*" I yelled to her.

"What?" she yelled back.

"I won't do it!" I yelled.

Allen and I started down. I slid down over the bad places on my butt, Allen going first to stop me if I fell. When we got to the bottom our clothes were dusty and smeared with red. My mother-in-law looked at us as if we were accident victims. "You'll be in the hospital before morning, after that," she said. I didn't care.

She was right, though. In the car on the way back I felt the first tightenings and loosenings, not yet pain. And after she'd gone home, I started to have mild contractions, and then a major one—the big pain rippling down, pushing my thoughts down, locating my center lower and lower. All the things I didn't know—when to start solid food, about Montessori, how to satisfy the sucking reflex—they didn't bother me a bit then, while I was going to the hospital with Allen in the car. It was like riding a comet or a roller coaster, this intense purposeful movement after all those months of waiting. I didn't see anything ahead of me—not our lovely daughter; not the tired doctors who would talk to Allen afterward, my blood on their hands and their clothes; not my flattened, empty stomach; not my sallow face in the mirror the first time I could get up by myself and go to the bathroom; not Allen with a mask on his face bringing the baby through the door for me, with my lips saying "Rachel" for the first time. I didn't see any of that. But I could feel events rushing toward me as they wheeled me in. I could feel my life changing, the old familiar parts of it crumbling away and a new shape emerging that I would come to know, and, God, I was so excited I could hardly stand it.

—MARY GRIMM

A REPORTER AT LARGE

INVISIBLE PEOPLE

MANILA, mid-afternoon. Evil, black skies overhead. Gusts of warm wind froth the gray waters of the great bay, where a half-dozen ancient freighters lie at anchor. Two days ago, it seems, a standard-issue typhoon from the South China Sea banged into the northern provinces, and today the wet and windy tail end of the storm is lazily slapping through town, periodically drenching the streets and passersby, who don't seem to mind, and causing the usually chaotic traffic to slow to a standstill of noxious fumes and honking horns.

But inside the elegant, high-ceilinged lobby of the Manila Hotel all is serene. A small orchestra of tea-gowned women serenades the guests with a medley from "Oklahoma!" Japanese families seated on velvet couches order tea and listen respectfully. Closer to the bar, a noisier bunch of good-looking Waspy guys from the United States Embassy discuss Vice-President Quayle's imminent arrival with a quartet of Filipino security dudes in shades and natty blue suits, also a Philippine Army colonel with shiny boots. The Manila Hotel doesn't exactly feel like home, though it might be nice to call it home for a few days, or even for a few hours—to linger awhile in the beautiful lobby, listening to "The Surrey with the Fringe on Top," keeping dry, and enjoying the air-conditioning. But we are here for only a few minutes—just passing through, as the saying goes. Sidney Jones wanted to pick up a newspaper. Jemera Rone wanted to get something at the drugstore, but it seems to be closed. We walk out through the airport-style metal detectors in the front of the hotel, where energetic bellboys frisk guests for weapons on their way in, and find a tiny cab waiting there in the drizzle. "Where now?" says Jemera, who, with Sidney, has just flown seventeen hours, coach class, from New York to Manila.

"I think we ought to check with C.H.R.," Sidney says.

"Are they going to be any help?" Jemera says.

"I mean we should just *check in* with them," Sidney says.

SIDNEY JONES is thirty-seven years old, skinny, medium height, with short hair and glasses; she wears a polo shirt, bluejeans, Reeboks, carries a backpack. She's the executive director of Asia Watch, a private organization, based in New York, that monitors human-rights abuses in Asia. Jemera Rone is forty-six, red-haired, square-shouldered; she wears a blue dress, ordinary shoes. She trained as a lawyer and for a while practiced corporate law in New York, but for the past few years she has worked for Americas Watch—a sister organization to Asia Watch—monitoring human-rights abuses in Central America and the Caribbean.

"What are you looking for, Sidney?" Billy Aportadera asks. We are in the offices of C.H.R.—the Philippine government's Commission on Human Rights. Thick blue carpets. Steel desks. Security guards wander about carrying dangerous-looking automatic weapons. Billy's official name is Abelardo—Abelardo Aportadera—but nobody calls him that; everyone calls him Billy, the way everyone calls Corazon Aquino Cory. He's the deputy commissioner of C.H.R.

"We're looking into the displacements," Sidney says.

"Oh, yes, the displacements," Billy says. He's cheerful, with a roundish face, olive skin, not much hair. There's a diploma from Columbia Law School on his wall.

"The evacuations," Sidney says.

"Oh, yes," Billy says.

"Especially on Negros," Sidney says.

"I haven't got down there lately," Billy says.

"Thirty-five thousand," Jemera says.

"What?" Billy says.

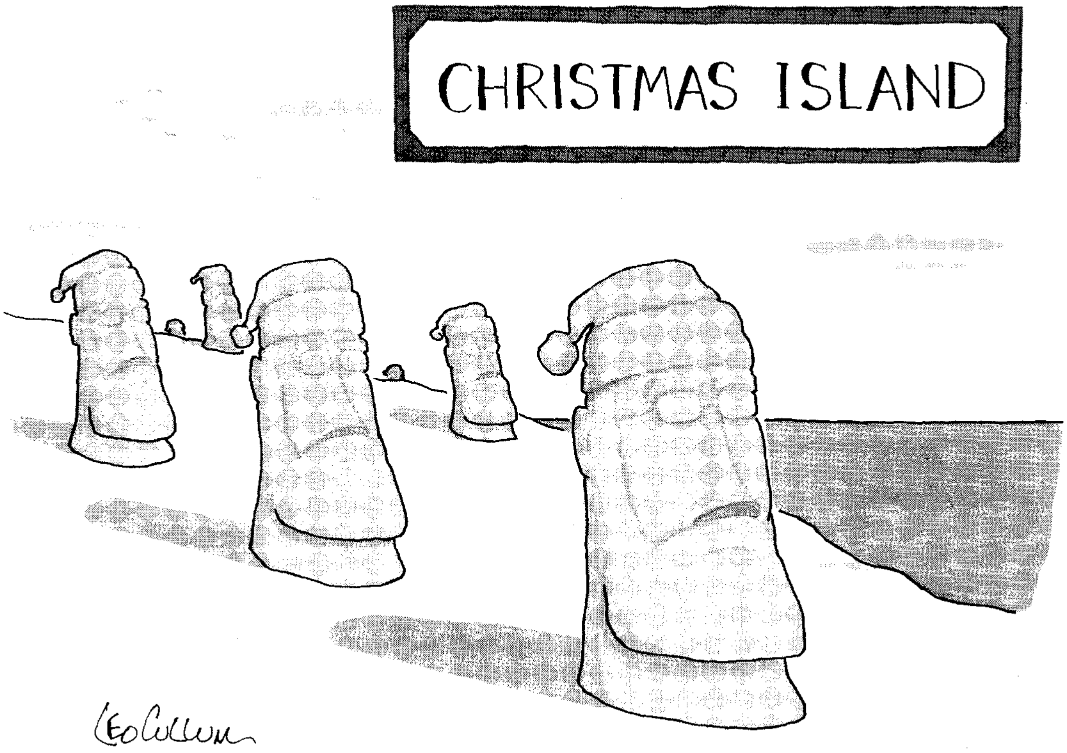
"We heard thirty-five thousand displaced," Jemera says.

"That many?" Billy says.

"More than thirty-five thousand," Sidney says.

Coffee is brought, also some nice ginger biscuits.

Later, Billy talks about the recent discovery of a mass-grave site in Que-



zon. "You could see that," he says.

"I'd like to see that," Sidney says.

"Maybe a hundred people," Billy says.

"One hundred?" Sidney says.

"But we don't know," Billy says.

"Killed by—" Jemera says.

"Killed by the N.P.A.—the other side," Billy says, referring to the New People's Army, a leftist rebel group.

"When are you going to exhume?" Sidney asks.

"The trouble is, we don't have the doctors," Billy says. "I mean, we have doctors, but they're not, you know, trained in—"

"Signs of torture," Jemera says.

"Yes, signs of torture," Billy says.

"So you don't know when," Sidney says.

"We have to train the doctors," Billy says.

As we leave, Sidney asks Billy if C.H.R. has ever convicted anyone in the Philippine military of human-rights abuse.

"Last year, there was a conviction of two soldiers," Billy says.

"No officers?" Jemera asks.

"No officers," Billy says.

"The two soldiers were convicted of human-rights abuse?" Sidney says.

"No, homicide," Billy says. "The courts prefer to call it homicide."

MORE rain. No cabs. Sidney produces an umbrella, but most of its spokes are broken—a Charlie Chaplin umbrella. We walk down what seem to be miles of muddy streets. Huge potholes are filled with khaki-colored water. Finally, we're in another office building. Brown carpets. Brown curtains. Everything brown. Men in brown suits. This is the Red Cross—not the coffee-and-doughnuts Red Cross. This is the I.C.R.C., the International Committee of the Red Cross, headquartered in Geneva. "They're very good but very *Swiss*," Sidney says cryptically.

"Sometimes I think they could do more," Jemera says.

"But their *deal* is—" Sidney says.

"I know," Jemera says. "Their deal is they go into a country only at the invitation of a government, and they never go public—they report their findings only to the government that asked them."

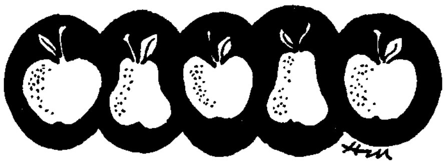
We're in a brown conference room. Two men, one in a brown suit, the other with no suit jacket but with a very clean white shirt and a brownish tie. The white shirt is the boss—we'll call him G. "We try to keep out of the public eye," he says. He's tall, fortyish, with a long, pale face and a dark bushy mustache. "You're going to Negros?" he goes on.

"We want to see the evacuations," Sidney says. "See what happened."

"From Operation Thunderbolt?" G says.

"Is that it?" Jemera says. "Thunderbolt?"

"Thunderbolt," G says.



"It sounds like Vietnam," Jemera says.

"Three infantry brigades, I think," G says. "Artillery. Aircraft."

"We heard thirty-five thousand people—" Sidney says.

"I think very many," G says.

"Has I.C.R.C. been involved?" Sidney asks.

"It's complicated," G says. "We have given a little medical assistance."

"How is it complicated?" Jemera asks.

"Well, you see, if a military officer gives an order for some people to evacuate . . ."

"Yes," Jemera says.

"And we assist these people . . ."

"Yes," Jemera says.

"Then we are—how do you say?—*intervening*," G says.

"Intervening?" Sidney says.

THE HARE

Singular—Dürer's—crouched, alert, stock-
still, the hare caught now in April's
bevelled glass in the past, in perpetuity;

windy gloom, rain-soaked papers flying—daylight
twitching in and out of clouds—I saw
you, book-laden, hurrying round

the passage to the Music Room, where,
bound in Bach cantatas for an afternoon, you
would be, you said, beset by love. Love

was a horn player, I remember, who
strolled off to fortune and bad temper: Vienna,
Hamburg, Beacon Hill. Then the hourglass's

southern hemisphere: doldrums, and the Key
West pier. Cheeks aflame, chin squared, playing
beneath a battered Dürer print, you

barely bellowed out your rage when spurned
—his mistake—and survived instead on greens
and horrible cream cakes. Audile,

benign, sole icon of the practice room, to me,
the hare was yours. But now, glossy in some
gallery spread, it's been rent, from you,

as you are gone from who you were once
then, all concentration on crescendo, your viola
drowning out bird warble in

those fledgling dusks, the gaze above
your head arrested, as I was too—*d'amore*
stung become Orion's horn.

—CYNTHIA ZARIN

• •

"Intervening in a military strategy," G says. "Which we are not permitted to do."

OUR final stop, long after nightfall, is at a convent on the outskirts of Manila. Gloomy stone buildings. A high stone wall topped with layers of barbed wire. "I'm glad you're going to see the peasants," Sister P says. She's an old woman with white hair, brown skin. She seems frail, though she has a tough, tigerish face. "Nobody cares about the peasants. The military don't think they exist. Aquino doesn't think they exist."

"Why so many evacuations now?" Jemera asks.

"Because that's the government policy," Sister P says. "To destroy the guerrillas, they say, you have to destroy their economic base, in the villages. That means you burn their crops and bomb their homes. You dislocate the people. I think they learned all this from the Americans in Vietnam."

"It didn't work too well there," Sidney says. "How do you think it's working here?"

"I don't know," Sister P says. "I don't think anyone knows whether the guerrillas are stronger or weaker. To some extent it has become a war of rival information claims, a war of propaganda. But I don't think a government can ever win by abusing its people."

"You mean the CAFGU," Sidney says.

"The CAFGU are a bad joke," Sister P says. "A terrible joke promoted by Aquino. Under Marcos, we had the C.H.D.F.—the Civilian Home Defense Force. A militia of thugs and torturers. Then Aquino disbanded the C.H.D.F. Everyone applauded Aquino. But soon afterward she created the CAFGU—Civilian Armed Forces Geographical Units—and, of course, these are the same people who were in the C.H.D.F."

"And they behave the same way?" Jemera asks.

"Only last week they massacred some of our people in Samar."

"How many of your people?" Sidney asks.

"A man and a woman who were working for us," Sister P says. "Both of them college students. Both of them shot to death."

Outside the gloomy convent, the night is clear and black. The rain has stopped. Even at this late hour, the streets are clogged with cars and people. It's as if everyone in Manila—Manila and its outskirts (Metro-Manila, as it's called)—had decided to go outside, to crawl bumper-to-bumper in endless traffic or else to join the throngs strolling on either side of the cars and trucks.

"What did you think of Sister P?" Jemera asks Sidney.

"Well, you have to correct a bit for the leftist bias," Sidney says, "but her group does a lot of good work."

"At the end," Jemera says, "you know, when she was talking about the massacre—"

"The massacre of only two people?" Sidney says.

"Yes," Jemera says.

"The nuns here sometimes overstate," Sidney says.

"In Salvador, too," Jemera says. "They do great work, but they get a little carried away."

"Beatings become torture," Sidney says.

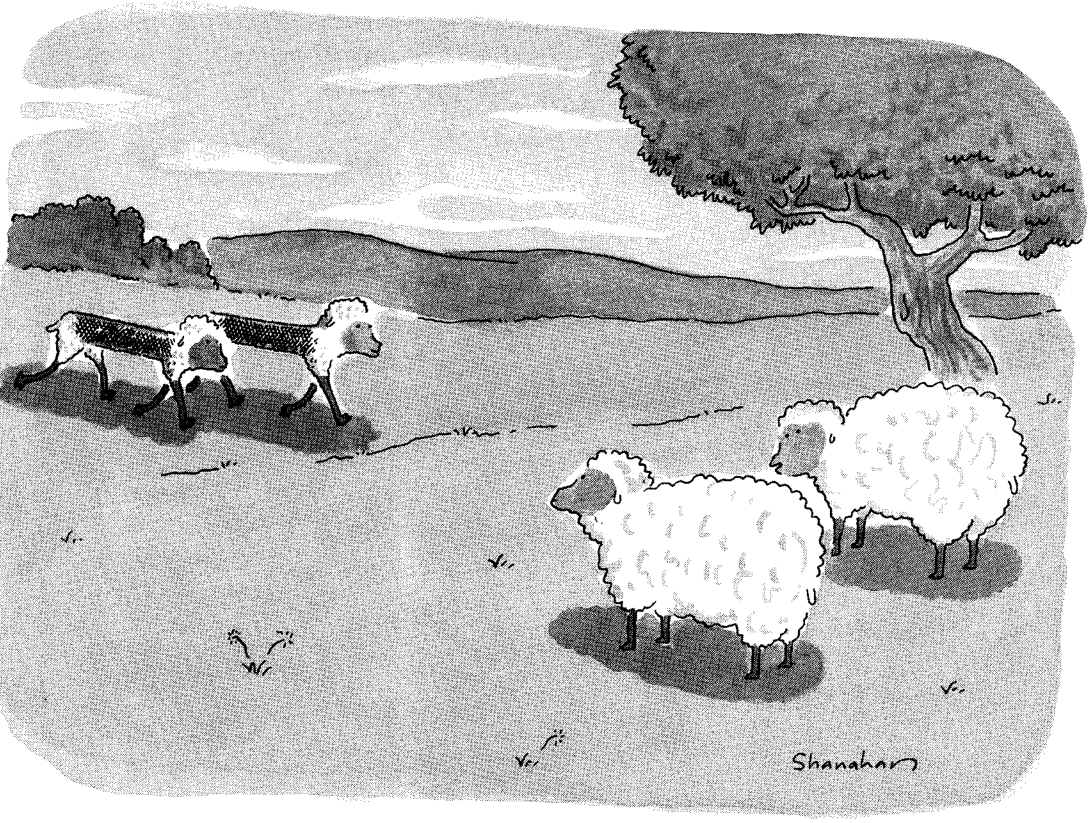
"Yes," Jemera says.

We pass a bunch of girls playing a kind of hopscotch, and Jemera asks one of them why so many people are outside late at night.

"It's payday," the girl says.

"I expect a lot of what goes on here is like El Salvador," Sidney says.

EARLY the next morning—extremely early—with the sky bright blue and the air already as hot and humid as a steam bath, we board a plane to Bacolod, the provincial capital of Negros Occidental, on the island of Negros, some three hundred miles southeast of Manila. Inside the little plane, we are jammed, many of us, into tiny seats, and a stern, cheerleader-type flight attendant passes packages of garlic crackers and a milky pink liquid in plastic cups which she describes as



"Were we expecting the Worsteds?"

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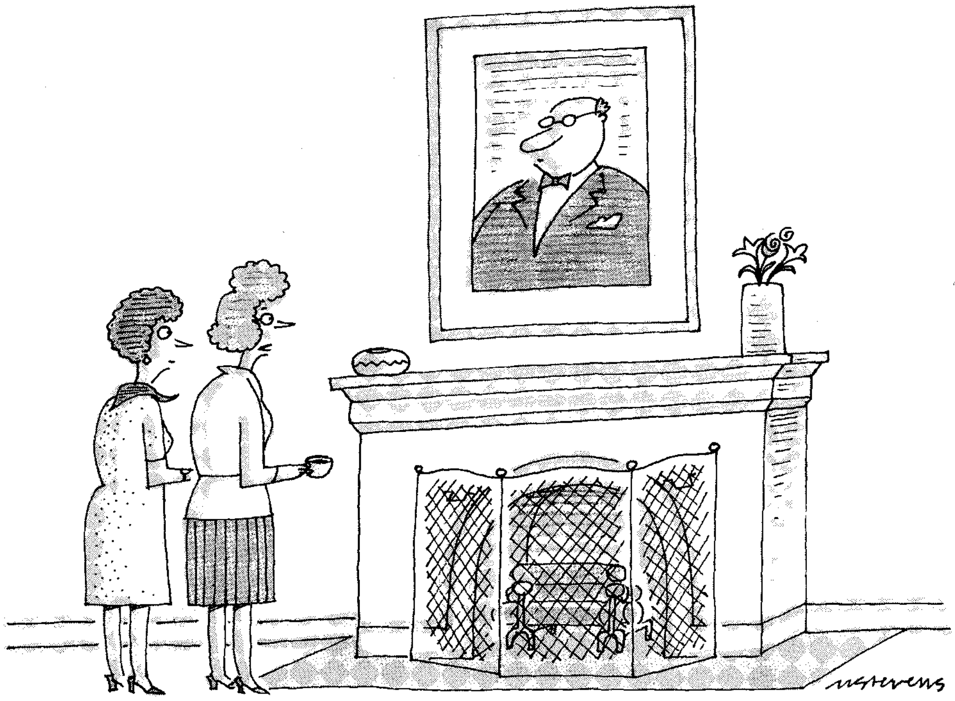


"*I also have him on videotape.*"

• •

"juice." Beneath us, the South China Sea is flat, a greenish blue. Two freighters, several fishing boats. Numerous small islands. Jemera is reading the *Philippine Star*—some scandal involving the Philippines' First Couple of the Screen. Sidney is reading a hefty State Department report titled "Citizens' Self-Defense Groups in the Philippines."

"Listen to this," Sidney says. " 'Members of the CAFGU's are subject to military discipline and are commanded by the regular Armed Forces of the Philippines.' "

"They always say that," Jemera says.

" 'In addition to the CAFGU's . . .' " Sidney reads, " 'there is a small number of anti-Communist, quasi-religious cults. These groups are in no way condoned or supported by the Aquino Government.' "

"They always say that, too," Jemera says.

We arrive in Bacolod. Many bumps. A small, country airport. Weeds and potholes on the runway. Goats grazing nearby. Numerous ragged kids scramble to carry bags for a peso. Soldiers in camouflage fatigues, with serious automatic weapons, stroll through the crowd.

"Why all the guns?" Jemera asks.

"This is the sugar planters' airport," says Hector Ortiz, a lawyer from FLAG (Free Legal Assistance Group), who has come to meet us. "The planters go to talk to their friends in the government. Their wives go to Manila to shop. Besides, don't *you* know that everyone has a gun in the Philippines?"

"Do you have a gun?" Jemera asks.

"No, I don't have a gun," Ortiz says. "It's not safe. But my wife has a gun."

Sidney says, "Hector, we want to get south to the villages."

"Which villages?" Ortiz says.

"The evacuations," Sidney says.

"Evacuees?" Ortiz says. "Then you must go see Father Baby."

WE drive across town, down dusty streets, past dark little shops, to another complex of gloomy stone buildings. This is the provincial headquarters of the Catholic Church on Negros—the diocesan center. Black walls. Some grass. Children playing with a water hose.

"Father Baby has a formal name—Father Irino Gordoncillo—but everyone just calls him Father Baby," Ortiz says.

"Why?" Jemera asks.

"Well, I suppose because of the way he looks," Ortiz says. "Like a baby."

Actually, he's over six feet tall, late forties, black hair—a nice-looking man with a round brown face and dark, solemn eyes.

"If you want to see evacuees," he says.

"We do," Sidney says.

"We have them right here," he says. "Nearby. Almost three hundred evacuees."

"From the south?" Jemera asks.

"Yes, from the south."

"But we want—" Sidney says.

"We have affidavits," Father Baby says.

"That's good," Jemera says.

"But we want to speak with people in their own villages," Sidney says.

"The evacuations were down near Sipalay," Father Baby says.

"That's where we want to go," Sidney says.

"It's too far," Father Baby says. "We have three hundred people right here."

"We could also see some of the people here," Jemera says.

"It's very far to Sipalay," Father Baby says. "Very bad road. Also, it's not safe."

"I thought the military were gone," Sidney says.

"No, they're not gone," Father Baby says.

"Operation Thunderbolt—" Sidney says.

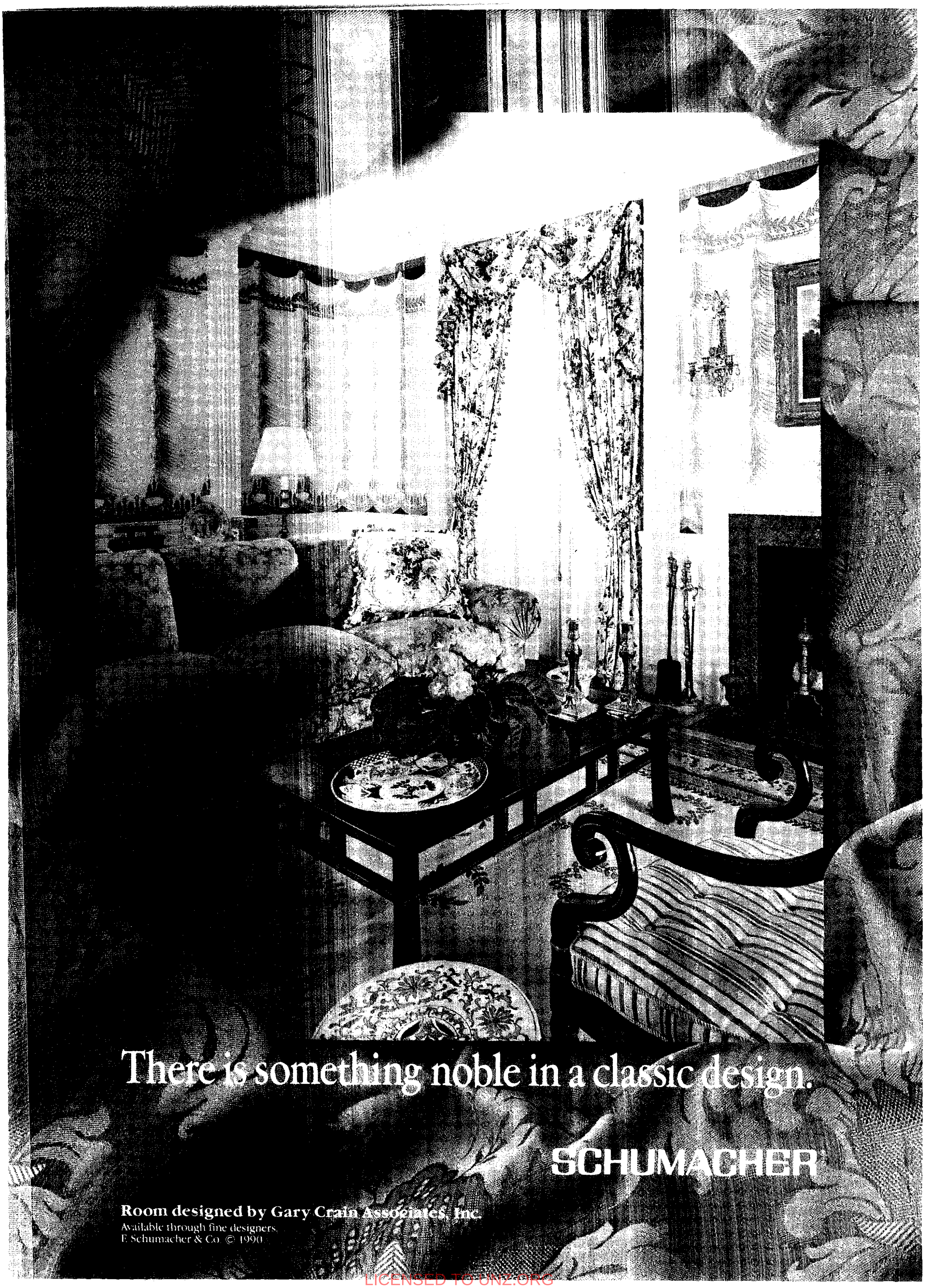
"Operation Thunderbolt is over," Father Baby says. "But I hear another one is starting up."

"Not now?" Sidney says.

"Soon," Father Baby says. "If you want to go to Sipalay, you should speak to Quentin."

WE drive back across town—this time past empty buildings, down unpaved streets with rocks and rubble lying about. There's a roadblock at an intersection, but no one seems to be manning it, although a couple of men in Army fatigues and T-shirts are sitting nearby, drinking beer under a canopy. "It's an Alsa Masa checkpoint," Ortiz says. "Alsa Masa. Rising Masses. They're vigilantes. They work with the CAFGU." A few blocks later, we stop the car, get out, and walk in the mind-numbing heat to what looks like a small school building.

Inside, we're in a room filled with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AIG Issues Forum

Why establishing
insurance program

IT'S NOT A PRETTY PICTURE.

Scientists warn that the probability of a cataclysmic earthquake striking the United States is becoming greater all the time.

They're not just talking about California, either. A major quake might well strike the East Coast and Midwest.

Such an earthquake, measuring, say, 8.0 on the Richter scale, could result in thousands of deaths. With property losses alone reaching $70 billion.

THE ENTIRE COUNTRY WOULD SUFFER.

Consider this.

Were a major earthquake to strike a city like Los Angeles, St. Louis or New York, the entire country would pay the price. And the impact would extend far beyond the deaths, personal injury and property damage in the immediate quake area.

Start with disruption of critical energy and communication lines, food distribution and transportation. Add the problems in the financial markets that would inevitably arise as the insurance industry mobilized the funds to pay massive claims.

Worse yet, the insurance industry, drained of cash, might be unable to raise new capital to meet ongoing obligations and offer new coverages in the future.

As a nation, we can't afford to let this happen. Yet it easily could.

WE NEED TO BE BETTER PREPARED.

Destructive earthquakes will continue to occur throughout the world. The only real uncertainties are when and where.

Minimizing their effects calls for some fresh thinking. That's where the Earthquake Project comes in.

The Earthquake Project is supported by companies that have been working individually and through trade groups for several years to lay the groundwork for legislation to address this problem. Our goal

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ital for all Americans.

is to protect the integrity of our economy in the event of a major quake.

And to make earthquake insurance available and affordable to every American homeowner and business.

A GOVERNMENT-INDUSTRY PARTNERSHIP APPROACH.

The proposed legislation would create a federal earthquake insurance program based on a government-industry partnership. The program would increase the number of homeowners purchasing insurance, thereby spreading the cost of risk more broadly. As a result, rates would be generally lower than they are today and coverage would be more affordable.

Another feature of the program would be the creation of a federal earthquake reinsurance corporation. Commercial insurance companies could purchase additional reinsurance from this corporation to supplement their existing capacity. This extra layer of protection would come into play in the event insurance industry earthquake losses exceeded some predetermined large figure—say $8 billion.

IT'S NOT A MATTER OF CHOICE.

With such a program in place, compensation could be available to every earthquake victim suffering property losses. Moreover, the reinsurance aspect of the plan would assist the insurance industry in performing its role of efficiently allocating the resources needed for rapid recovery and for rebuilding our economy.

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desks. Young men and women wander in and out. There's a poster on the wall that says "Peasants Are the Overwhelming Majority of Political Prisoners in the Philippines." This is the Negros office of T.F.D. (Task Force Detainees), a Philippine organization concerned with human rights which is composed mainly of former and present university students.

"Who did you talk to in Manila?" asks L, a young Filipino with wire-rimmed glasses and a "Miami Vice" T-shirt. "Did you see Sister P?"

"We started with Billy Aportadera and we ended with Sister P," Sidney says.

"I think Billy means well," L says, "but they just don't do anything at C.H.R."

"What they mainly do," says a young woman with long black hair who has come into the room, "is try to prove human-rights abuses against the N.P.A., so they won't have to prove them against the military."

"Who commit ten times as many," L says.

"We want to go to Sipalay," Sidney says, "but I think Father Baby thinks we shouldn't."

"It's been a problem down there," L says.

"What kind of a problem?" Jemera says.

"You want to go to the villages with the evacuations?" the young woman says.

"Yes," Sidney says.

"They're *beyond* Sipalay," she says.

A short, skinny young man enters, carrying a backpack and a Coke. This is Quentin, a young Canadian from Toronto, who has been working for T.F.D. in Bacolod for over a year. "We went down there last week," he says. "Four trucks full of evacuees. We asked the government agencies to go with us, but they never answered, so it was just three nuns from the parish house and myself. It's a really terrible road. The trucks were ancient and just crammed—people, kids, animals, sacks of rice. But we were doing O.K., bumping along, and then we got to this checkpoint somewhere south of Kabankalan. The 7th Infantry Battalion. I guess they must have come off a patrol, because they were loaded up with weapons and covered with dirt. We stop. Then this sergeant comes up and pulls everyone off the trucks. The villagers are scared to death. Women are crying. Then the soldiers start slicing open the bags of rice as if they were looking for something. Concealed weapons! I mean, these people have been through hell and they're clearly close to starving. The sergeant strides along and sees some guy trying to hold on to his bag of rice. 'Who are you?' he says. The guy gives him his name. 'You don't belong on this truck,' the sergeant says. 'Yes, I do,' the guy says. His wife and kids are yelling and crying. 'No, I'm going to keep you here,' the sergeant says. 'I'm going to interrogate you and see if you're N.P.A.' Everyone knows what that means. They'll put him in the box, or something. So one of the nuns steps forward. 'If you keep him, you keep everyone,' she says. 'You keep me.' The sergeant doesn't know what to do with this development. He walks around and tells the guy to get back on the truck. Meanwhile, I'm helping some people with their stuff, so he sees me, comes on over, takes out his pistol, points it *right at me*. 'I'm *going to kill you*,' he says. 'What for?' I say. 'I don't have to give you a reason,' he says. He looks crazy in the eyes. I don't have any idea what's going to happen. He starts to put his gun away. Then he brings it out again. Points it at my head, my chest. 'If I ever see you again, I'm going to kill you,' he says. Then he walks away, and I get back on the truck, and we get out of there."

"How about the rest of the way?" Sidney asks.

"The rest of the way, we saw soldiers, but they didn't stop us," Quentin says.

We have dinner with Hector Ortiz, who brings along a friend of his, S, who is an official with the National Federation of Sugar Workers, a militant union. S is in his fifties but has the build of a middleweight boxer—big chest and arms, a broken nose, an intelligent tough guy's face. Both he and Ortiz smoke incessantly. "The government, as usual, is being very stupid," S says. "They want to be rid of the N.P.A., and so they let the generals have their beloved military operations. At the same time, the sugar owners pay our *sagadas*— Do you know what they pay them? Maybe two hundred dollars a year."

"Didn't Mrs. Aquino propose land reform?" Jemera says.

"Land reform!" S says. "Mrs. Aquino says she wants land reform, but then she has allowed the big landowners to remove eighty-five per cent of the distributable land from the land-reform bill."

Hector Ortiz talks about his work for FLAG. "Most of our clients are workers suspected of being N.P.A., and we get most of them off—I guess you could say because they're not guilty, but really because the government evidence is usually so bad. Either they don't have enough evidence to begin with or their professional witnesses contradict their own testimony. Of course, when we get clients off, the government gets mad. There are about two hundred lawyers in the Philippines who donate their services to FLAG, and last year at least seven were killed. Only two months ago a young woman lawyer for FLAG in Luzon received a letter from the military saying they were going to kill her. A letter, mind you! They thought this would scare her off. But she said, 'Get me a bullet-proof vest,' and continued to do her work. So they shot her in the head."

"They killed her?" Sidney says.

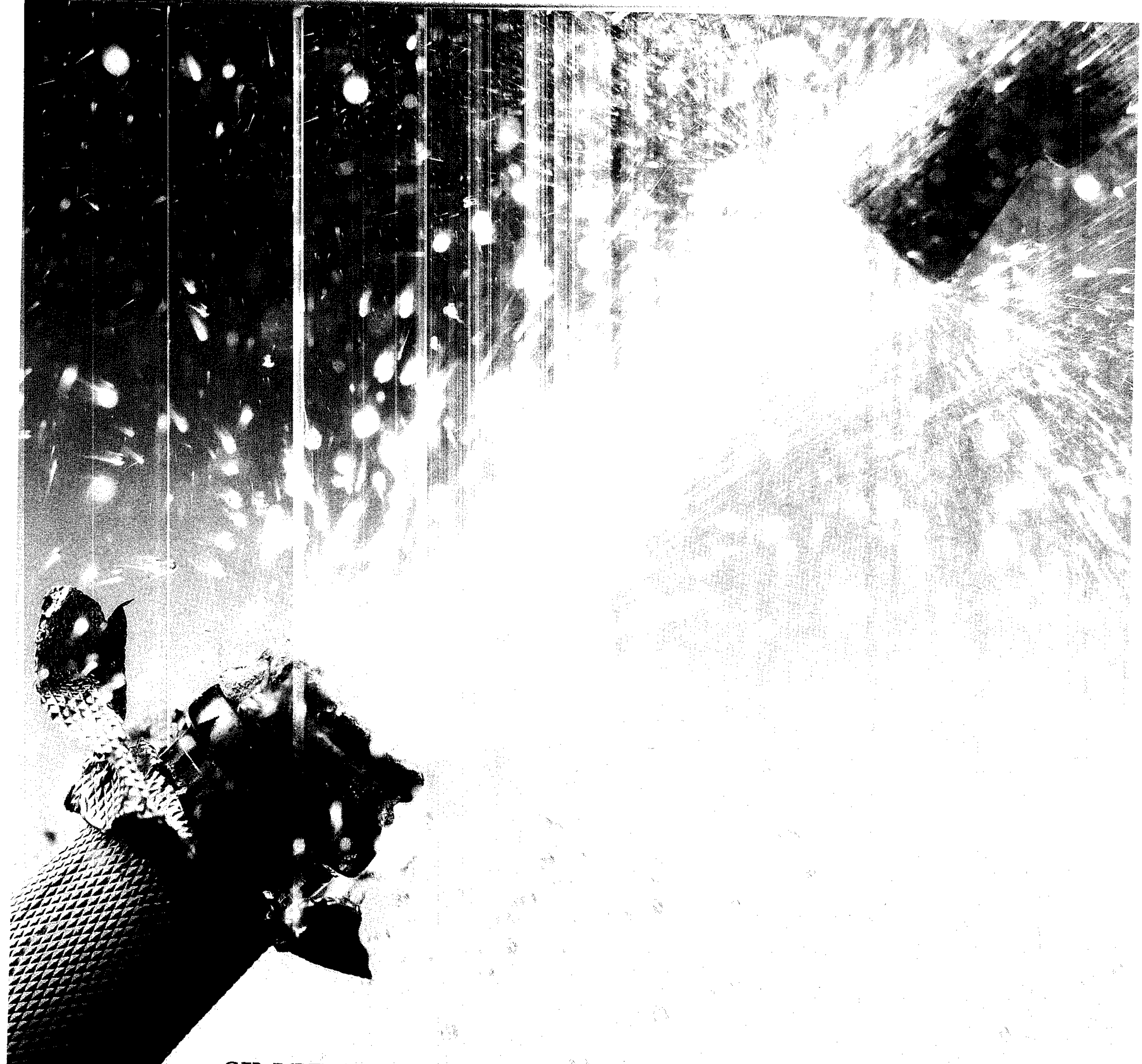
"Sure they killed her," Ortiz says. "They drove right up in a car in broad daylight and shot her. A neighbor took down the number on the license plate, but, when we checked, it turned out to be an unissued license."

"Nobody had it?" Sidney says.

"Nobody," Ortiz says.

We go to Father Baby's office, in the diocesan center, to read some of his affidavits. Sheet upon sheet of personal testimony imperfectly typed on onionskin typing paper.

"I, Maria Sante, 29, resident of Bara-pay, daughter of Arly Sante, testify that on the morning of March 13



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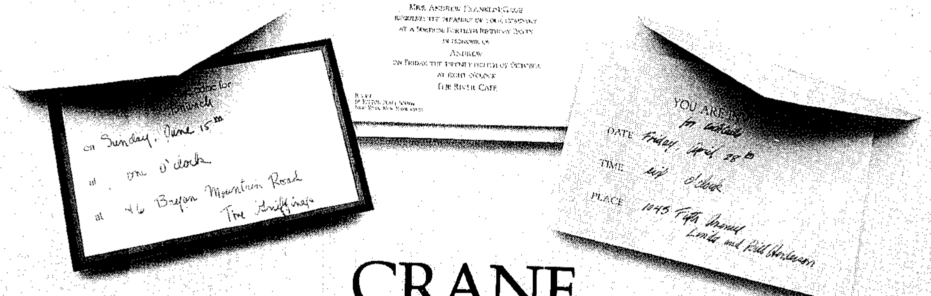

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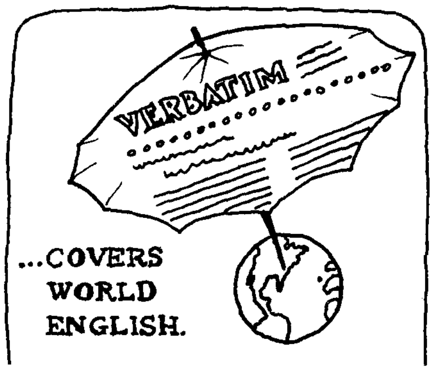

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two men known to me as CAFGU members and two other men from Alsa Masa began beating my fiancé Bonifacio Obligar and then took him away. When my mother Arly went to the sergeant at the Himook detachment she also disappeared. Both my mother and Bonifacio have now disappeared."

Father Baby's office is a huge, airless room. Many desks. A few young people moving slowly in and out. There is no air-conditioning, only fans. One young woman stands motionless, her face pressed close to the wire grille of a standing fan, her eyes closed.

"I, Porfirio Boca, age 47, resident of Manuro-toro, father of Jimmy Boca, declare that on the morning of April 11, 1989, my son Jimmy and my nephew Marcelino were apprehended by members of the Alsa Masa operating out of H., that Marcelino escaped by running but that my son Jimmy was taken to the river by the Alsa Masa and was beheaded and skinned."

Around midday, we drive out to the parish house to interview some of Father Baby's evacuees. There's a small church standing in an open field. Several low outlying buildings. People and clothing everywhere. The people, for the most part, sit in little groups on the scrubby grass or under tents. Pieces of clothing are scattered all about—hanging on bushes, stretched out on the grass. Small children, naked or half naked, drift between the buildings. Women cook pots of rice on open fires. Men lean against the buildings, or lie, with the children, on makeshift family beds, separated from the beds of other families by curtains of clothing or paper towels.

Inside a simple office, Jemera sits down at one desk, Sidney at another. An elderly woman sits in front of Sidney's desk. She has shiny brown skin, almost black. Short hair. She speaks in Ilongo (the main Negros dialect), with one of the parish workers acting as interpreter. "It was morning, and my son was in the river," she says.

"Swimming?" Sidney asks.

"Bathing," the woman says. "He had been in the fields."

"What was his name?" Sidney asks.

"Freddy Grande," the woman says. "His brother was with him in the river. Generoso. Both of them were in the water, bathing. Then they looked up and saw the men coming toward them."

"Soldiers?" Sidney asks.

"Armed men," the woman says. "More than thirty of them. Seven were CAFGU, dressed like soldiers. The others were Greens."

"Greens?"

"*Fanáticos* with green headbands," the woman says.

"A vigilante group?" Sidney asks.

"Yes," the woman says. "Freddy and Generoso started to run. They ran up the bank, and Generoso was faster, so he got away. But they caught Freddy."

"The CAFGU and the Greens?"

"The Greens caught him. They stabbed him many times and then one of the Greens took his bolo and hacked his head."

"Hacked?"

"Cut off Freddy's head," the woman says.

"And what did the CAFGU do?" Sidney asks.

"The CAFGU stood guard," the woman says. "The Greens took the head, and put it in a cloth, and carried it to Hinobaan, where they said it was N.P.A. and received a reward of rice."

A young woman in a yellow dress, almost a child herself, with a baby nursing at her breast and two others playing at her feet, talks to Jemera about hiding in the woods.

"Because the soldiers told you to leave your house?" Jemera asks.

"Because they were burning houses," the woman says. "They burned the neighbors' house."

"Were any of the neighbors hurt?" Jemera asks.

"Two were killed when the house was burned."

"Did they burn your house?"

"Then they burned my house."

"And how long did you all live in the woods?" Jemera asks.

"Two months," the woman says.

A man with curly hair and a bandage over his ear is telling Sidney what happened to his neighbor Felix Lariosa.

"A farmer?" Sidney asks.

"No, a storekeeper. He owned a *sari-sari* store. One day they came to him."

"The CAFGUs and the Greens?"

"No, just the Greens. They wanted him to tell them who was N.P.A. But he couldn't. Then they asked him to join with them."

"Join the Greens?"

"Yes. But he didn't want to. So they killed him. They hacked him."

"Cut off his head?"

"Yes, they cut off his head."

"Did anyone report this?" Sidney asks.

"Trinidad Acosta reported it," the man says. "She went the next day to report his death to the mayor. But she was killed on her way home."

BACK in Bacolod, we have good news from L at T.F.D. A car has been arranged to take us south to Sipalay. Not exactly a car: a jeepney—one of those colorful, rattletrap, elongated taxicabs which chug about most Philippine towns carrying people back and forth from work. "How long is the trip?" Jemera asks.

"Five hours," L says. "Well, maybe it's closer to seven hours. And then, of course, you want to go to the villages beyond Sipalay."

Sidney says we should take along some bottled water, also snacks. So a market is found and bottled water purchased, also little packages of nuts, raisins, dried mangoes, and so on. Jemera wants to buy a raincoat, but there are no raincoats. "The rainy season is over," Sidney says.

Ortiz comes by before we leave. "You saw the evacuees?" he says.

"Yes," Sidney says.

"And you want to see more?"

"That's why we came here," Sidney says.

Jemera says, "Those *fanáticos* sound pretty bad."

"Ah, the *fanáticos*," Ortiz says. "Part of our exotic national heritage, though some of their practices seem a little strange today. Have you heard of the Tad-Tad?"

"What's Tad-Tad?" Jemera asks.

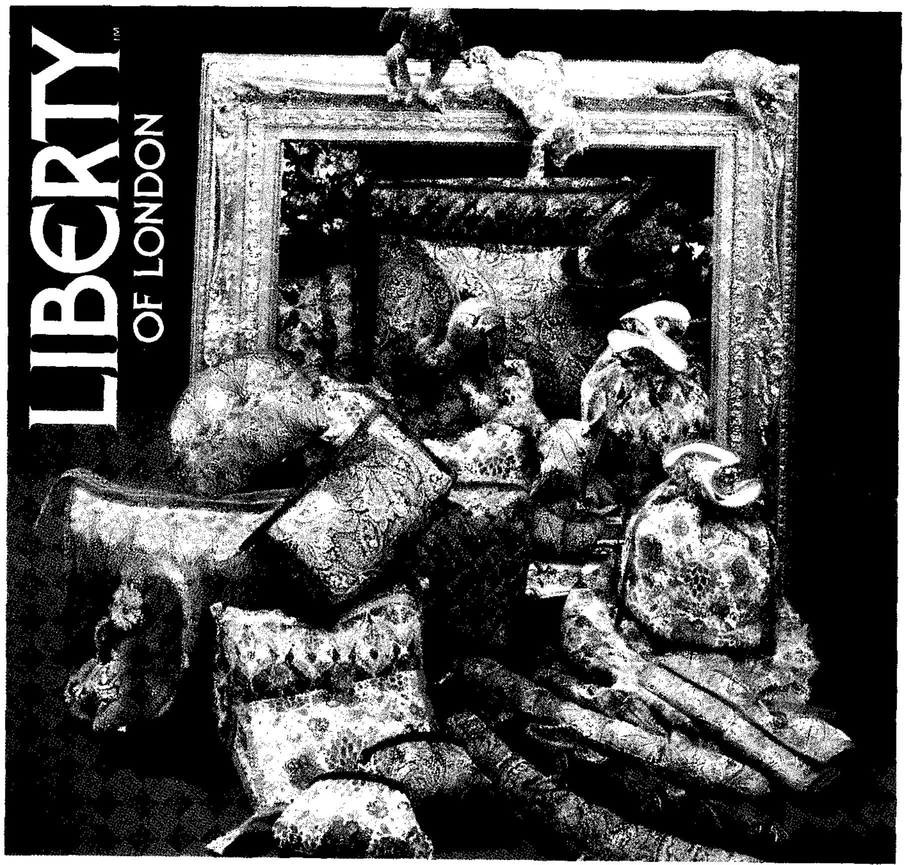
"Tad-Tad means 'chop-chop,'" Ortiz says. "That's what they do. Chop-chop with their bolos. They chop you up. Then they cut open the stomach and take out the liver."

"After you're dead?" Jemera asks.

Ortiz shrugs. "First, the Tad-Tad eats part of the liver. Then he takes a piece of what's left and puts it in a bottle—a little jar, filled with oil—and hangs it around his neck. He thinks that this way he'll be invisible and protected from bullets."

"The Army really uses these guys?" Sidney asks.

"Our *fanáticos* say they're anti-Communist, though I doubt too many of them have heard of Marx or Lenin," Ortiz says. "The truth is, the



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Army gives them guns, and all Filipinos are crazy about guns."

WE depart for Sipalay at six in the morning, with the streets still dark and the air almost cool. Our jeepney is an unlikely conveyance: multicolored, noisy, and filthy, the last in part because much of the flooring has been corroded, or perhaps broken off—anyway, isn't there anymore—and so whatever dirt or dust is kicked up by the tires comes right in to where we are seated, facing one another knee to knee on narrow metal benches, with a canvas roof flapping inches above our heads. In addition to the three of us, there's L, who has come along to help interpret, and Ramón, the driver and owner of the vehicle—a cheerful piratical figure in headband and dark glasses.

For a while, the road is smooth, or almost smooth. The sun (and heat) comes up with great rapidity. Fields of sugarcane on our left. Prawn hatcheries on our right—acres of black mud and brackish water. Beyond the prawn hatcheries, glimpses of sea, deep blue this morning, with whitecaps. Wooden fishing canoes pulled up on a grubby beach. The stone gate of a sugar hacienda.

Masses of traffic rush with us, and toward us, down the narrow road. Ancient buses. Army jeeps. Huge, slow-moving trucks piled high with brownish sugarcane. Jeepneys. Pedicabs. Motorcycle cabs. Schoolgirls in pale-green uniforms walking beside the road.

Jemera is eating peanuts from a small package while dutifully trying to read over her notes. "When Quentin was talking to us about the sergeant who stopped their convoy, the man he wanted to arrest and interrogate," she says.

"Yes," Sidney says.

"He said he was afraid they were going to 'put him in the box,' " she says. "What's that? 'Put him in the box?' "

"The box?" L says. "That's a favorite interrogation technique of the P.C.—the Philippine Constabulary. They strip you and put you in a box and then cover you with ice. Sometimes they put a lid on the box, just for fun. Sometimes they don't."

"Ice?" Jemera says.

"People here aren't used to cold," L says. "Even a little cold starts to do terrible things to them. Actually, Hector Ortiz had a client a few months ago —Romeo Ramírez, a sugar worker— they accused of being N.P.A. They put him in a box and just about froze him to death. Then they'd thaw him out a little, which just about kills you, and freeze him all over again. He named everyone he'd ever heard of, but then, luckily, at the trial the government witnesses said he was the wrong man."

Sidney says, "In Singapore, the police used air-conditioners. They'd take a political prisoner, tie him naked to a chair, douse him with cold water, and push him right next to a big air-conditioner."

"Torture is very evil," L says.

"But there's less of it here now," Jemera says.

"With Marcos gone, it's less extended," L says. "It's less savage. But torture is still torture. Now we have tactical interrogation."

"What's that?" Jemera asks.

"Well, under the new constitution

Ah, high tea. It's been part of daily life in Victoria since the mid-1800s, served with refreshing punctuality in such elegant places as the Edwardian-era Empress Hotel. But it's certainly not the only tidbit of history in British Columbia. There's the haunting legacy of the First Peoples. History carved from spirit song to

At precisely 4p.m. every day

that the government is now supposed to be following," L says, "when you hold a prisoner for regular interrogation—custodial interrogation, I think it's called—he has a right to have a lawyer present, the family's supposed to know where he is, and so on. So they invented a new kind of interrogation—tactical interrogation, or T.I.—that's not quite covered by the constitution. With T.I., after they arrest you the Army or the P.C. can do what they want with you for three days—no lawyers, no family, nobody knows where you are. Usually, in what they call a 'safe house.' "

"Three days in a safe house," Jemera says.

"Believe me, it's enough," L says. "That's what they were doing to Romeo Ramírez. Tactical interrogation."

ENDLESS strips of peasant shacks beside the road.

Two carabao—water buffalo—slithery with orange mud, kneeling in a rice paddy.

Palm trees and banana trees.

Piles of coconut husks.

After an hour or so, we reach Hinigaran, a town of shacks and tiny dark shops and people drying rice on the highway. It's also the site of a detachment of the 7th Infantry Battalion, where Sidney decides we will stop to get clearance for our southward journey. With some reluctance, Ramón pulls off the road, and we drive up in our jeepney to a collection of tumbledown, once white barracks, with a tattered Philippine flag flying from a flagpole, and numerous hens and roosters scurrying around beneath it, and lines of wash hanging from tree branches, and with a half-dozen soldiers in camouflage fatigues slouched around the porch of what appears to be the headquarters building. The soldiers eye our arrival with a certain sleepy puzzlement, but none of them stir. "Supposing we were N.P.A.," Jemera says as we walk by them. Right next to the main door, in fact, is a large poster headed "TWENTY MOST WANTED N.P.A.s," with little photos and thumbnail bios. Two of the photos have a pencil line drawn through them, over which has been written "CAUGHT!"

Inside headquarters, there seems to be nobody home. Large tinted photographs of President Aquino and General Fidel Ramos hang on the wall. Also, many maps. Presently, an officer appears, in midstage of getting dressed. He struggles into his jacket, buttons it up. He is a captain—Captain Lascon. Captain Lascon summons a corporal from somewhere in back and offers us coffee. The corporal says there is no coffee. Coca-Cola, says the captain. Fresca, says the corporal. We sit at an oval conference table—Captain Lascon on the far side, beneath more maps, and all of us opposite him. With bleary roguishness, he grins at Sidney and Jemera. "What brings you charming ladies to Hinigaran?" he asks.

"Human rights," Sidney says crisply. "We want to see the evacuees outside Sipalay." The corporal brings in bottles of Fresca on a tray.

"You want to go all the way to Sipalay?" the captain says. "There is nothing there. No human-rights troubles."

Sidney says, "We want to see for ourselves."

The captain says, "What do you want me to do for you?"

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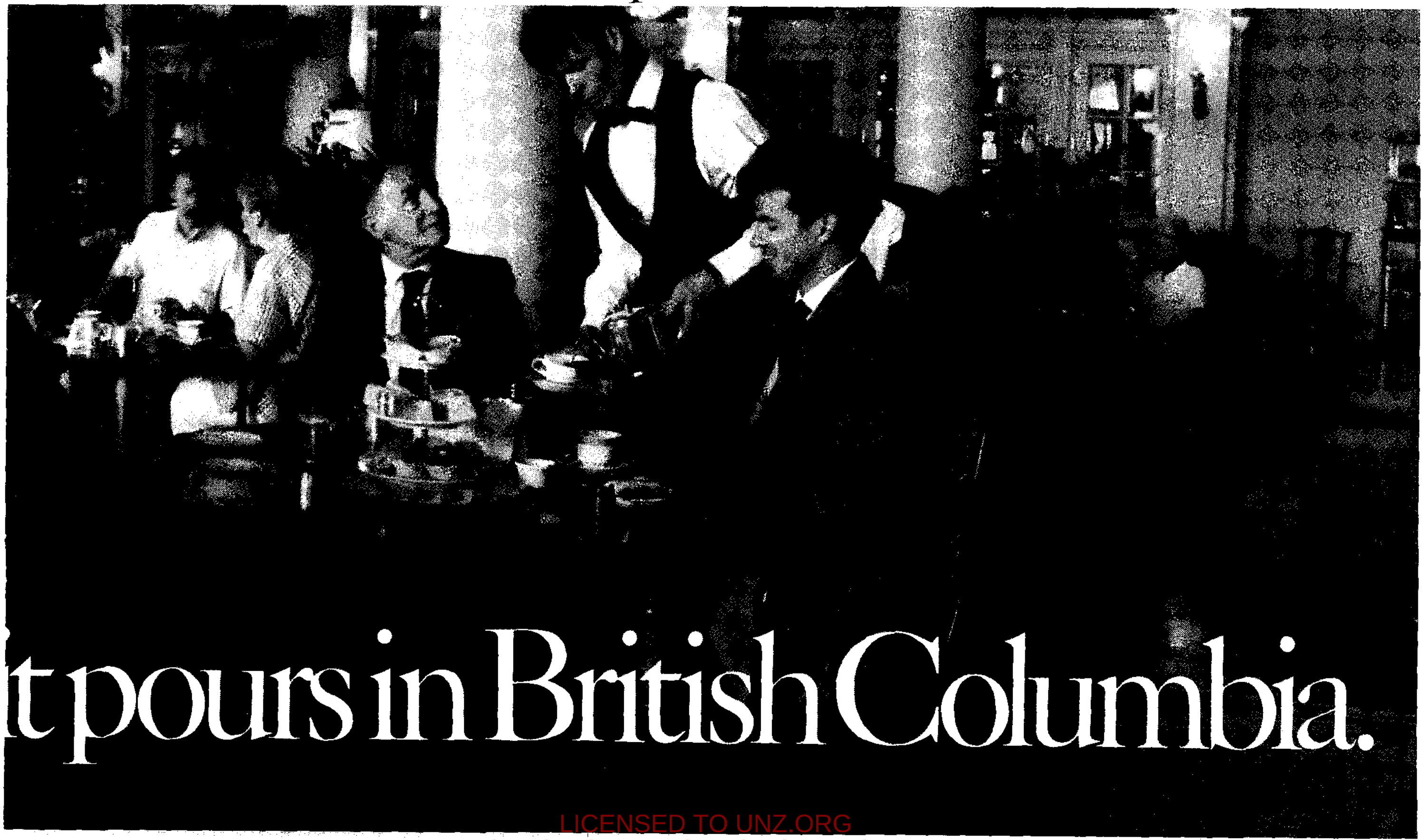
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Sidney says, "Nothing." The captain looks instantly relieved.

"We're just checking in," Jemera says.

"Checking in?" the captain says. "Well, you're checked in."

On the road again, past miles of sugarcane. Half-naked *sagadas* working in the fields. Brown soil. Brown backs. Bolo knives. The heat is mounting. The road has become truly terrible. Everyone sweats, even L and Ramón. Every ten miles or so, in the distance, like fortresses, stand large, misshapen, crenellated buildings. "Sugar mills," L says. "Once, you Americans told us to grow sugar, and so we did. Though, of course, in order to grow sugar you need a permanent peasant class. Then you discovered Nutrasweet, and, of course, you didn't need our sugar, or so much of it. But we still have our peasant class."

Ramón asks Sidney what human rights are.

"It's what governments can't do to people," she says.

"What about what people can't do to governments?" Ramón says.

"You mean insurgencies?" she says. "Guerrillas?"

"Yes, I guess guerrillas," he says.

"It only applies to governments," she says. "Signatory governments."

"*Signatory?*" Ramón says.

"Governments that signed the Geneva Conventions," Sidney says.

"But then there's humanitarian law," Jemera says. "That's really why we're here. Looking at how civilians are affected by armed conflict. That's also the Geneva Conventions."

"What Geneva Conventions?" Ramón says.

"Article Three," says Sidney.

Kabankalan: Another dusty town of shacks and shops, baking in the midday heat. We stop for lunch in a windowless, airless little place with many flies and strange smells. Soup, rice, Coca-Cola. Bowls of cooked meat from obscure animals, covered with impenetrable sauces. The proprietor, a large, amiable woman wearing a pink bathrobe, walks between the few tables stirring the flies with a flyswatter. Afterward, we get some gas, but not much, because the pump runs out. Also, a new passenger: N, a friend of L's, who also works for T.F.D.

A couple of miles out of town, we pass through a military checkpoint, but no one's there. A few miles later, there's another one, also unattended, except for an empty jeep beside the road. "We're in luck today," N says. In a little while, the road itself stops; that is, all attempts at a pretense of paving stop, and what we have instead might be called a jeep trail of rocks and ruts and bumps and stones. The heat is amazing, also the red dirt that flies up from under the nonexistent floorboards.

Sidney asks L if he has been harassed for doing human-rights work. "Not yet," he says. "I mean, I don't count dirty looks and police pushing you around a bit. But I know people who have been in a lot of danger."

"Clara, in Baguio," N says.

"Yes, Clara and her boyfriend, Victor," L says. "They'd just graduated from the university and were working in Baguio."

"For T.F.D.?" Sidney says.

"No, for another group, the Philippine Alliance. Anyway, the police picked them up, and took them to a safe house, and when they were released three days later their bodies were covered with burns."

"Tactical interrogation?" Sidney says.

"Tactical interrogation," L says. "I think even worse than burning happened to Clara. But she was in the hospital for a while, and she won't talk about anything."

We're near the sea now, but high up on a grassy ridge. Great, leafy trees. No people. Coconut palms. Blue water glistens below us. Fishing boats in a crescent bay. Then our road plunges down again, beneath black branches, yellow leaves. Cornfields to the left and right. A sign says "Sipalay." We've been on the road close to eight hours. Jemera passes some bottled water around. Everyone is pretty much covered with red dirt—face, hair, clothes. Ramón, up front, is singing "Satisfaction." Soon we're back in heavy traffic. More shacks and shops. Three truckloads of soldiers parked near an open-air market. Kids playing in the road. A police station with green shutters. Finally, a grand municipal edifice with a statue in front of it of a man who seems to be playing golf. The town hall of Sipalay! Soldiers mill around outside. Inside, we wait in a large, steamy chamber for the mayor, and the mayor finally appears—Her Honor, a handsome, no-nonsense woman in a smart leather skirt and an orange satin blouse. Two armed guards stand beside her, carrying submachine guns. The mayor wishes us well. One aide switches on the air-conditioning. Another brings in a tray of Coca-Cola. The mayor asks us if we have noticed the statue. It turns out that the statue is of her husband, not playing golf but holding a flag, the flag part of which seems to have been knocked off—or perhaps shot off, considering the amount of firepower in the area. Her husband was an earlier mayor; also his brother; also his father. Sidney talks to her about what we are doing: human rights, looking into the effects of the evacuations, and so on. The mayor sips her Coca-Cola. "The evacuations were unfortunate," she says. "But what can you do? We're in a war, aren't we?" She reaches into an elegant Italian handbag and produces a cigarette. An aide lights it. "Where are you staying here?" the mayor asks.

"We're going out to the villages," Sidney says.

"But not to *stay*?" the mayor says.

"We don't have much time," Sidney says.

"You could stay in town," the mayor says. "We have municipal guest facilities."

Sidney says, "No, thank you." A girl appears carrying a tray of little cakes, but the mayor waves her away.

"Were there many problems with the evacuations?" Jemera asks.

"The usual nutritional problems," the mayor replies, and she gets to her feet. The bottles of Coca-Cola are picked up. The aide brings over a large, leather-bound guestbook for us to sign—many thick pages, very few names. At the top of the page where we sign our names is a single name: Colonel José María Sorquillo.

"He's the military-task-force commander," L says as we go out.

WE'RE driving now toward a ridge of mountains, bluish in the haze. As before, the road is more or less nonexistent. In some places, we sink axle-deep into small lakes of muddy water where a recent rainstorm has washed out what was left of the roadbed. Other places, we drive uphill over bare rock, wheels spinning, Ramón banging on the steering wheel with both palms. The trees are larger here: huge green leafy things. An occasional peasant family beside the road. Mostly no one, nobody. There's a muddy river. There's a field dotted with immense boulders, as if flung there by a volcano. In just over an hour's time, we reach a little village beside the road. This is Manlocahoc. We leave the jeepney in Manlocahoc, pick up our backpacks and bottled water, and walk along a ridge for a while. Two men in Army trousers and white T-shirts are sitting under a tree. Behind them is a semicircle of sandbags; also a bunker full of ammunition; also a canvas tent, under which two other men are sleeping. We are asked to stop. Another man appears, wearing red running shorts, carrying a Walkman. This is the lieutenant. He asks us where we are going. Sidney points down into a green valley and says we want to visit some villages and hear about the evacuations. "You can't go there," the lieutenant says. "We are having operations."

Sidney looks him in the eye. "You're not having operations there now."

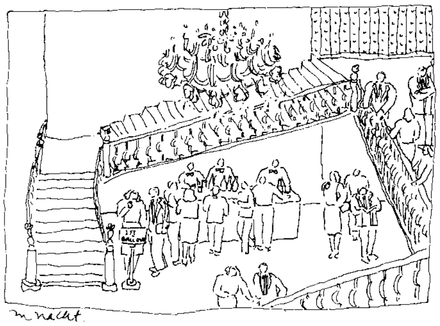
The lieutenant looks vaguely into the valley, fiddling with his Walkman. Finally, there is a compromise. "All right, you can go *there*," he says, pointing to the right, "but not *there*," pointing left.

We head down a trail to the right and reach a riverbank. The river is about thirty yards wide, fast-moving, flooded with rainwater, and there's no bridge—the bridge has been washed away. "Let's wade," Jemera says, sitting down to take off her shoes. Ramón talks rapidly in Ilongo to L. "What's he saying?" Jemera asks.

"He says you'll drown," L says.

But help is at hand. Two men, with skinny brown backs, little hats. Also two bamboo rafts. We ride the bamboo rafts through the bubbling water to the far bank, thanking the two men profusely. They laugh. Clearly, we have been the day's entertainment.

On the far side, we trudge uphill. A storm comes up. Swirling gray clouds overhead. Then wind, strangely warm. Then distant thunder. Lightning. Finally, rain. Stupendous quantities of rain. We spy a peasant hut off the path and head toward it. The hut belongs to V and his family, and they let us shelter inside. Sidney asks V about the evacuations.



"First, the Army brought in their guns," he says. "Houses over that way were hit and burned." He points over toward a line of hills. "Then we were ordered to evacuate."

"In trucks?" Jemera asks.

"The trucks didn't come," he says. "So we walked."

"You were all told to walk to Sipalay?"

"Yes," he says.

V's wife tells him to tell the story of the five men who were killed.

"I wasn't there," he says. "I only heard about it."

"Tell us anyway," Sidney says.

V says he has heard there were five men from the village who were executed by the soldiers down where the bridge was washed out.

"How were they executed?" Sidney asks.

"Firing squad," V says.

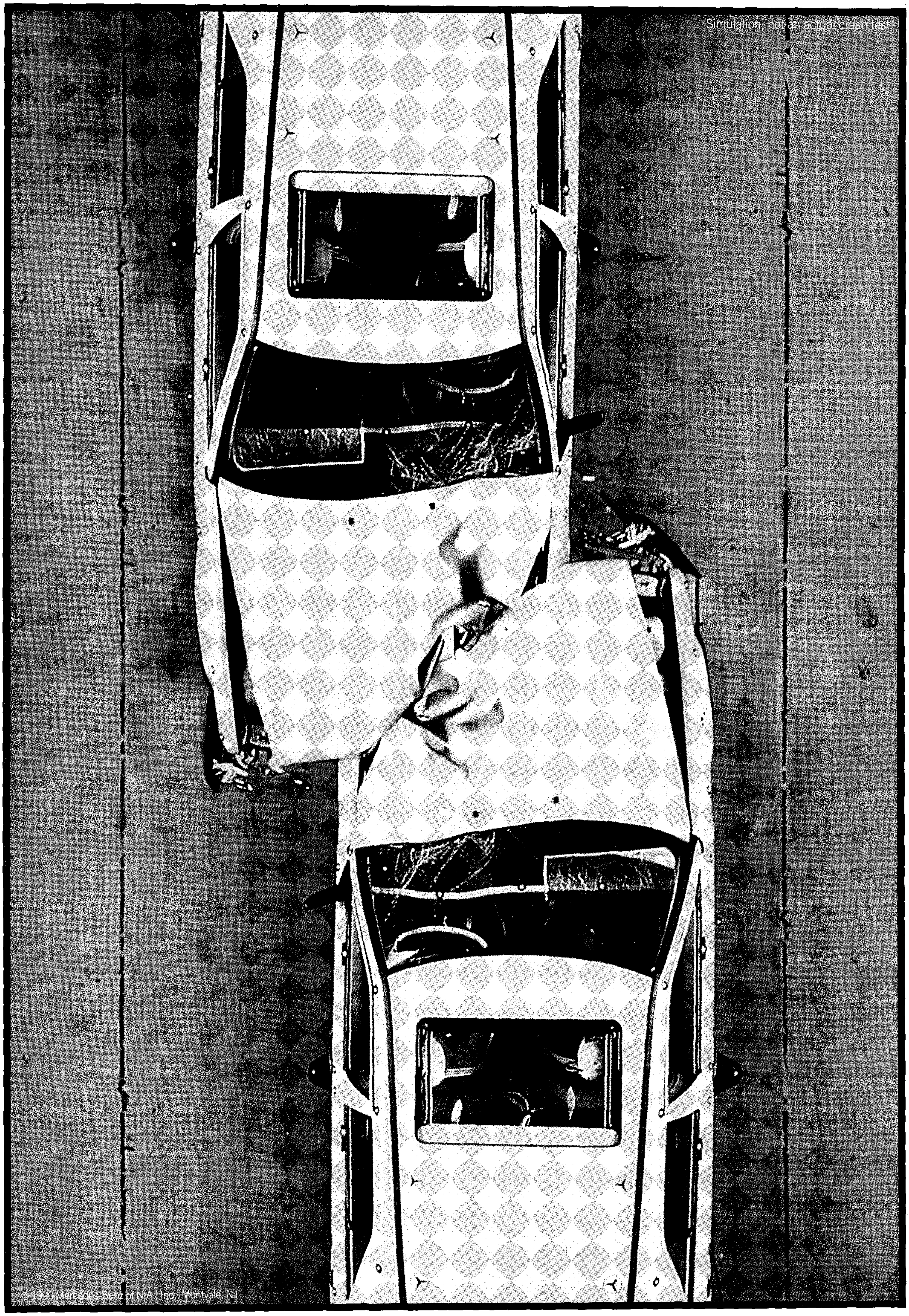
She asks V if he knows their names, but he says no, he doesn't know, he isn't sure. His wife and numerous small children crowd in behind him, staring at the strangers in their midst, especially the two strangers who are writing things down.

As suddenly as it started, the rainstorm stops. At least, all that is left of it is an inconsequential drizzle. We head on up the little path—now slithery with mud—then hike across green and rocky meadows. Hilly country, with mountains in the background. The foliage is denser here, with more of those green leafy trees. Everything is bright green from the rain.

The next village is called Barasbarasan—an oddly complicated and musical name for such an unprepossessing little place. A dozen or so grass-thatched huts perched on stilts across a hillside. Some of the huts are at a distance, half hidden in the trees, but most are in a ragged line parallel to a dried-up streambed.

Half-naked children stand about in the drizzle. Pigs and chickens scurry around. Two men with two carabao are plowing a small, muddy plot of land nearby.

"What shall we do?" L asks, stand-



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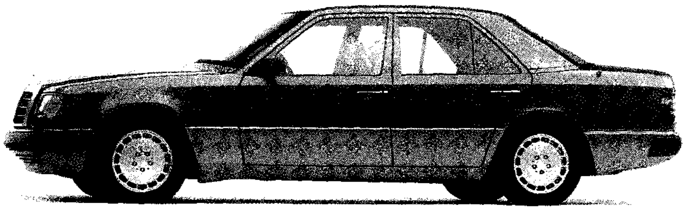

"Yes, it is comforting to have roots."

• •

ing ankle-deep in mud, holding a tiny overnight bag.

"Let's start the interviews," Sidney says.

A rickety bench and several wooden chairs are carried into a clearing between two huts. K, a tall, quiet young man in black cotton shorts, no shirt, a blue baseball cap, with muddy feet, sits and talks about how the soldiers came and ordered everyone into Sipalay.

"You walked?" Sidney asks.

"Everyone walked," K says. "My wife and children."

"How many children?"

"Three children," he says.

"And you?"

"Not me," he says. "They told me I had to stay here."

"In the village?"

"To take care of the people who couldn't leave."

"So you stayed here?" Sidney says.

"I stayed here," K says. "My children died in Sipalay."

"Died?" Sidney says. "How many?"

"All my children," he says.

"But how?" she asks.

"Sickness," he says. "They got the sickness."

JEMERA is speaking with a woman whose brother went into Sipalay on the evacuation. "The Army asks for surrenderees," the woman says.

"Surrenderees?"

"It is a big thing," she says. "The Army says if you will come forward and say you were N.P.A., then they will give you amnesty and treat you well."

"Your brother was N.P.A.?"

"He was never N.P.A. But there was an informer who says he was. So the CAFGU came for him."

"This was in Sipalay?"

"In Sipalay. It happened right in front of the municipal building."

"The mayor's office."

"Outside, in front of the mayor's office. Everyone was lined up. Then the CAFGU call out for my brother. 'Do you surrender?' they say. My brother says how can he surrender, since he is not N.P.A. So the CAFGU beat him. Oh, they beat him badly, very badly."

"What do they beat him with?"

"With pieces of wood. With their rifles. He is on the ground, and they keep beating him. Then one of the CAFGU takes out his knife, pulls my brother's shirt open, and slices him across the chest."

"He wasn't N.P.A.?" Jemera asks.

"My brother!" says the woman. "Earlier, when the soldiers were in the village, they stayed with him in his house. Do you think he would have done that if he was N.P.A.? He was just a farmer."

MEN and women come by to tell in quiet voices about the deaths of children in the evacuation centers. "It was the sickness," says a woman, two of whose three children died in Sipalay.

"What is 'the sickness'?" Sidney asks L.

"Probably measles," L says. "They've had epidemics of measles in several of the evacuation centers. But there's also dysentery. If you look around you, you'll see the houses are on stilts and the animals live beneath. When they were forced into town, the villagers took the animals with them—sometimes pigs, sometimes carabao—and they lived on the same level, together."

"Outside?"

"Outside," L says. "But the truth is, these villagers are so poor. Their nutrition is not at all good, so when anything unbalances it—such as an evacuation—they have no resistance."

In Barasbarasan, there's no electric light in the village, only the smoky glow of homemade lamps—half-pint rum bottles filled with oil, topped with a cotton wick. We're inside a hut belonging to a man called B—a tiny place crammed with men, women, and children. At the far end of the room, pots are cooking on an open hearth—rice and something that looks like soup but smells of garlic and decay.

A man called D is talking about the same event that V referred to when we stopped in his hut during the rainstorm. "Five men were killed by soldiers," he says.

"Do you know which soldiers?" Jemera asks.

"The 99th I.B.," D says.

"But I didn't think the 99th was in this area," Jemera says.

"They were here for Operation Thunderbolt," D says.

"What happened to the men?" Jemera asks.

"They were rounded up, and the sergeant says they are suspected N.P.A. So they make a firing squad and shoot them."

"They just shot them?"

"Yes," D says. "One was Carlos Poderosa. Another was Roly Gamala."

"Samuel Moises," someone else says.

"Yes, Samuel Moises," D says. "Al-

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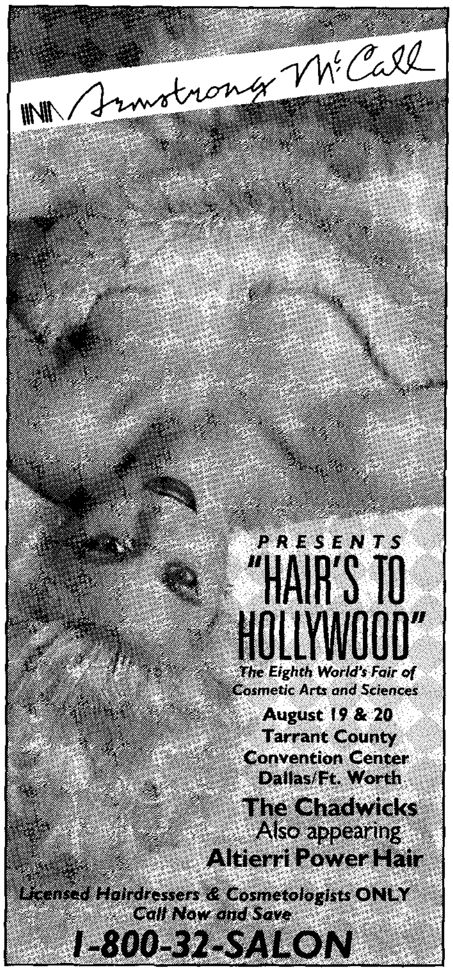

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so Jaime and Camilo, but I don't know their family names."

A WOMAN is telling Jemera about the evacuation centers. "They put some of us in schools," she says. "Others in houses. Many were just outside in tents. Some without tents. The CAFGU would come by and say, 'Why do you need tents? It's warm outside.' Sometimes a doctor would come by from the clinic—you know, for the children dying. But they couldn't stop the dying."

Another woman talks about her cousin, a man whom the soldiers told to stay behind in the village. "The Army told him to stay," she says, "but then the CAFGU come and take him away."

"Where did they take him?" Jemera asks.

"To a special house in Sipalay."

"A special house?"

"Where they beat him and burn him."

"Do you know where this special house is?" Jemera asks.

"It's the house of the police inspector in Sipalay," the woman says.

Now two older men, latecomers, enter the hut, climbing up the ladder, leaving their muddy thongs near the doorway. They speak in low voices to several of the people there who get up and begin to leave. One of them, the woman who was just speaking to Jemera about the evacuation center, comes over to her and says she didn't mean what she said.

"About what?" Jemera asks.

"I shouldn't have spoken to you," the woman says.

B comes over, squatting low on the bamboo floor, and tells Jemera that a CAFGU has been hiding under the house, listening to the conversations.

Jemera tries to tell the woman not to be afraid. Sidney says she will go outside and look.

Outside, it's pitch dark, a beautiful black sky with only a few stars. Everything around the hut seems to be mud. The hut is raised about four feet off the ground, and beneath it can be heard, and dimly seen, one large pig and several smaller pigs.

"I don't see anyone in there," Sidney says.

"It's too dark to see anyone," Jemera says. She takes out a flashlight and shines it beneath the hut. Nothing but pigs and mud. B climbs down the ladder and says to put out the flashlight. "Why?" Jemera asks. But B is adamant, and so she does. Back in the hut, he explains that no one in the village—or in any of the neighboring villages—is rich enough for flashlights, and so the only people who use them are the military and the N.P.A., and that they don't wish to be mistaken for either one just then.

NIGHT. The villagers have left B's hut, leaving it to B and his family and to us. B's wife produces some straw mats and spreads them on the hard bamboo floor. It seems we are an impossibly large number of people to be sleeping all together in such a small space. But B and his wife and his two children simply stretch out on the straw mats and give the appearance of falling asleep, and so we do, too. Stretch out, that is. Needless to say, the air is still hot and humid, our clothes are filthy, and the pigs are making pig sounds just underneath our heads. "I can't believe that a CAFGU was standing right underneath this hut," Jemera says, trying various ways of getting comfortable.

"Why can't you believe it?" Sidney says.

"I didn't mean I couldn't believe it," Jemera says. "I mean, what nerve." Ramón and L and N are having a campers' dispute as to who is to sleep next to the window (not so much a window as a hole in the bamboo wall), and the dispute seems finally to be resolved by all of them crowding in beneath it. A dog barks outside. Two men pass by, talking and laughing. B's wife sighs in her sleep, almost a song, as if there might be something to sing about in her dreams.

THE next morning, more voices from Barasbarasan.

A woman with braided hair, brown skin, a red cotton dress talks about the fanatics—once again, the Greens. "I came here one year ago from Santa Catalina, because of the Greens," she says. She describes how the Greens killed four people in her village, then went to her sister's hut and demanded that her sister's husband join them. "Her husband refused. He said, 'No, why should I?' So they took him and his family, and they threw them into a very deep hole. None of them could get out except one, a woman. She got out."

"The others died?"

"The others died."

A man talks about being stopped by a patrol of several CAFGUs and three soldiers, and being beaten by the CAFGUs while the soldiers waited in the distance.

Another man talks about coming across the bodies of three men who had been killed during the evacuation.

"Killed in Sipalay?" Sidney asks.

"No. Killed here," the man says.

"While everybody else was evacuated to Sipalay?"

"Yes," the man says. "We found them when we came back."

"Was one of these men Carlos Poderosa?" Sidney asks, checking back through her notes to the earlier account of summary execution.

"No," the man says.

"Roly Gamala?"

"Those men were killed a month earlier," he says. "These men were Benny Arcadenia, Dominador Matti, Bernardo Carrobias."

A second man joins the first one. "Benny Arcadenia?" he says. "He and his friends were shot by the 7th Infantry. They ran into a patrol from the 7th Infantry."

"You saw them shot?" Sidney asks.

"My nephew saw them down by the river when the 7th Infantry came through there," the second man says. "Then he saw them being taken away."

The first man says, "We found Benny with his hands tied behind him. He was lying face down in the field, two bullets in the head. The two others were the same way, but closer to the river."

The villagers from Barasbarasan come forward to tell their stories: what they have seen or heard; what happened to them. The two young Filipino human-rights workers interpret. Sidney and Jemera write everything down in their spiral notebooks. The sun is a hazy white circle overhead. The sky is pale blue, a milky blue. There's no wind. Only heat. Women pad up and down the narrow path carrying water in tin cans and plastic bowls from a noxious-looking well between two trees. A tall, skinny man appears from the woods with three silvery fish on a string.

"I think we're nearly done," Sidney says.

"I'm done," Jemera says.

Ramón asks, "What will you do with all those writings?" He has been sitting on the ladder leading up to B's hut, smoking Marlboros and looking at the village women.

"We'll go back to New York and write a report," Sidney says.

"New York," Ramón says. "Radio City Music Hall."

"I'll write the report," Jemera says.

"And then what?" Ramón asks.

"And then we hope people will read it," Jemera says. "People in Congress. In the press. People who have influence in the Philippines."

"Rich people have influence in the Philippines," Ramón says. "Also generals."

"Other people, too, I think," Sidney says. "At least, I hope so."

Back we go along the path, back across the stony fields, back to the jeepney, and the bad road, and the prawn hatcheries and the sugar haciendas, with their crumbly stone gates, and the endless miles of tiny shacks and pedicabs and Army convoys (with trucks full of mustachioed, boy-faced soldiers) and schoolkids walking in their pastel-colored uniforms.

Back in Bacolod, Father Baby says, "Well, did you see our villagers?"

"We did," Sidney says.

"Our invisible people," Father Baby says. "Our great, invisible people."

MANILA again. No typhoon this time. No rain. No wind. Just heat and traffic. Also, Vice-President Quayle is in town. All along Roxas Boulevard, there are signs saying "WELCOME VICE PRESIDENT J. DANFORTH QUAYLE." According to the newspapers, Vice-President Quayle and his party will be heading north in a helicopter convoy to the United States Navy base at Subic Bay. Sidney and Jemera are also going north—first to Baguio, then to Tuguegarao, up in Cagayan province, where there have been more military operations and more evacuations.

"We'll be meeting a group from T.F.D. in Baguio," Sidney says, getting off the phone.

"And then we fly?" Jemera says.

"Actually, it's a bus," Sidney says. "Eleven hours."

"I really need to get a raincoat," Jemera says.

"I know we can get one on the road somewhere," says Sidney, who is already stuffing a CalTex "Road Map of the Philippines" into her backpack.

—MICHAEL ARLEN

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JAZZ

Max and Kit

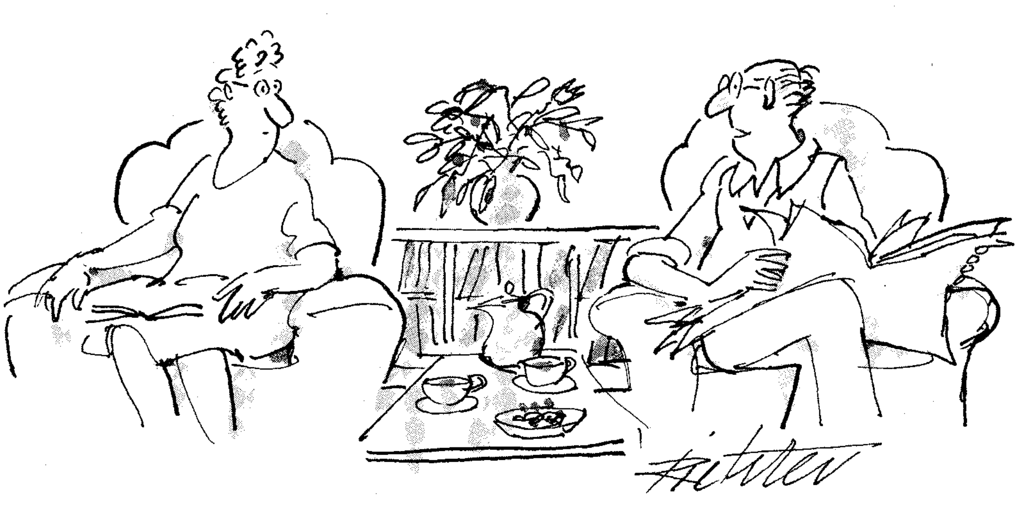
"JAZZ IN JULY," the minifestival that the pianist Dick Hyman originated at the 92nd Street Y in 1985, is concerned mainly with the jazz of the twenties, thirties, forties, and fifties. Hyman has said, "What this festival is not about is music that is somber, perplexing, hostile, or boring. It's a festival of hot jazz." The sombre, perplexing music he had in mind was, of course, the modern jazz of the sixties, seventies, and eighties, which has been called "the new thing," "abstract jazz," "free jazz," and, still, "the avant-garde." About this, Hyman has also said, "In the newer music, you don't quite know what's going on until you learn the new language—it's a different repertory, a different length of solos, and a different goal in performance." The Y, famous for its "Lyrics and Lyricists" series, its poetry readings, and, now, its Schubertiade, has never paid much attention to jazz, and, perhaps because of that and to balance Hyman's vintage concerts, it inaugurated late in January a three-day festival of modern jazz, called "Jazz in January." It was subtitled "The Worlds of Max Roach," and was organized by the drummer himself.

Roach, now sixty-six, came up in the mid-forties with Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, and Bud Powell. Working under the suns of Kenny Clarke and Sid Catlett, he has gradually evolved a revolutionary style that is melodic and multirhythmic. He no longer simply accompanies other instruments but plays melodically alongside them, as if he were playing a horn. His drumming has become largely abstract; he improvises rhythms in the ensembles and in his solos which may have no discernible pulse and nothing to do with the underlying beat. Instead of swinging, the way Catlett did, he fills his listeners' heads with a succession of timbres that reach from the treble wash of his cymbals to the subterranean movements of his bass drum. It is possible to marvel at Roach's complexities without tapping your foot once.

Roach is a polymath. In 1960, he and Charles Mingus put together a brilliant rump festival in Newport to protest George Wein's behemoth (which, ironically, was shut down during the weekend by rioting kids). Two years later, he made a tempestuous trio album with Mingus and Duke Ellington. (Ellington sailed serenely over the surrounding temperaments.) He has written, and performed in, several large pieces dedicated to anti-racist causes. He started a percussion group, called M'Boom, and his Double Quartet, which consists of trumpet, tenor saxophone, bass, drums, and a string quartet. He has recently recorded with such avant-gardists as Anthony Braxton, Archie Shepp, and Cecil Taylor. He is a professor of music at the University of Massachusetts, and he was awarded a MacArthur Foundation fellowship.

Roach, playing altruist, made only cameo appearances at the first two "Jazz in January" concerts. Then, on the third night, he and the video artist Kit Fitzgerald filled Kaufmann Hall for an hour and a half with drums and pictures. Roach's drums were set up center stage on a dais, and behind the dais was a sizable movie screen. As Roach played, a mobile television cameraman shot him from every angle. The images appeared on a small monitor in front of Kit Fitzgerald, who sat behind a battery of television equipment at the foot of the stage. Using a computerized keyboard—a kind of video synthesizer—she improvised on what she saw on her monitor, and her improvisations were relayed to a projector behind the screen. Roach improvised on what was in his head, and Fitzgerald improvised on Roach. The images Fitzgerald created were never still, and were avant-garde "painting" of a high order. You saw Rorschach blots; kaleidoscopic images; recollections, here and there, of the work of Morris Louis, Marsden Hartley, and Richard Diebenkorn; Roach's head and hands, frozen and in motion; drumsticks turning into descending stairs; drumsticks fracturing into hundreds of highly colored cubes; cymbals shining like moons, then melting into Daliesque watches; Roach enormous and Roach in the distance, ghostly and indistinct. Surprisingly, his sounds and Fitzgerald's pictures did not war, as the aural and the visual so often do. You heard what you saw, and saw what you heard. Roach's performance was broken into ten sections, and he started many with a deceptively simple rhythm on his high hat and bass drum. This might be made up of a high-hat whole note and two bass-drum quarter notes, and it would become an ostinato over which he would improvise his abstractions—a formidably difficult patting-your-head-and-rubbing-your-stomach exercise. As each section built, Roach used all his melodic devices: he rattled his sticks ferociously on his snare and tomtom rims; he got round booms with his mallets on his snare (its snares had been released) and his tomtoms, and ocean swells on his cymbals; he used only wire brushes on a snare drum set up at stage right, and sticks on a high hat at stage left.

The memory of the first two "Jazz in January" concerts was nearly obliterated by the Roach-Fitzgerald duet. On the first night, the Uptown String Quartet—half of the Double Quartet—composed of Diane Monroe (violin, and a teacher at Swarth-



"All things considered, I think our marriage has been cost-effective."

more), Lesa Terry (violin, and a member of the Broadway "Black and Blue" band), Eileen Folson (cello, and a former member of the New York Philharmonic), and Maxine Roach (viola, Max's daughter, and a graduate of Oberlin), played eleven numbers, including ragtime pieces, spirituals, a couple of blues, a semi-tonal piece, and a piece in which the group first strummed their instruments and then plucked them. Everyone soloed, and the quartet, despite some pitch lapses, had a nice ecumenical lilt.

The second night, the trumpeter Lester Bowie brought on his Brass Fantasy, which consists of four trumpets, a horn, two trombones, a tuba, drums, and percussion. Bowie, who is just shy of fifty, has been an avant-garde terror for twenty-five years. He was a founder of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians and a founder of the Art Ensemble of Chicago. Ten years ago, he gave a pair of concerts at Symphony Space in which he led a sixty-piece band called the Sho' Nuff Orchestra that included almost every avant-garde star alive. He is also a comedian. He wears a doctor's white coat onstage, and he likes to use his horn for blats, growls, squeals, and half-valve effects—sounds first floated by the Ellington cornettist Rex Stewart in the early forties. When he plays straight, he suggests that he may be a good trumpeter, but he never gives his listeners more than a glimpse before he pulls down the comic blinds again. The Brass Fantasy did a kind of gospel blues, three songs associated with Billie Holiday ("God Bless the Child," "Strange Fruit," and "Good Morning Heartache"), a Whitney Houston ("Saving All My Love for You"), and a number called "The Emperor," in which the trombonist Steve Turre soloed on small and large conch shells, separately and then together, and achieved a calling-over-the-flats alto sound. The band moved between glutinous dance-band harmonies and dissonant ensembles. Bowie's solos, barring melodic patches, were full of barnyard sounds. His doctor's coat used to be made of cotton, but he wore satin at the Y.

THE afternoon before "Jazz in January," WNYC presented the first of this season's "New Sounds" concerts at Merkin Hall, and it served as a preamble to the Y festival. The jazz minimalist, reedman, and composer Jon Gibson had Martin Goldray on piano, Blue Gene Tyranny on synthesizer, and Bill Ruyle on percussion. Gibson has worked with Philip Glass, and his four pieces were filled with the Raymond Loewy effects of the minimalists—one-two-three melodies, ostinatos, repetition, and a dull glossiness. The Les Misérables Brass Band followed. Made up of two trumpets, horn, trombone, alto saxophone, baritone saxophone, tuba, drums, and percussion, it is a wild, hybrid group: it played a merengue, an East European march, David Byrne's "In the Future," a Pakistani meditation, and Jimi Hendrix's "Manic Depression." The phenomenal tubist Marcus Rojas danced while he played; the trumpeter Frank London, who is the leader, made Lester Bowie sounds; and the trombonist David Harris blew so hard he quivered. The Les Misérables band made Bowie's Brass Fantasy and the much touted Dirty Dozen, from New Orleans, seem peaked.

The concert was closed by the World Saxophone Quartet, whose high reputation rests in part on the fact that it does not use (or need) a rhythm section. (It recently played with some African drummers, though, and plans to do so again.) When the W.S.Q. started out, in the mid-seventies, it liked to parody everyone. But it has grown sedate, and it spends much of its time celebrating its own sumptuous sound. (David Murray is still on tenor saxophone, Oliver Lake on alto, and Hamiet Bluiett on baritone, but the alto saxophonist Julius Hemphill has been replaced by Arthur Blythe.) The group, which seemed off center, played six unidentified numbers. Murray did a lullaby and Lake a long a-cappella passage. There were bits of free ensemble, and some chocolate harmonies on a fast riff tune. In the fifth, and best, number Bluiett played Duke Ellington's "Sophisticated Lady," holding himself to the sort of reverential melodic embellishments and transcendent basso-profundo tones that Harry Carney used when Ellington featured him on the song. Carney loved to boost other baritone saxophonists, and Bluiett's performance would have delighted him. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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THE SPORTING SCENE

HEAD DOWN

"Say, this is some kind of game, isn't it?"
—*Pete Rose to Carlton Fisk, Game 6 of the 1975 World Series.*

"HEAD down! Keep your head *down!*"

It is far from the most difficult feat in sports, but anyone who has ever tried to do it will tell you that it's tough enough: using a round bat to hit a round ball squarely on the button. Tough enough so that the handful of men who do it well become rich, famous, and idolized: the Jose Cansecos, the Mike Greenwells, the Kevin Mitchells. For thousands of boys (and not a few girls), their faces, not the face of Axl Rose or Tone-Lōc, are the ones that matter; their posters hold the positions of honor on bedroom walls and locker doors. Today Ron St. Pierre is teaching some of these boys—boys who will represent Bangor West Side in District 3 Little League tournament play—how to put the round bat on the round ball. Right now he's working with a kid named Fred Moore while my son, Owen, stands nearby, watching closely. He's due in St. Pierre's hot seat next. Fred looks almost painfully slim in his bright-green jersey. And he is not making good contact.

"*Head down, Fred!*" St. Pierre shouts. He is halfway between the mound and home plate at one of the two Little League fields behind the Coke plant in Bangor; Fred is almost all the way to the backstop. The day is a hot one, but if the heat bothers either Fred or St. Pierre it does not show. They are intent on what they are doing.

"Keep it *down!*" St. Pierre shouts again, and unloads a fat pitch.

Fred chips under it. There is that chinky aluminum-on-cowhide sound —the sound of someone hitting a tin cup with a spoon. The ball hits the backstop, rebounds, almost bonks him on the helmet. Both of them laugh, and then St. Pierre gets another ball from the red plastic bucket beside him.

"Get ready, Freddy!" he yells. "Head down!"

•

Maine's District 3 is so large that it is split in two. The Penobscot County teams make up half the division; the teams from Aroostook and Washington Counties make up the other half. All-Star kids are selected by merit and drawn from all existing district Little League teams. The dozen teams in District 3 play in simultaneous tournaments. Near the end of July, the two teams left will play off, best two out of three, to decide the district champ. That team represents District 3 in State Championship play, and it has been a long time—eighteen years—since a Bangor team made it into the state tourney.

This year, the State Championship games will be played in Old Town, where they make the canoes. Four of the five teams that play there will go back home. The fifth will go on to represent Maine in the Eastern Regional Tournament, this year to be held in Bristol, Connecticut. Beyond *that*, of course, is Williamsport, Pennsylvania, where the Little League World Series happens. The Bangor West players rarely seem to think of such dizzy heights; they will be happy just to beat Millinocket, their first-round opponent in the Penobscot County race. Coaches, however, are allowed to dream—are, in fact, almost *obligated* to dream.

•

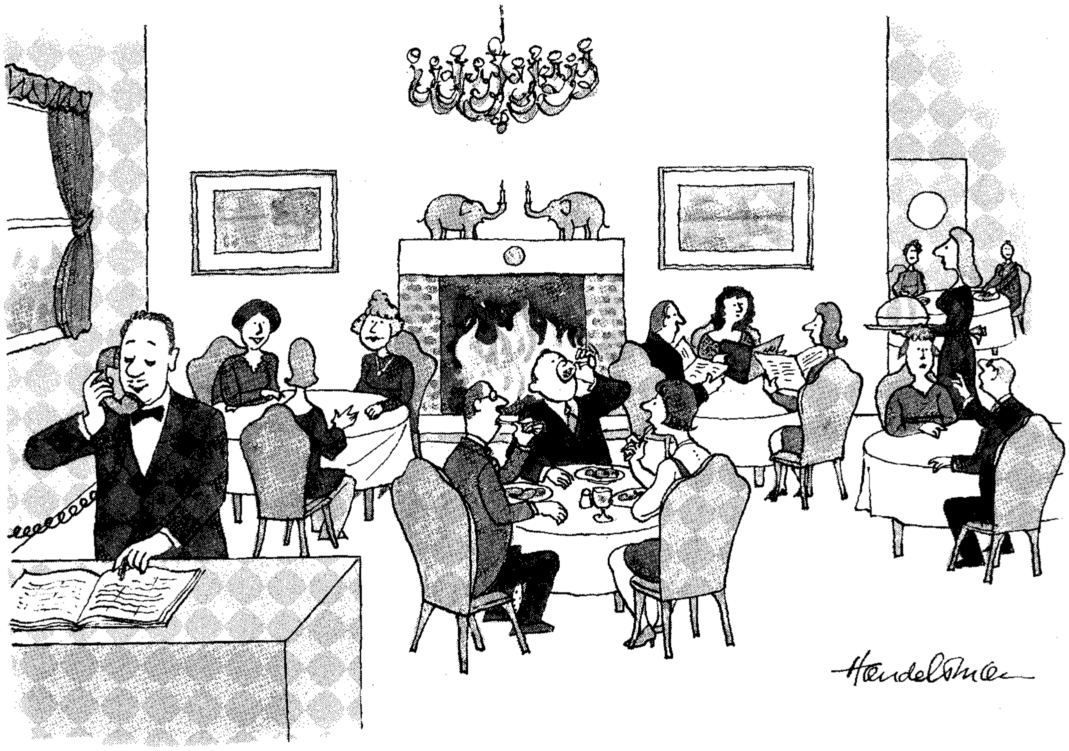
This time Fred, who is the team joker, *does* get his head down. He hits a weak grounder on the wrong side of the first-base line, foul by about six feet.

"Look," St. Pierre says, taking another ball. He holds it up. It is scuffed, dirty, and grass-stained. It is nevertheless a baseball, and Fred eyes it respectfully. "I'm going to show you a trick. Where's the ball?"

"In your hand," Fred says.

Saint, as Dave Mansfield, the team's head coach, calls him, drops it into his glove. "Now?"

"In your glove."



"Certainly. A party of four at seven-thirty in the name of Dr. Jennings. May I ask whether that is an actual medical degree or merely a Ph.D.?"

Saint turns sideways; his pitching hand creeps into his glove. "Now?"

"In your hand. I think."

"You're right. So watch my hand. Watch my hand, Fred Moore, and wait for the ball to come out in it. You're looking for the ball. Nothing else. Just the ball. I should just be a blur to you. Why would you want to see me, anyway? Do you care if I'm smiling? No. You're waiting to see how I'll come—sidearm or three-quarters or over the top. Are you waiting?"

Fred nods.

"Are you watching?"

Fred nods again.

"O.K.," St. Pierre says, and goes into his short-arm batting-practice motion again.

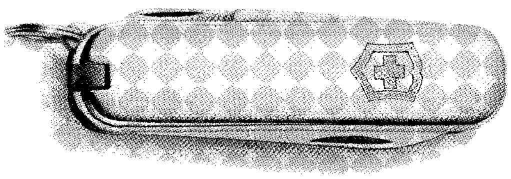
This time Fred drives the ball with real authority: a hard sinking liner to right field.

"All *right!*" Saint cries. "That's *all right*, Fred Moore!" He wipes sweat off his forehead. "Next batter!"

DAVE MANSFIELD, a heavy, bearded man who comes to the park wearing aviator sunglasses and an open-neck College World Series shirt (it's a good-luck charm), brings a paper sack to the Bangor West–Millinocket game. It contains sixteen pennants, in various colors. "BANGOR," each one says, the word flanked by a lobster on one side and a pine tree on the other. As each Bangor West player is announced on loudspeakers that have been wired to the chain-link backstop, he takes a pennant from the bag Dave holds out, runs across the infield, and hands it to his opposite number.

Dave is a loud, restless man who happens to love baseball and the kids who play it at this level. He believes there are two purposes to All-Star Little League: to have fun and to win. Both are important, he says, but the most important thing is to keep them in the right order. The pennants are not a sly gambit to unnerve the opposition but just for fun. Dave knows that the boys on both teams will remember this game, and he wants each of the Millinocket kids to have a souvenir. It's as simple as that.

The Millinocket players seem surprised by the gesture, and they don't know exactly what to do with the pennants as someone's tape player be-



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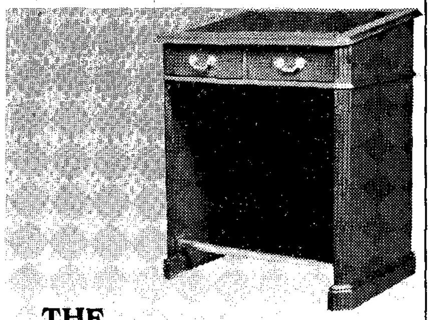

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gins to warble out the Anita Bryant version of "The Star-Spangled Banner." The Millinocket catcher, almost buried beneath his gear, solves the problem in unique fashion: he holds his "BANGOR" pennant over his heart.

With the amenities taken care of, Bangor West administers a brisk and thorough trouncing; the final score is Bangor West 18, Millinocket 7. The loss does not devalue the souvenirs, however; when Millinocket departs on the team bus, the visitors' dugout is empty save for a few Dixie cups and Popsicle sticks. The pennants—every single one of them—are gone.

•

"Cut *two!*" Neil Waterman, Bangor West's field coach, shouts. "Cut *two*, cut *two!*"

It's the day after the Millinocket game. Everyone on the team is still showing up for practice, but it's early yet. Attrition will set in. That is a given: parents are not always willing to give up summer plans so their kids can play Little League after the regular, May-June season is over, and sometimes the kids themselves tire of the constant grind of practice. Some would rather be riding their bikes, trying to hang ten on their skateboards, or just hanging around the community pool and checking out the girls.

"Cut *two!*" Waterman yells. He is a small, compact man in khaki shorts and a Joe Coach crewcut. In real life he is a teacher and a college basketball coach, but this summer he is trying to teach these boys that baseball has more in common with chess than many would ever have believed. Know your play, he tells them over and over again. Know who it is you're backing up. Most important of all, know who your cut man is in every situation, and be able to hit him. He works patiently at showing them the truth that hides at the center of the game: that it is played more in the mind than with the body.

Ryan Iarrobino, Bangor West's center fielder, fires a bullet to Casey Kinney, at second base. Casey tags an invisible runner, pivots, and throws another bullet to home, where J. J. Fiddler takes the throw and tosses the ball back to Waterman.

"Double-play ball!" Waterman shouts, and hits one to Matt Kinney (not related to Casey). Matt is playing shortstop at practice today. The ball takes a funny hop and appears to be on its way to left center. Matt knocks it down, picks it up, and feeds to Casey, at second; Casey pivots and throws to Mike Arnold, who is on first. Mike feeds it home to J.J.

"All right!" Waterman shouts. "Good job, Matt Kinney! *Good job!* One-two-one! You're covering, Mike Pelkey!" The two names. Always the two names, to avoid confusion. The team is lousy with Matts, Mikes, and guys named Kinney.

The throws are executed flawlessly. Mike Pelkey, Bangor West's No. 2 pitcher, is right where he's supposed to be, covering first. It's a move he doesn't always remember to make, but this time he does. He grins, and trots back to the mound as Neil Waterman gets ready to hit the next combination.

•

"This is the best Little League All-Star team I've seen in years," Dave Mansfield says some days after Bangor West's trouncing of Millinocket. He dumps a load of sunflower seeds into his mouth and begins to chew them. He spits hulls casually as he talks. "I don't think they can be beaten—at least, not in this division."

He pauses and watches as Mike Arnold breaks toward the plate from first, grabs a practice bunt, and whirls toward the bag. He cocks his arm back—then holds the ball. Mike Pelkey is still on the mound; this time he has forgotten that it is his job to cover, and the bag is undefended. He flashes Dave a quick, guilty glance. Then he breaks into a sunny grin and gets ready to do it again. Next time he'll do it right, but will he remember to do it right during a game?

"Of course, we can beat ourselves," Dave says. "That's how it usually happens." And, raising his voice, he bellows, "*Where were you, Mike Pelkey? You're s'posed to be covering* FIRST!"

Mike nods, and trots over—better late than never.

"Brewer," Dave says, and shakes his head. "Brewer at their field. That'll be tough. Brewer's *always* tough."

BANGOR WEST does not trounce Brewer, but they win their first "road game" without any real strain. Matt Kinney, the team's No. 1 pitcher, is in good form. He is far from overpowering, but his fastball has a sneaky, snaky little hop, and he also has a modest but effective breaking pitch. Ron St. Pierre is fond of saying that every Little League pitcher in America thinks he's got a killer curveball. "What they think is a curve is usually this big lollipop change," he says. "A batter with a little self-discipline can kill the poor thing."

Matt Kinney's curveball actually curves, however, and tonight he goes the distance and strikes out eight. Probably more important, he walks only four. Walks are the bane of a Little League coach's existence. "They kill you," Neil Waterman says. "The walks kill you every time. Absolutely no exceptions. Sixty per cent of batters walked score in Little League games." Not in this game: two of the batters Kinney walks are forced at second; the other two are stranded. Only one Brewer batter gets a hit: Denise Hewes, the center fielder, singles with one out in the fifth, but she is forced at second.

After the game is safely in the bag, Matt Kinney, a solemn and almost eerily self-possessed boy, flashes Dave a rare smile, revealing a set of neat braces. "She could *hit!*" he says, almost reverently.

"Wait until you see Hampden," Dave says dryly. "They *all* hit."

●

When the Hampden squad shows up at Bangor West's field, behind the Coke plant, on July 17th, they quickly prove Dave right. Mike Pelkey has pretty good stuff and better control than he had against Millinocket, but he isn't much of a mystery to the Hampden boys. Mike Tardif, a compact kid with an amazingly fast bat, rips Pelkey's third pitch over the left-field fence, two hundred feet away, for a home run in the first inning. Hampden adds two more runs in the second, and leads Bangor West 3–0.

In the third, however, Bangor West breaks loose. Hampden's pitching is good, Hampden's hitting is awesome, but Hampden's fielding—particularly infielding—leaves something to be desired. Bangor West puts three hits together with five errors and two walks to score seven runs. This is how Little League is most often played, and seven runs should be enough, but they aren't; the opposition chips stubbornly away, getting two in its half of the third and two more in the fifth. When Hampden comes up in the bottom of the

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sixth, it is trailing by only three, 10–7.

Kyle King, a twelve-year-old who started for Hampden this evening and then went to catcher in the fifth, leads off the bottom of the sixth with a double. Then Mike Pelkey strikes out Mike Tardif. Mike Wentworth, the new Hampden pitcher, singles to deep short. King and Wentworth advance on a passed ball, but are forced to hold when Jeff Carson grounds back to the pitcher. This brings up Josh Jamieson, one of five Hampden home-run threats, with two on and two out. He represents the tying run. Mike, although clearly tired, finds a little extra and strikes him out on a one-two pitch. The game is over.

The kids line up and give each other the custom-ordained high fives, but it's clear that Mike isn't the only kid who is simply exhausted after the match; with their slumped shoulders and lowered heads, they all look like losers. Bangor West is now 3–0 in divisional play, but the win is a fluke, the kind of game that makes Little League such a nerve-racking experience for spectators, coaches, and the players themselves. Usually sure-handed in the field, Bangor West has tonight committed something like nine errors.

"I didn't sleep all night," Dave mutters at practice the next day. "Damn, we were outplayed. We should have lost that game."

Two nights later, he has something else to feel gloomy about. He and Ron St. Pierre make the six-mile trip to Hampden to watch Kyle King and his mates play Brewer. This is no scouting expedition; Bangor has played both clubs, and both men have copious notes. What they are really hoping to see, Dave admits, is Brewer getting lucky and putting Hampden out of the way. It doesn't happen; what they see isn't a baseball game but gunnery practice.

Josh Jamieson, who struck out in the clutch against Mike Pelkey, clouts a home run over everything and into the Hampden practice field. Nor is Jamieson alone. Carson hits one, Wentworth hits one, and Tardif hits a pair. The final score is Hampden 21, Brewer 9.

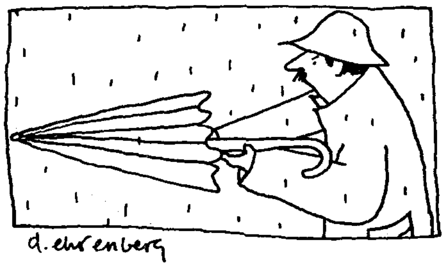
On the ride back to Bangor, Dave Mansfield chews a lot of sunflower seeds and says little. He rouses himself only once, as he wheels his old green Chevy into the rutted dirt parking lot beside the Coke plant. "We got lucky Tuesday night, and they know it," he says. "When we go down there Thursday, they'll be waiting for us."

•

The diamonds on which the teams of District 3 play out their six-inning dramas all have the same dimensions, give or take a foot here or an outfield gate there. The coaches all carry the rule book in their back pockets, and they put it to frequent use. Dave likes to say that it never hurts to make sure. The infield is sixty feet on each side, a square standing on the point that is home plate. The backstop, according to the rule book, must be at least twenty feet from home plate, giving both the catcher and a runner at third a fair chance on a passed ball. The fences are supposed to be two hundred feet from the plate. At Bangor West's field, it's actually about two ten to dead center. And at Hampden, home of power hitters like Tardif and Jamieson, it's more like one eighty.

The most inflexible measurement is also the most important: the distance between the pitcher's rubber and the center of the plate. Forty-six feet—no more, no less. When it comes to this one, nobody ever says, "Aw, close enough for government work—let it go." Most Little League teams live and die by what happens in the forty-six feet between those two points.

The fields of District 3 vary considerably in other ways, and a quick look is usually enough to tell you something about the feel any given community has for the game. The Bangor West field is in bad shape—a poor relation that the town regularly ignores in its recreation budget. The undersurface is a sterile clay that turns to soup when the weather is wet and to concrete when the weather is dry, as it has been this summer. Watering has kept most of the outfield reasonably green, but the infield is hopeless. Scruffy grass grows up the lines, but the area between the pitcher's rubber and home plate is almost completely bald. The backstop is rusty; passed balls and wild pitches frequently squirt through a wide gap between the ground and the chain link. Two large, hilly dunes run through short-right and center fields. These dunes have actually become a home-team advantage. Bangor West players learn to play the caroms off them, just as Red Sox left fielders learn to play caroms off the Green Monster. Visiting fielders, on the other hand, often find themselves chasing their mistakes all the way to the fence.



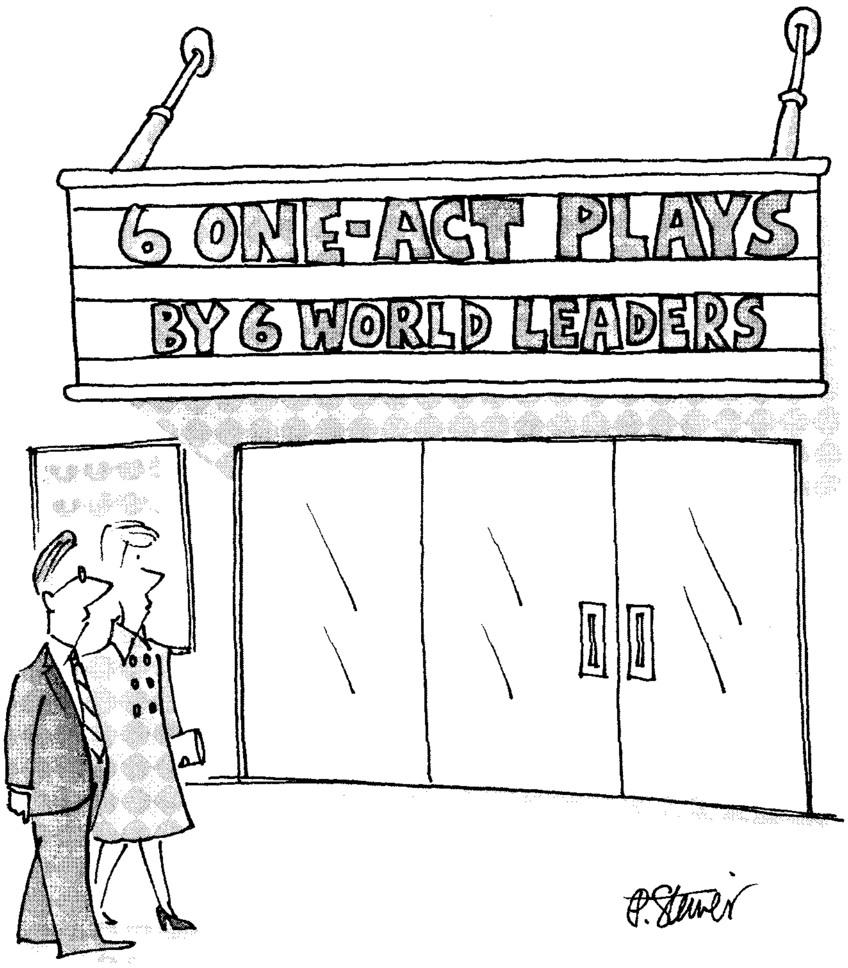
Brewer's field, tucked behind the local I.G.A. grocery and a Marden's Discount Store, has to compete for space with what may be the oldest, rustiest playground equipment in New England; little brothers and sisters watch the game upside down from the swings, their heads down and their feet in the sky.

Bob Beal Field, in Machias, with its pebble-pocked-skin infield, is probably the worst of the fields Bangor West will visit this year; Hampden, with its manicured outfield and neat composition infield, is probably the best. With its picnic area beyond the center-field fence and a rest-room-equipped snack bar, Hampden's diamond, behind the local V.F.W. hall, looks like a rich kids' field. But looks can be deceiving. This team is a combination of kids from Newburgh and Hampden, and Newburgh is still small-farm and dairy country. Many of these kids ride to the games in old cars with primer paint around the headlights and mufflers held in place by chicken wire; they wear sunburns they got doing chores, not while they were hanging out at the country-club swimming pool. Town kids and country kids. Once they're in uniform, it doesn't much matter which is which.

•

Dave is right—the Hampden-Newburgh fans are waiting. Bangor West last won the District 3 Little League title in 1971; Hampden has never won a title, and many local fans continue to hope that this will be the year, despite the earlier loss to Bangor West. For the first time, the Bangor team really feels it is on the road; it is faced with a large home-town rooting section.

Matt Kinney gets the start. Hampden counters with Kyle King, and the game quickly shapes up as that rarest and richest of Little League commodities, a genuine pitchers' duel. At the end of the third inning, the score is Hampden 0, Bangor West 0.



In the bottom of the fourth, Bangor scores two unearned runs when Hampden's infield comes unglued once more. Owen King, Bangor West's first baseman, comes to bat with two on and one out. The two Kings, Kyle on the Hampden team and Owen on the Bangor West team, are not related. You don't need to be told; a single glance is enough. Kyle King is about five feet three. At six feet two, Owen King towers over him. Size differences are so extreme in Little League that it's easy to feel disoriented, the victim of hallucination.

Bangor's King raps a ground ball to short. It's a tailor-made double play, but the Hampden shortstop does not field it cleanly, and King, shucking his two hundred or so pounds down to first at top speed, beats the throw. Mike Pelkey and Mike Arnold scamper home.

Then, in the top of the fifth, Matt Kinney, who has been cruising, hits Chris Witcomb, No. 8 in Hampden's order. Brett Johnson, the No. 9 hitter, scorches one at Casey Kinney, Bangor West's second baseman. Again, it's a tailor-made double-play ball, but Casey gives up on it. His hands, which have been automatically dipping down, freeze about four inches off the ground, and Casey turns his face away to protect it from a possible bad hop. This is the most common of all Little League fielding errors, and the most easily understood; it is an act of naked self-preservation. The stricken look that Casey throws toward Dave and Neil as the ball squirts through into center field completes this part of the ballet.

"It's O.K., Casey! Next time!" Dave bawls, in his gravelly, self-assured Yankee voice.

"New batter!" Neil shouts, ignoring Casey's look completely. "New batter! Know your play! We're still ahead! Get an out! Just concentrate on getting an out!"

Casey begins to relax, begins to get back into the game, and then, beyond the outfield fences, the Hampden Horns begin to blow. Some of them belong to late-model cars—Toyotas and Hondas and snappy little Dodge Colts with "U.S. OUT OF CENTRAL AMERICA" and "SPLIT WOOD NOT ATOMS" stickers on the bumpers. But most of the Hampden Horns reside within older cars and pickup trucks. Many of the pickups have rusty doors, FM converters wired up beneath the dashboards, and Leer camper caps built over the truck beds. Who is inside these vehicles, blowing the horns? No one seems to know—not for sure. They are not parents or relatives of the Hampden players; the parents and relatives (plus a generous complement of ice-cream-smeared little brothers and sisters) are filling the bleachers and lining the fence on the third-base side of the diamond, where the Hampden dugout is. They may be local guys just off work—guys who have stopped to watch some of the game before having a few brewskis at the V.F.W. hall, next door—or they may be the ghosts of Hampden Little Leaguers Past, hungry for that long-denied State Championship flag. It seems at least possible; there is something both eerie and inevitable about the Hampden Horns. They toot in harmony—high horns, low horns, a few foghorns powered by dying batteries. Several Bangor West players look uneasily back toward the sound.

Behind the backstop, a local TV crew is preparing to videotape a story for the sports final on the eleven-o'clock news. This causes a stir among some of the spectators, but only a few of the players on the Hampden bench seem to notice it. Matt Kinney certainly doesn't. He is totally intent on the next Hampden batter, Matt Knaide, who taps one turf shoe with his aluminum Worth bat and then steps into the batter's box.

The Hampden Horns fall silent. Matt Kinney goes into his windup. Casey Kinney drops back into position just east of second, glove down. His face says it has no plans to turn away if the ball is hit to him again. The Hampden runners stand expectantly on first and second. (There is no leading away from the bag in Little League.) The spectators along the opposing arms of the diamond watch anxiously. Their conversations die out. Baseball at its best (and this is a very good game indeed, one you would pay money to see) is a game of restful pauses punctuated by short, sharp inhalations. The fans can now sense one of those inhalations coming. Matt Kinney winds and fires.

Knaide lines the first pitch over sec-

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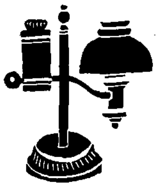
ond for a base hit, and now the score is 2–1. Kyle King, Hampden's pitcher, steps to the plate and sends a low, screeching line drive straight back to the mound. It hits Matt Kinney on the right shin. He makes an instinctive effort to field the ball, which has already squiggled off toward the hole between third and short, before he realizes he is really hurt and folds up. Now the bases are loaded, but for the moment no one cares; the instant the umpire raises his hands, signalling time out, all the Bangor West players converge on Matt Kinney. Beyond center field, the Hampden Horns are blowing triumphantly.



Kinney is white-faced, clearly in pain. An ice pack is brought from the first-aid kit kept in the snack bar, and after a few minutes he is able to rise and limp off the field with his arms around Dave and Neil. The spectators applaud loudly and sympathetically.

Owen King, the erstwhile first baseman, becomes Bangor West's new pitcher, and the first batter he must face is Mike Tardif. The Hampden Horns send up a brief, anticipatory blat as Tardif steps in. King's third pitch goes wild to the backstop. Brett Johnson heads home; King breaks toward the plate from the mound, as he has been taught to do. In the Bangor West dugout, Neil Waterman, his arm still around Matt Kinney's shoulders, chants, "*Cover-cover-COVER!*"

Joe Wilcox, Bangor West's starting catcher, is a foot shorter than King, but very quick. At the beginning of this All-Star season, he did not want to catch, and he still doesn't like it, but he has learned to live with it and to get tough in a position where very few small players survive for long; even in Little League, most catchers resemble human Toby jugs. Earlier in this game he made an amazing one-handed stab of a foul ball. Now he lunges toward the backstop, flinging his mask aside with his bare hand at the same instant he catches the rebounding wild pitch. He turns toward the plate and tosses to King as the Hampden Horns chorus a wild—and premature, as it turns out—bray of triumph.

Johnson has slowed down. On his face is an expression strikingly similar to that worn by Casey Kinney when Casey allowed Johnson's hard-hit grounder to shoot through the hole. It is a look of extreme anxiety and trepidation, the face of a boy who suddenly wishes he were someplace else. *Anyplace* else. The new pitcher is blocking the plate.

Johnson starts a halfhearted slide. King takes the toss from Wilcox, pivots with surprising, winsome grace, and tags the hapless Johnson out easily. He walks back toward the mound, wiping sweat from his forehead, and prepares to face Tardif once more. Behind him, the Hampden Horns have fallen silent again.

Tardif loops one toward third. Kevin Rochefort, Bangor's third baseman, takes a single step backward in response. It's an easy play, but there is an awful look of dismay on his face, and it is only then, as Rochefort starts to freeze up on what is an easy pop fly, that one can see how badly the whole team has been shaken by Matt's injury. The ball goes into Rochefort's glove, and then pops out when Rochefort—dubbed Roach Clip first by Freddy Moore and then by the whole squad—fails to squeeze it. Knaide, who advanced to third while King and Wilcox were dealing with Johnson, has already broken for the plate. Rochefort could have doubled Knaide up easily if he had caught the ball, but here, as in the majors, baseball is a game of ifs and inches. Rochefort doesn't catch the ball. He throws wild to first instead. Mike Arnold has taken over there, and he is one of the best fielders on the team, but no one issued him stilts. Tardif, meanwhile, steams into second. The pitchers' duel has become a typical Little League game, and now the Hampden Horns are a cacophony of joy. The home team has their thumping shoes on, and the final score is Hampden 9, Bangor West 2. Still, there are two good things to go home on: Matt Kinney is not seriously hurt, and when Casey Kinney got another tough chance in the late innings he refused to choke, and made the play.

•

After the final out is recorded, the Bangor West players trudge into their dugout and sit on the bench. This is their first loss, and most of them are not coping with it very gracefully. Some toss their gloves disgustedly between their dirty sneakers. Some are crying, others look close to tears, and no one is talking. Even Freddy, Bangor's quipmaster general, has nothing to say on this muggy Thursday evening in Hampden. Beyond the center-field fence, a few of the Hampden Horns are still tooting happily away.

Neil Waterman is the first person to speak. He tells the boys to get their heads up and look at him. Three of them already are: Owen King, Ryan Iarrobino, and Matt Kinney. Now about half the squad manages to do as he's asked. Several others, however—including Josh Stevens, who made the final out—continue to seem vastly interested in their footgear.

"Get your *heads* up," Waterman says again. He speaks louder this time, but not unkindly, and now they all manage to look at him. "You played a pretty good game," he says softly. "You got a little rattled, and they ended up on top. It happens. It doesn't mean they're better, though—that's something we're going to find out on Saturday. Tonight all you lost was a baseball game. The sun will still come up tomorrow." They begin to stir around on the bench a little; this old homily has apparently not lost its power to comfort. "You gave what you had tonight, and that's all we want. I'm proud of you, and you can be proud of yourselves. Nothing happened that you have to hang your heads about."

He stands aside for Dave Mansfield, who surveys his team. When Dave speaks, his usually loud voice is even quieter than Waterman's. "We knew when we came down here that they had to beat us, didn't we?" he asks. He speaks reflectively, almost as if he were talking to himself. "If they didn't, they'd be out. They'll be coming to our field on Saturday. That's when *we* have to beat *them*. Do you want to?"

They are all looking up now.

"I want you to remember what Neil told you," Dave says, in that reflective voice, so unlike his practice-field bellow. "You are a team. That means you love each other. You love each other—win or lose—because you are a team."

The first time anyone suggested to these boys that they must come to love each other while they were on the field, they laughed uneasily at the idea. Now they don't laugh. After enduring the Hampden Horns together, they seem to understand—at least, a little.

Dave surveys them again, then nods. "O.K. Pick up the gear."

They pick up bats, helmets, catching

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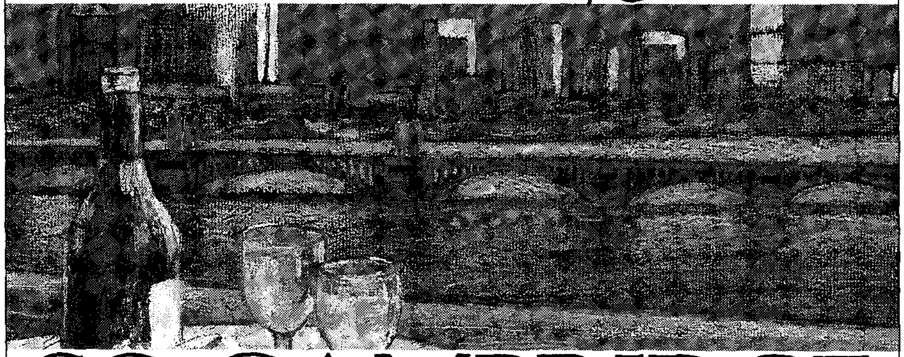

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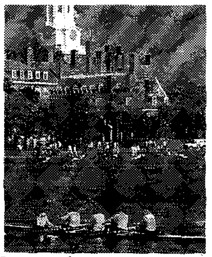

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equipment, and stuff everything into canvas duffelbags. By the time they've got it over to Dave's old green pickup truck, some of them are laughing again.

Dave laughs with them, but he doesn't do any laughing on the ride home. Tonight the ride seems long. "I don't know if we can beat them on Saturday," he says on the way back. He is speaking in that same reflective tone of voice. "I want to, and *they* want to, but I just don't know. Hampden's got mo on their side, now."

Mo, of course, is momentum—that mythic force which shapes not only single games but whole seasons. Baseball players are quirky and superstitious at every level of play, and for some reason the Bangor West players have adopted a small plastic sandal—a cast-off of some young fan's baby doll—as their mascot. They have named this absurd talisman Mo. They stick it in the chain-link fence of the dugout at every game, and batters often touch it furtively before stepping into the on-deck circle. Nick Trzaskos, who ordinarily plays left field for Bangor West, has been entrusted with Mo between games. Tonight, for the first time, he forgot to bring the talisman.

"Nick better remember Mo on Saturday," Dave says grimly. "But even if he remembers . . ." He shakes his head. "I just don't know."

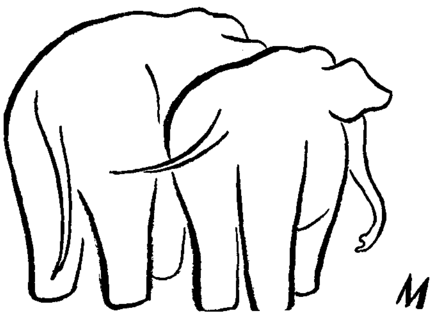
THERE is no admission charge to Little League games; the charter expressly forbids it. Instead, a player takes around a hat during the fourth inning, soliciting donations for equipment and field maintenance. On Saturday, when Bangor West and Hampden square off in the year's final Penobscot County Little League game, at Bangor, one can judge the growth of local interest in the team's fortunes by a simple act of comparison. The collection taken up at the Bangor-Millinocket contest was $15.45; when the hat finally comes back in the fifth inning of the Saturday-afternoon game against Hampden, it's overflowing with change and crumpled dollar bills. The total take is $94.25. The bleachers are full; the fences are lined; the parking lot is full. Little League has one thing in common with almost all American sports and business endeavors: nothing succeeds like success.

Things start off well for Bangor—they lead 7–3 at the end of three—and then everything falls apart. In the fourth inning, Hampden scores six runs, most of them honest. Bangor West doesn't fold, as it did after Matt Kinney was hit in the game at Hampden—the players do not drop their heads, to use Neil Waterman's phrase. But when they come to bat in the bottom of the sixth inning they are down by a score of 14–12. Elimination looks very close and very real. Mo is in its accustomed place, but Bangor West is still three outs away from the end of its season.

•

One kid who did not need to be told to get his head up following Bangor West's 9–2 loss was Ryan Iarrobino. He went two for three in that game, played well, and trotted off the field *knowing* he had played well. He is a tall kid, quiet, with broad shoulders and a shock of dark-brown hair. He is one of two natural athletes on the Bangor West team. Matt Kinney is the other. Although the two boys are physical opposites—Kinney slim and still fairly short, Iarrobino tall and well muscled—they share a quality that is uncommon in boys their age: they trust their bodies. Most of the others on the Bangor West squad, no matter how talented, seem to regard feet, arms, and hands as spies and potential traitors.

Iarrobino is one of those boys who seem somehow more *there* when they are dressed for some sort of competition. He is one of the few kids on either team who can don batting helmets and not look like nerds wearing their mothers' stewpots. When Matt Kinney stands on the mound and throws a baseball, he seems perfect in his place and time. And when Ryan Iarrobino steps into the right-hand batter's box and points the head of his bat out toward the pitcher for an instant before raising it to the cocked position, at his right shoulder, he also seems to be exactly where he belongs. He looks dug in even before he settles himself for the first pitch: you could draw a perfectly straight line from the ball of his shoulder to the ball of his hip and on down to the ball of his ankle. Matt Kinney was built to throw baseballs; Ryan Iarrobino was built to hit them.



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Last call for Bangor West. Jeff Carson, whose fourth-inning home run is really the difference in this game, and who earlier replaced Mike Wentworth on the mound for Hampden, is now replaced by Mike Tardif. He faces Owen King first. King goes three and two (swinging wildly for the fences at one pitch in the dirt), then lays off a pitch just inside to work a walk. Roger Fisher follows him to the plate, pinch-hitting for the ever-gregarious Fred Moore. Roger is a small boy, with Indian-dark eyes and hair. He looks like an easy out, but looks can be deceptive; Roger has good power. Today, however, he is overmatched. He strikes out.

In the field, the Hampden players shift around and look at each other. They are close, and they know it. The parking lot is too far away here for the Hampden Horns to be a factor; their fans settle for simply screaming encouragement. Two women wearing purple Hampden caps are standing behind the dugout, hugging each other joyfully. Several other fans look like track runners waiting for the starter's gun; it is clear they mean to rush onto the field the moment their boys succeed in putting Bangor West away for good.

Joe Wilcox, who didn't want to be a catcher and ended up doing the job anyway, rams a one-out single up the middle and into left center field. King stops at second. Up steps Arthur Dorr, the Bangor right fielder, who wears the world's oldest pair of high-top sneakers and has not had a hit all day. This time, he hits a shot, but right at the Hampden shortstop, who barely has to move. The shortstop whips the ball to second, hoping to catch King off the bag, but he's out of luck. Nevertheless, there are two out.

The Hampden fans scream further encouragement. The women behind the dugout are jumping up and down. Now there are a few Hampden Horns tootling away someplace, but they are a little early, and all one has to do to know it is to look at Mike Tardif's face as he wipes off his forehead and pounds the baseball into his glove.

Ryan Iarrobino steps into the right-hand batter's box. He has a fast, almost naturally perfect swing; even Ron St. Pierre will not fault him on it much.

Ryan swings through Tardif's first pitch, his hardest of the day—it makes a rifle-shot sound as it hits Kyle King's glove. Tardif then wastes one outside. King returns the ball, Tardif meditates briefly, and then throws a low fastball. Ryan looks at it, and the umpire calls strike two. It has caught the outside corner—maybe. The ump says it did, anyway, and that's the end of it.

Now the fans on both sides have fallen quiet, and so have the coaches. They're all out of it. It's only Tardif and Iarrobino now, balanced on the last strike of the last out of the last game one of these teams will play. Forty-six feet between these two faces. Only, Iarrobino is not watching Tardif's *face*. He is watching Tardif's *glove*, and somewhere I can hear Ron St. Pierre telling Fred, *You're waiting to see how I'll come—sidearm, three-quarters, or over the top.*

Iarrobino is waiting to see how Tardif will come. As Tardif moves to the set position, you can faintly hear the *pock-pock, pock-pock* of tennis balls on a nearby court, but here there is only silence and the crisp black shadows of the players, lying on the dirt like silhouettes cut from black construction paper, and Iarrobino is waiting to see how Tardif will come.

He comes over the top. And suddenly Iarrobino is in motion, both knees and the left shoulder dipping slightly, the aluminum bat a blur in the sunlight. That aluminum-on-cowhide sound—*chink*, like someone hitting a tin cup with a spoon—is different this time. A *lot* different. Not *chink* but *crunch* as Ryan connects, and then the ball is in the sky, tracking out to left field—a long shot that is clearly gone, high, wide, and handsome into the summer afternoon. The ball will later be recovered from beneath a car about two hundred and seventy-five feet away from home plate.

The expression on twelve-year-old Mike Tardif's face is stunned, thunderstruck disbelief. He takes one quick look into his glove, as if hoping to find the ball still there and discover that Iarrobino's dramatic two-strike, two-out shot was only a hideous momentary dream. The two women behind the backstop look at each other in total amazement. At first, no one makes a

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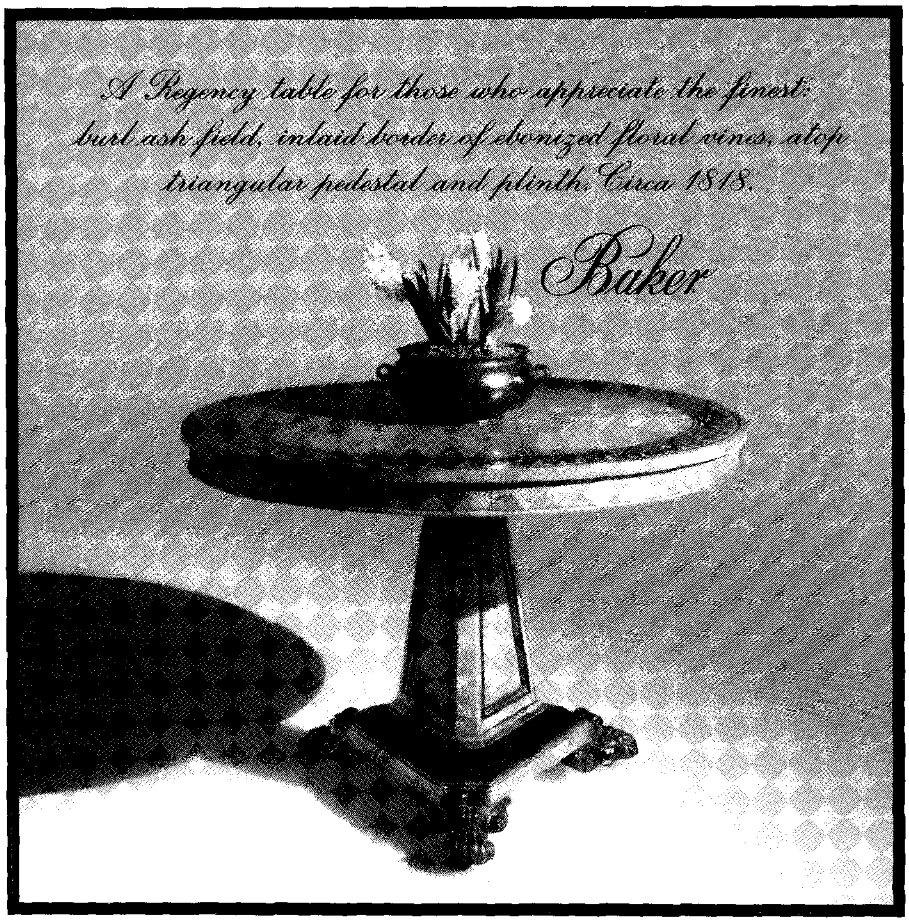
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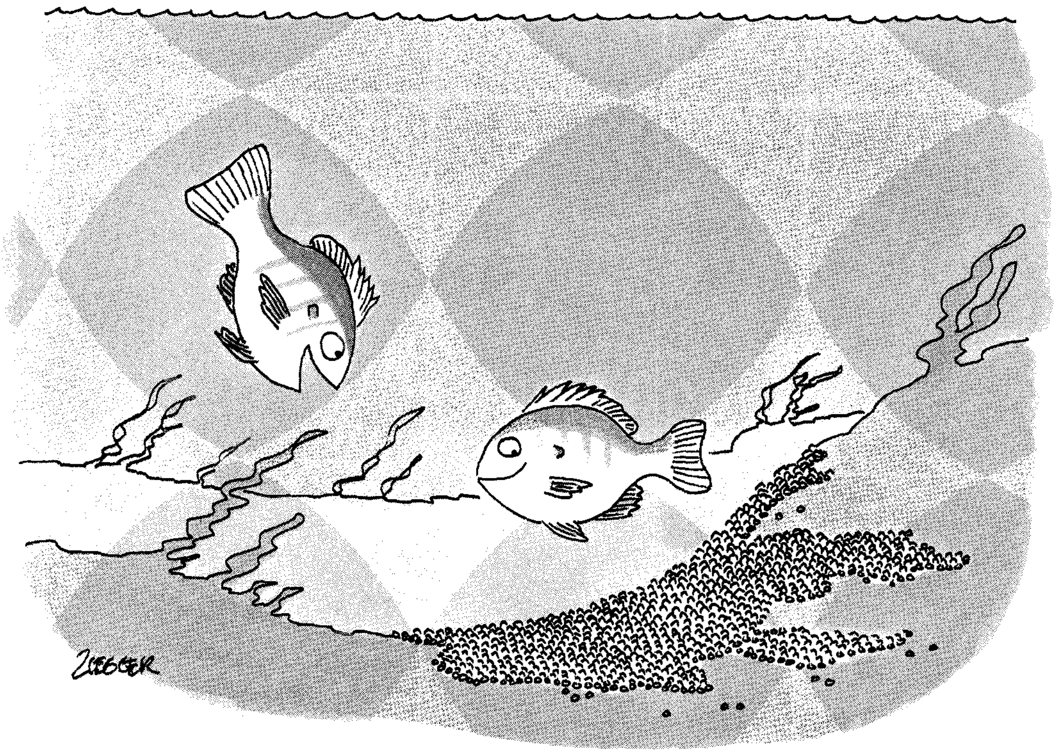


"Oh, Maria—so many eggs!"

sound. In that moment before everyone begins to scream and the Bangor West players rush out of their dugout to await Ryan at home plate and mob him when he arrives, only two people are entirely sure that it did really happen. One is Ryan himself. As he rounds first, he raises both hands to his shoulders in a brief but emphatic gesture of triumph. And, as Owen King crosses the plate with the first of the three runs that will end Hampden's All-Star season, Mike Tardif realizes. Standing on the pitcher's rubber for the last time as a Little Leaguer, he bursts into tears.

•

"You gotta remember, they're only twelve," each of the three coaches says at one time or another, and each time one of them says it, the listener feels that he—Mansfield, Waterman, or St. Pierre—is really reminding himself.

"When you are on the field, we'll love you and you will love each other," Waterman tells the boys again and again, and in the wake of Bangor's eleventh-hour, 15–14 win over Hampden, when they all did love each other, the boys no longer laugh at this. He continues, "From now on, I'm going to be hard on you—very hard. When you're playing, you'll get nothing but unconditional love from me. But when we're practicing on our home field some of you are going to find out how loud I can yell. If you're goofing off, you're going to sit down. If I tell you to do something and you don't do it, you're going to sit down. Recess is over, guys—everybody out of the pool. This is where the hard work starts."

A few nights later, Waterman hits a shot to right during fielding practice. It almost amputates Arthur Dorr's nose on the way by. Arthur has been busy making sure his fly is zipped. Or inspecting the laces of his Keds. Or some damn thing.

"*Arthur!*" Neil Waterman bellows, and Arthur flinches more at the sound of that voice than he did at the close passage of the baseball. "*Get in here!* On the bench! *Now!*"

"But—" Arthur begins.

"In here!" Neil yells back. "You're on the pine!"

Arthur trots sullenly in, head down, and J. J. Fiddler takes his place. A few nights later, Nick Trzaskos loses his chance to hit away when he fails to bunt two pitches in five tries or so. He sits on the bench by himself, cheeks flaming.

Machias, the Aroostook County / Washington County winner, is next on the docket—a two-out-of-three series, and the winner will be District 3 Champion. The first game is to be played at the Bangor field, behind the Coke plant, the second at Bob Beal Field, in Machias. The last game, if needed, will be played on neutral ground between the two towns.

•

As Neil Waterman has promised, the coaching staff is all encouragement once the national anthem has been played and the first game starts.

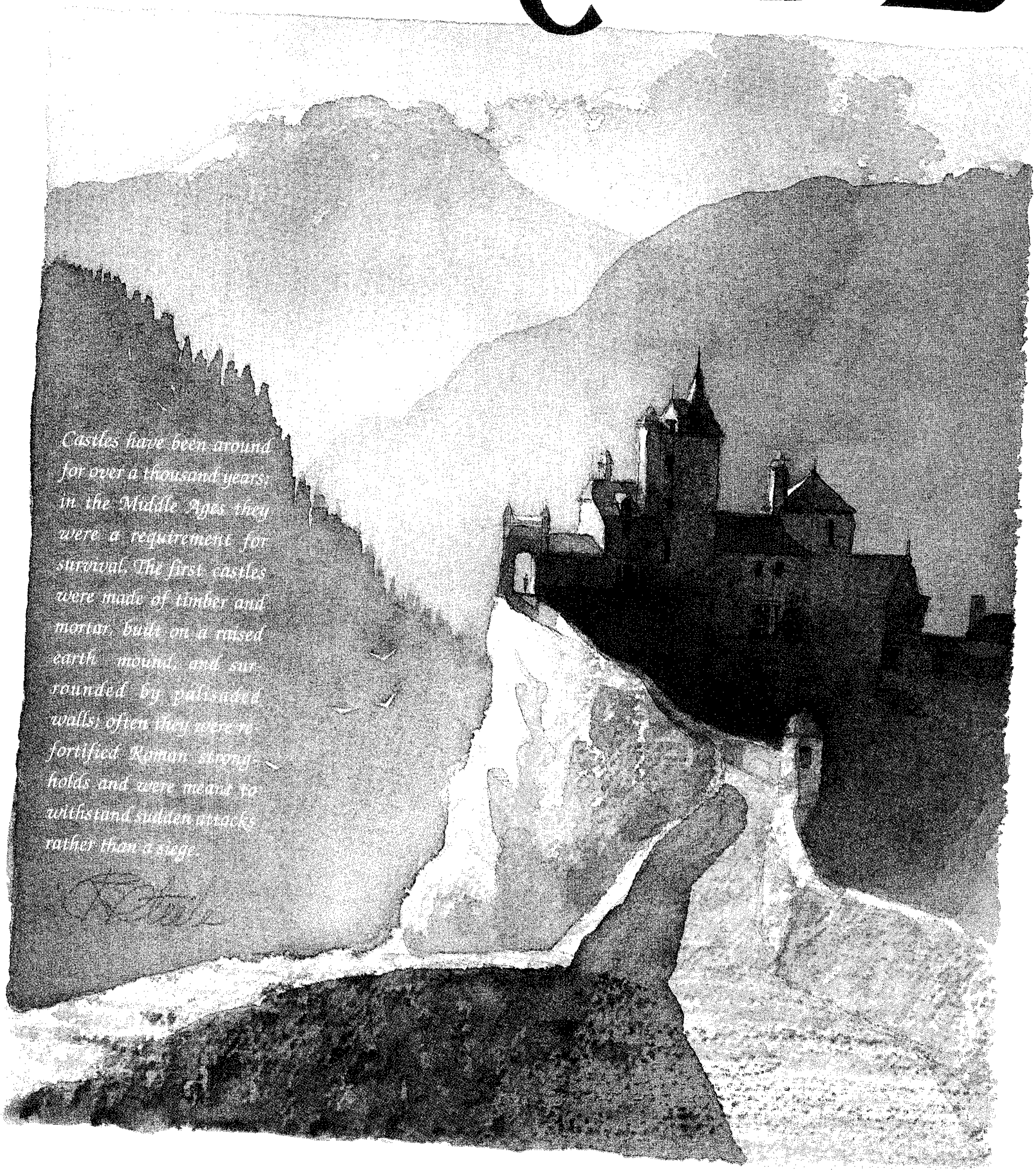
"That's all right, no damage!" Dave Mansfield cries as Arthur Dorr misjudges a long shot to right and the ball lands behind him. "Get an out, now! Belly play! Let's just get an out!" No one seems to know exactly what "belly play" is, but since it seems to involve winning ballgames the boys are all for it.

No third game against Machias is necessary. Bangor West gets a strong pitching performance from Matt Kinney in the first one and wins 17–5. Winning the second game is a little tougher only because the weather does not coöperate: a drenching summer downpour washes out the first try, and it is necessary for Bangor West to make the hundred-and-sixty-eight-mile round trip to Machias twice in order to clinch the division. They finally get the game in, on the twenty-ninth of July. Mike Pelkey's family has spirited Bangor West's No. 2 pitcher off to Disney World, in Orlando, making Mike the third player to fade from the team, but Owen King steps quietly in and pitches a five-hitter, striking out eight before tiring and giving way to Mike Arnold in the sixth inning. Bangor West wins 12–2, and becomes District 3 Little League champ.

•

At moments like these, the pros retire to their air-conditioned locker rooms and pour champagne over each other's heads. The Bangor West team goes out to Helen's, the best (maybe the only) restaurant in Machias, to celebrate with hot dogs, hamburgers, gallons of Pepsi-Cola, and mountains of

THE CASTLES OF EUROPE



Castles have been around for over a thousand years; in the Middle Ages they were a requirement for survival. The first castles were made of timber and mortar, built on a raised earth mound, and surrounded by palisaded walls; often they were refortified Roman strongholds and were meant to withstand sudden attacks rather than a siege.

Illustrations by Robert G. Steele

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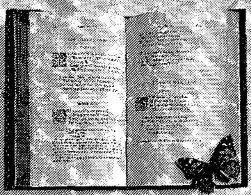
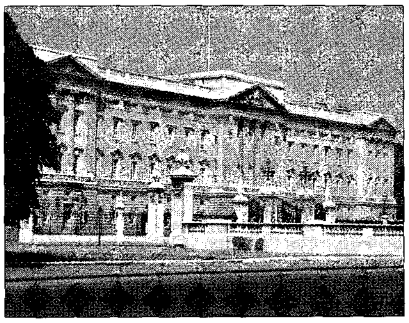


During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, castle architecture began to mature. At first, they were simple two- to four-story structures. Living quarters consisted of a chapel and a central hall heated by a fireplace, where public meals were served, court business was conducted, and, if there were no dormitories, where the rank and file slept.



Buckingham Palace's familiar façade

Courtesy of the British Tourist Authority

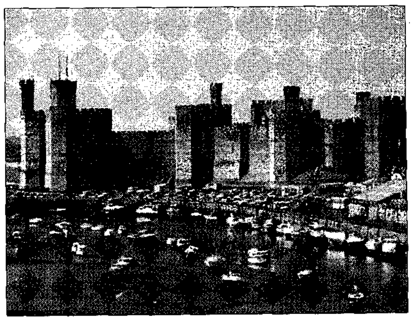
As medieval warfare became sophisticated, engineers had to modify their square keep–round tower designs to prevent walls being breeched by an enemy's battering rams, miners' ladders, and projectiles. The choicest real estate in Europe became unassailable promontories, islands, rocky hills, rivers, and seashores. At the same time, military engineers developed merlons, crenels, and machicolations that made it easier to fling boiling oil, arrows, and rocks onto enemies' heads.

Several developments during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries contributed to the nobility's gradual replacement of castles with residential palaces. Feudal architecture was taking a beating, thanks to the introduction of gunpowder in Europe. Meanwhile, the Flemish and Italian Renaissance introduced new architectural concepts; the papacy and the nobility vied to hire designers like Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo, who built them magnificent palaces and cathedrals, and François I was raising real-estate values along the Loire with his lovely châteaux.

Castles finally fell from residential vogue — some were demoted to prisons, many were abandoned and fell into ruin. But even in the late twentieth century, they continue to inspire romantic images of bygone eras. Those images are conjured up by the following sampling of the castles, palaces, and châteaux of Europe.

GREAT BRITAIN

Buckingham Palace, London. Buckingham House was considered the finest private house in London when built by the newly made Duke of Buckingham, John Sheffield, in 1703. His widow, a bastard daughter of James II, insisted her staff wear Stuart livery. In 1761, George III bought it for his wife, and it became known as the queen's house. Victoria made it the official residence in 1837 and used the palace to house her large family. Edward VII and Queen Alexandra held sumptuous receptions and court balls here. In the early twentieth century, the east front was refaced with gray Portland stone. This facade, guarded by soldiers in scarlet tunics and black fur helmets, is what Londoners see from the Mall outside the ornate palace gates. When the royal standard flies above them, the Queen is in residence.



Caernarvon Castle guards the Seiont River

Courtesy of the British Tourist Authority

Caernarvon Castle, Wales. Built by Edward I during his conquest of Wales, Caernarvon is considered to be a masterpiece of military architecture. The site, on the Seiont River near the Menai Strait, was earlier occupied by a Roman fort, then a Norman motte-and-bailey castle. It was designed by James of St. George, the great medieval engineer who served his king for thirty years. Thanks to Lloyd George, each Prince of Wales is invested at Caernarvon. Both Edward VIII and Prince Charles received their honors here, and so will Prince William, when the time comes.

Edinburgh Castle, Scotland. Perched on a huge basalt rock above the city that bears its name, Edinburgh was a stern fortress occupied from the eleventh century by kings of Scotland. (The site had been fortified since the sixth century.) The English regarded Scotland as a strange and primitive place, and their attempts to assert their rights here were met with fierce resistance. Edinburgh frequently changed

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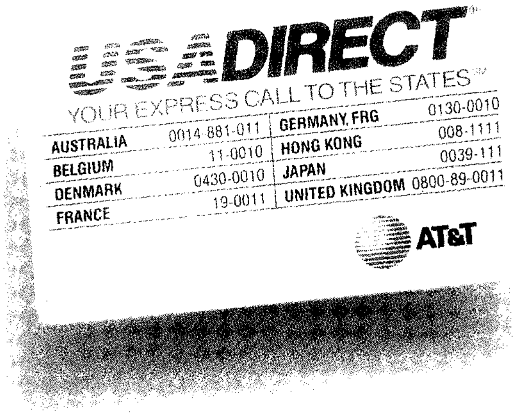
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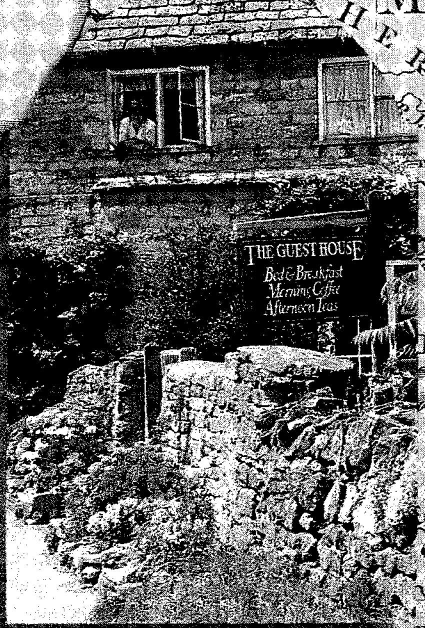
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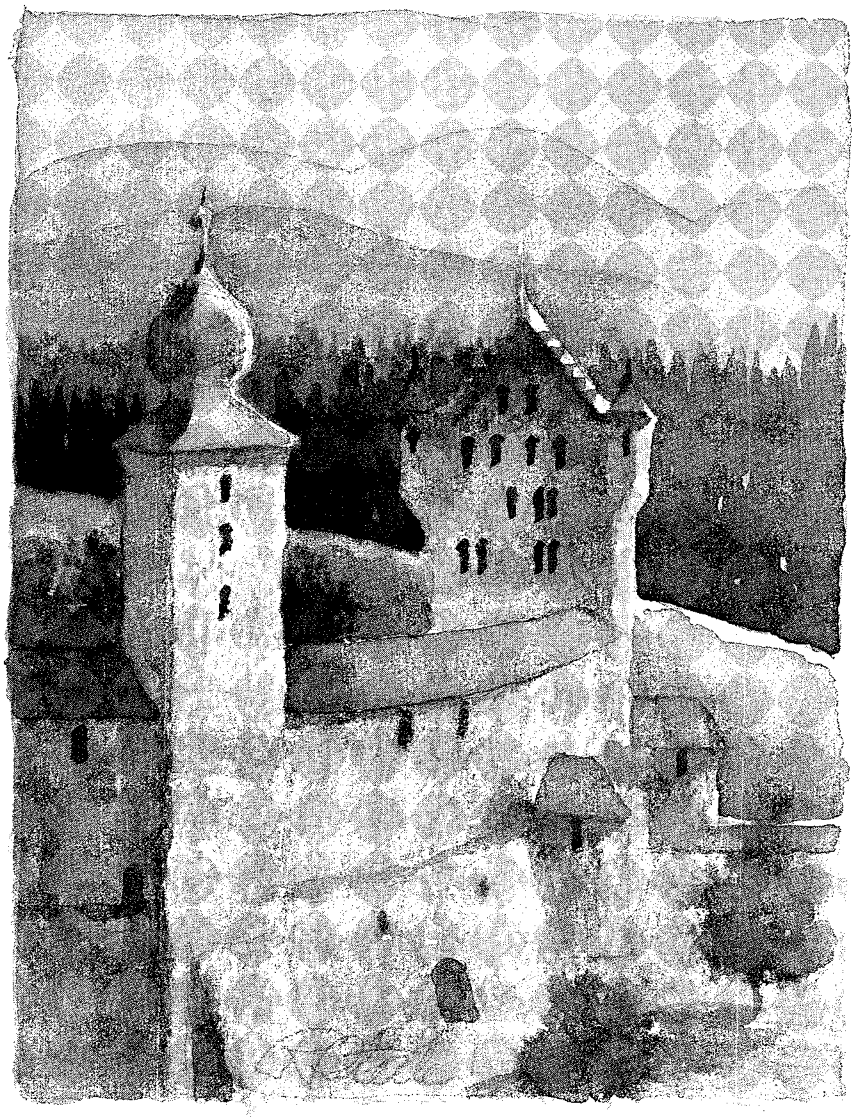


hands during this struggle, and at one point, the Scots demolished the castle's defenses themselves, to prevent the hated English from using it.

In the fourteenth century, David II began to rebuild the castle. Two hundred years later, James IV added a great hall and an artillery bastion, but from this period onward, Scottish kings preferred cozy Holyrood Palace as a residence, at the other end of the Royal Mile. However, Mary, Queen of Scots, insisted on bearing her son, later James I of Great Britain, at the castle.

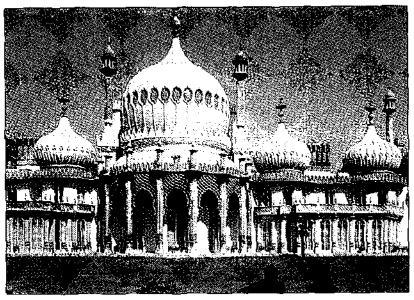
Perched above the city is Edinburgh Castle

Stockphotos, Inc.

Every summer the regiment on duty at the castle dons its kilted regalia for the Edinburgh Festival and marches along the Esplanade, in front of the castle gate, during Military Tattoo. The skirl of bagpipes playing "The Black Bear" at dusk can raise goose bumps on the skin, even if you're not Scottish.

Kensington Palace, London. William III suffered from asthma and couldn't live at drafty Whitehall, so in 1689 he purchased a small, red-brick country retreat. The building grew much larger over time; Wren supervised many of the additions. Queen Anne commissioned Nicholas Hawksmoor to design her an orangery. In the 1720s, William Kent was hired to embellish the interior with Baroque wall and ceiling paintings. Homesick George I enjoyed Kensington because it reminded him of Herrenhausen Palace, back in Hanover. The numerous apartments came in handy when George III's thirteen offspring and their families occupied the palace; Queen Victoria was born here as well. The palace is still occupied by members of the royal family, including the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The Royal Pavilion, Brighton. In the middle of the eighteenth century, London society began to flock to Brighton, a fashionable seaside resort where they took the waters and enjoyed a variety of genteel entertainments. Always ready for a party, George IV, Prince Regent, found the frivolous atmosphere to his liking and purchased a "superior farmhouse" there. He immediately commissioned a squadron of architects, including John Nash, to convert it to his vision of an Asian pleasure palace. First a Palladian villa with a central rotunda between two wings was erected, then onion-shaped domes and tented roofs. The interior was a mishmash of Chinese, Hindu, and Tartar decor: red-and-gold motif, numerous dragons, and exotic foliage. Elaborate dinner parties were given twice a week in the Banqueting Room, with its domed ceiling, massive crystal "gasoliers," and painted panels of Eastern scenes. Even the kitchen had copper and cast-iron columns in the shape of palm trees.


Courtesy of the British Tourist Authority

The Royal Pavilion, an Asian pleasure palace

> The best guide to castles is your own imagination.

IRELAND

Blarney Castle, Co. Cork. Ireland's emerald green hills are flecked with castles, some dating back to the Roman era of fortification. During the twelfth century, Henry II's son John was granted lordship of Ireland and started a Norman building program similar to the one his brother Richard was engaged in throughout Normandy.

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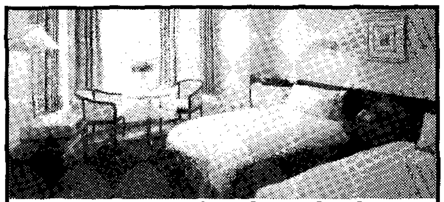
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Limerick, Kilkenny, and Lismore Island, Scotland, were some of them. However, honors for best-known Irish castle go to Blarney, built during the fifteenth century by the MacCarthys of Muskerry in County Cork. The family erected an L-shaped castle guarded by a fully battlemented and machicolated four-story keep. A Gothic-style mansion was attached to the east side of the castle in the eighteenth century. Nothing out of the ordinary, as castles go.

In 1860 the castle was insured of enduring income from tourism by the publication of a third-rate poem that stated: "There is a stone there/That whoever kisses/Oh! he never misses/To grow eloquent." The actual stone isn't easy to reach: you have to earn your flattery by lying backwards and being lowered head-down over the edge of a parapet. Pucker up.

SCANDINAVIA

Rosenborg Slot, Copenhagen. Rosenborg Castle looks like it might have been designed by Hans Christian Andersen. A delicate fairytale castle commissioned by Christian IV, the Builder King, who pawned his crown to defray construction costs, it was completed in 1633. The royal family occupied the turreted brick residence for little more than a hundred years, but the crown jewels remain on display in the basement. The rooms are decorated with Baroque furnishings and include personal effects of Danish kings since Christian IV. The grounds surrounding the palace contain a twenty-five-acre botanical garden, and it is a pleasant place to walk while visiting Copenhagen.

Home of the Blarney stone

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FRANCE

Château-Galliard, near Rouen. This castle was built for spite. The rivalry between Capetian and Angevin kings was nothing

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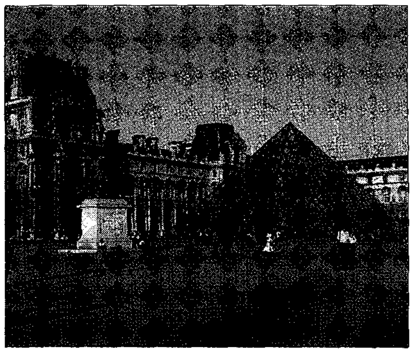
new, but in 1195 Richard I brought new subtlety to the quarrel. Galliard was erected on the edge of a chalk cliff overlooking the Seine, to cover the approach to Rouen, the capital of Normandy. It was the greatest of all Angevin fortresses. Richard's years on Crusade served him well when designing the complex of moats, ditches, and baileys — the innermost bailey, at the extreme end of the promontory, was assailable only after all other defenses had been breeched. He also extended a series of defenses across the river. Enraged by this intrusion onto land he desired for himself, Philip Augustus reportedly vowed he would take the castle.

Philip finally got his chance after Richard's death — in 1203 he raised a large, organized army and set out on campaign. For seven months, through a bitter winter, his forces crumbled the lines of defense, although it was only when a French soldier gained access to the chapel by climbing up a privy drainpipe that the tide turned against King John's forces.

Palais du Louvre, Paris. Originally a fortress built by Philip Augustus, the Palais du Louvre was begun by Francois I in 1546 and added to by almost every subsequent French monarch until Louis XIV moved the court to Versailles. Never quite completed, it has since served Parisians as a repository for art treasures, a high-priced party venue, and a stage for the fall fashion season. Standing below ground in the center of I. M. Pei's controversial glass entrance, there's a fascinating view: looking up through the pyramid, you can see the water splashing from new fountains at each corner of the triangle, and as a backdrop, ancient soot-black statuary atop the old palace walls.

Curators have taken special care with a new section of the museum that bares the original walls of the first keep, now a hundred feet below street level. Avoid the crowds around the Mona Lisa and the Winged Victory to admire these instead.


The Louvre, a palace with a pyramid

Tibor Bognar/The Stock Market

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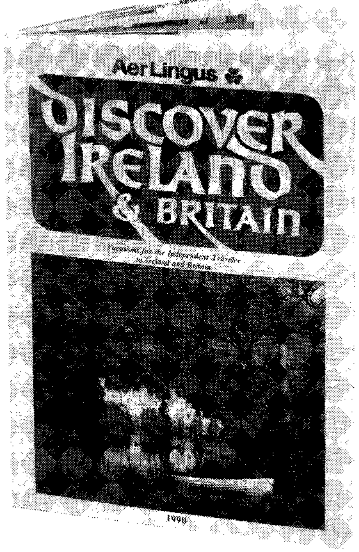

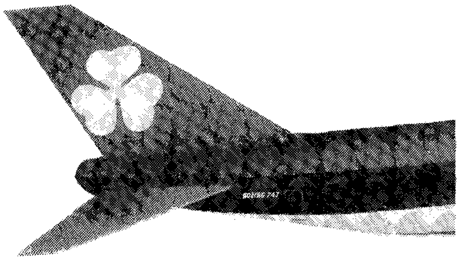

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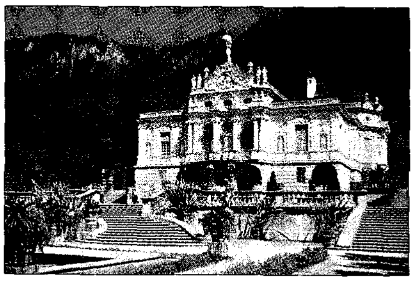
GERMANY

Herrenchiemsee/Linderhof/Neuschwanstein, Bavaria. In 1864, nineteen-year-old Ludwig II succeeded his father to the throne of Bavaria and began a long retreat from reality, which ended in his being deposed and declared insane in 1886. Oblivious to Bavaria's tenuous political state, he embarked on a series of building projects that reflected his fascination with romantic medieval literature. Ludwig also became a patron of Wagner, and made possible the first performances of *The Ring of the Nibelungs*, *Parsifal*, and other operatic masterworks.

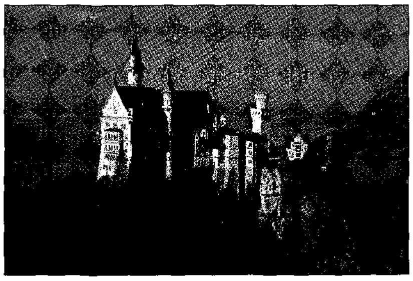
Herrenchiemsee was Ludwig's tribute to Versailles. Through his grandfather, Ludwig I, he could claim a Bourbon connection, and he modelled this palace after the real thing on an island of Lake Chiem. The cornerstone was finally laid in 1878, and the total cost was over sixteen million marks, which nearly bankrupted Bavaria. The Hall of Mirrors at Herrenchiemsee is an exact reproduction of the one at Versailles, including the War and Peace Salons. At the end of his life, Ludwig apparently had a habit of wandering alone through the palace rooms at night.

Linderhof, the young king's excessively rococo palace in the Graswang Valley, took a mere nine years to construct. It is characterized by elaborate gardens and fountains, Louis XIV interior decorations, an opulent hall of mirrors, and a Moorish kiosk complete with a peacock throne. The Venus grotto, set among the gardens, was a stage set for Ludwig, who was rowed over the lake in a conch-shell boat, gently bouncing on artifically generated waves, to view a scene that changed colors on his approach.


Mad King Ludwig's Linderhof Castle

German National Tourist Office

Neuschwanstein, built high above the Pollegat Gorge in the Alps, was Ludwig's thirteenth-century-style feudal castle, intended to resemble mythic Monsalvat (the castle of the Grail), complete with towers, crenels, and machicolations. The interior was decorated with numerous mural paintings depicting Ludwig's favorite legends. Neuschwanstein took seventeen years to build, but Ludwig enjoyed it for only a few months before being committed.

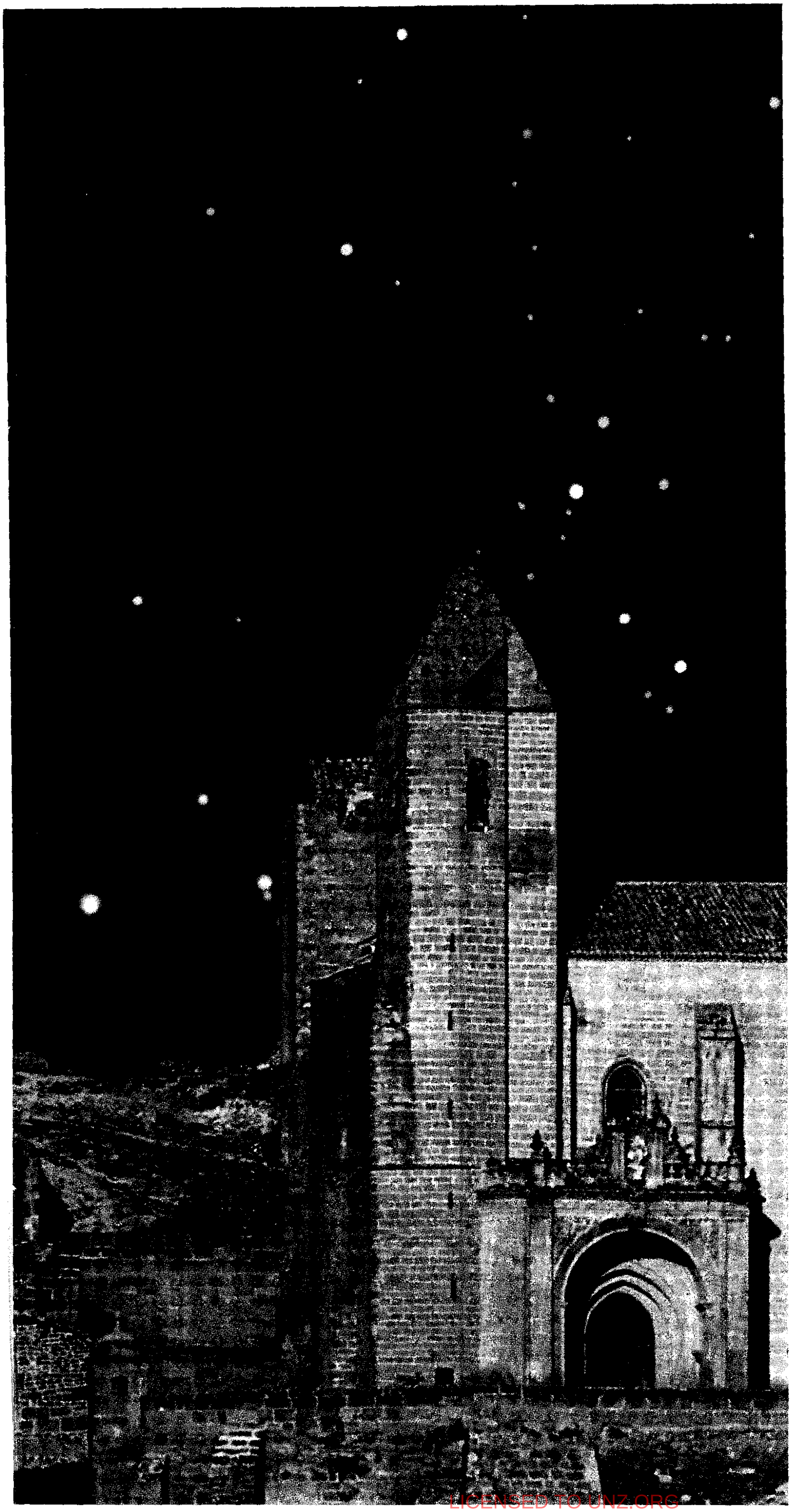

Myths and legends were made real in Neuschwanstein

Stockphotos, Inc.

All three Bavarian castles are magnificent, and despite Ludwig's sad end, his fantasy world is truly spectacular.

SPAIN

The Alcazar, Segovia. The Alcazar of Segovia is easily recognizable to any child under the age of ten: its elegant silhouette above the Eresma and Clamores rivers reminds them of Cinderella and Sleeping Beauty. In the eleventh century King Alfonso VI began construction on a fortress with defensive towers similar to those of his Arab rivals in Toledo and Madrid. The decorative brickwork exterior was



Heavenly Dreams

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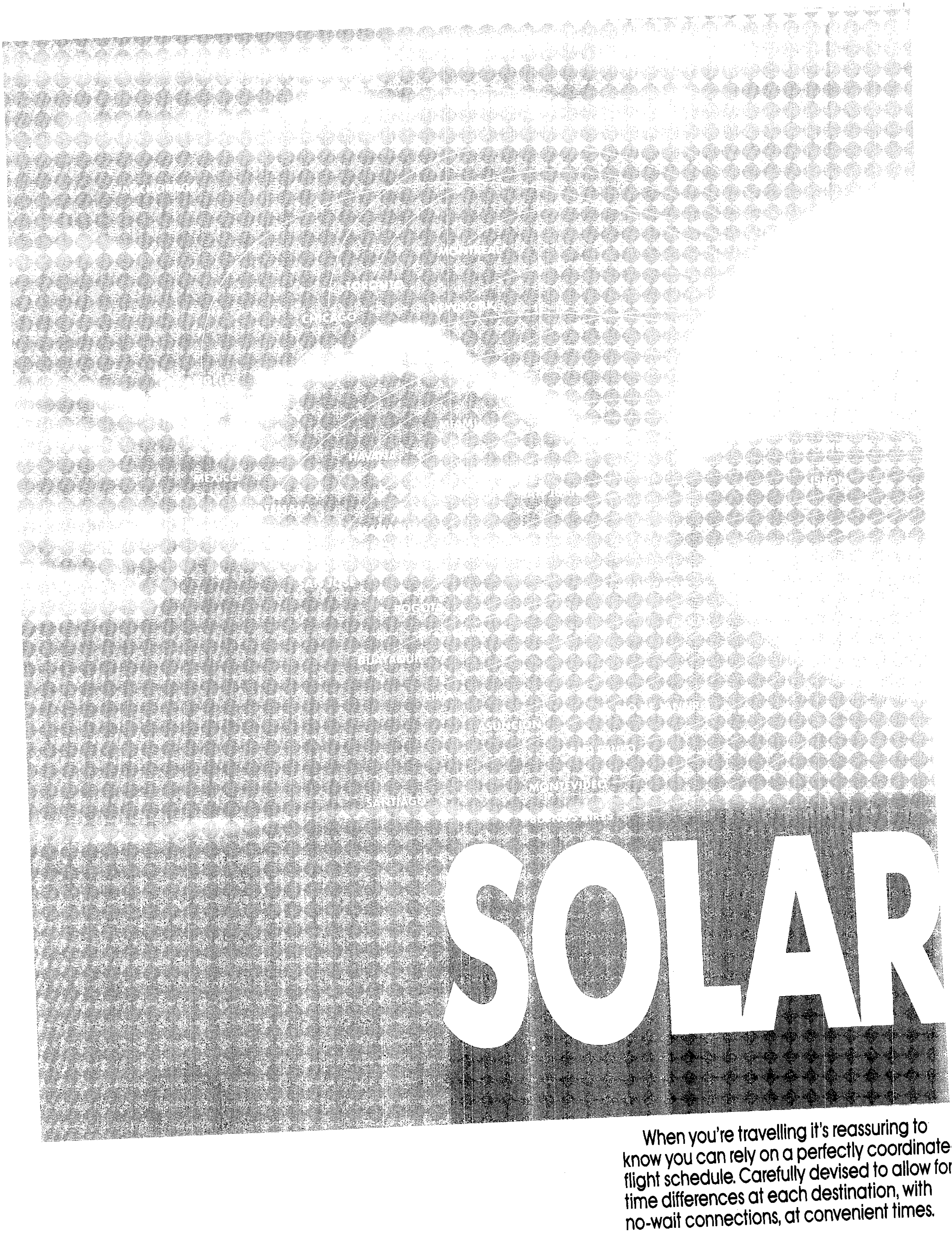
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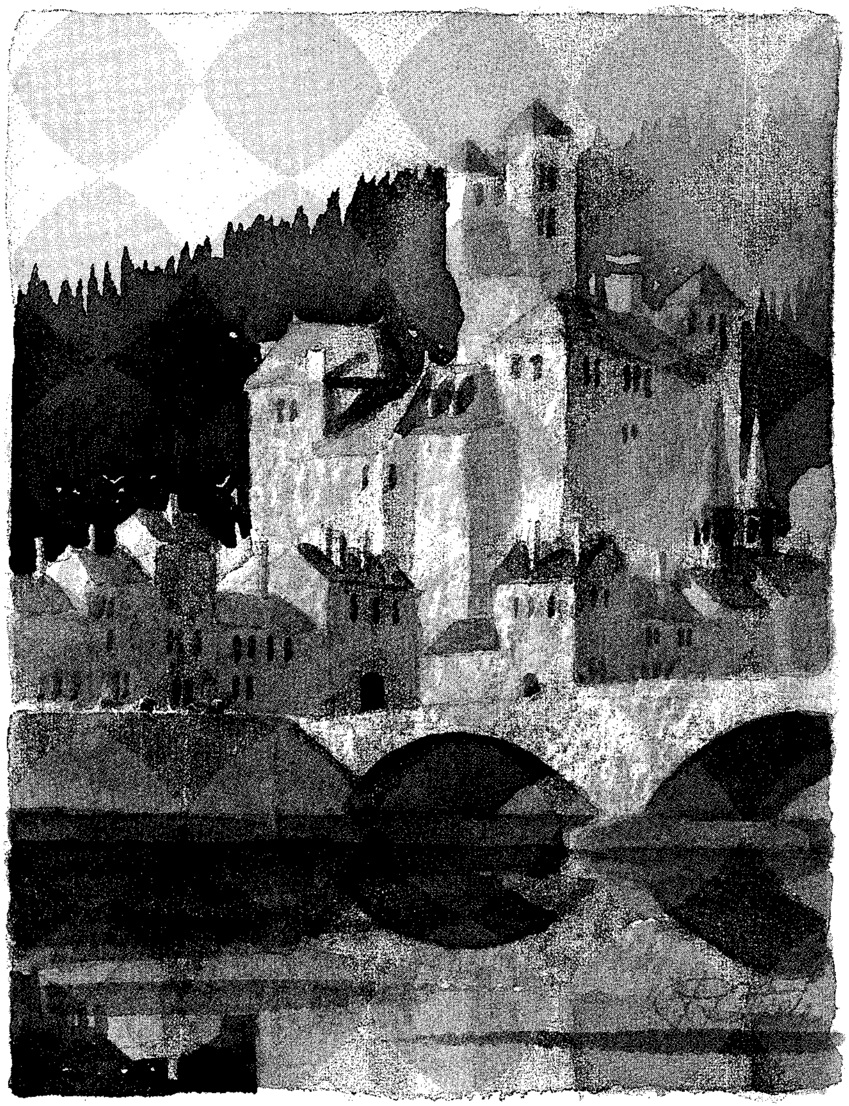
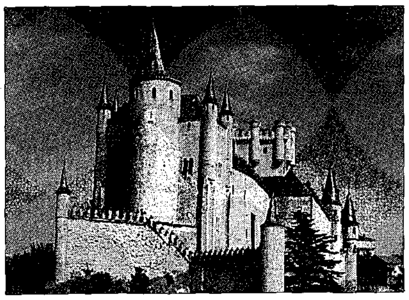


essentially Gothic, but interior decoration was Mudejar craftwork. A rectangular tower, built in the fifteenth century, was embellished with twelve smaller, round towers, machicolations, and balconies. Additions were made by succeeding Castilian monarchs, including Felipe II's whimsical towers covered with conical slate spires. The Great Hall of the Kings once contained upwards of fifty-six solid-gold statues representing the rulers of Spain.



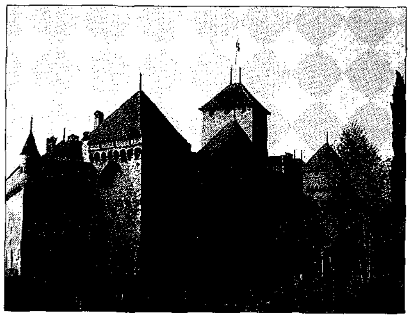
A Gothic exterior belies Alcazar's Mudejar craft

The Alhambra Palace, Granada. While England and France played musical castles in the Middle Ages, Spain was trying to oust its Muslim overlords, the Nasrid kings. Al-Qal'a al-Hambra, in Granada, was the greatest Moorish fortress, embodying the finest of Islamic art and architecture. Situated in the Andalusian region, the "Red Fort" (a name derived from the color of its clay walls) loomed over the Rio Darro, and included several massive towers designed to repel the Christian advance, and lavishly decorated with glazed tiles, delicate arches and friezes, and fountains and patios. On a neighboring hill stands the Generalife, the Nasrid summer palace, construction of which began in 1250. After seven centuries, Catholicism and the Castilians were the final victors in the religious and civil struggles — the end of Arab rule in Spain was witnessed at the Alhambra as Mohammed XI (Boabdil) surrendered his last stronghold to Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492. But the Moors' architectural legacy remains standing.

Ronald R. Johnson/Stockphotos, Inc.

SWITZERLAND

Castle of Chillon. In 1816, George Gordon Byron travelled through Switzerland with his drinking buddy, Shelley, after his wife gave him the heave-ho. They visited Lake Geneva and, inspired by the plight of François Bonivard, a dubious leader of the Swiss Reformation who had been imprisoned in a thirteenth-century castle nearby, he composed *The Prisoner of Chillon*.



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Chillon inspired the poet Byron

Originally, Chillon was built on a strategic island site for the counts of Savoy to control the trade route along the lake. It underwent several subsequent construction phases, but was a classic medieval residence and stronghold, complete with curtain walls, a donjon, and battlemented stone towers. In fact, Edward I of England hired the engineer, James of St. George, away from his Savoy relations. What constituted a dismal prison to some — a vaulted cellar below the level of the lake, where unfortunates were chained to the pillars — was to others a handsomely decorated castle for privileged inhabitants. Both the Great Hall and the Hall of Knights contained some of the earlier wall paintings in Europe, including a checkered chevron pattern still in evidence.

> Authors like Lord Byron and the Shelleys made castles attractive.

HUNGARY

Royal Palace, Budapest. Atop Castle Hill on the west bank of this medieval city that straddles the Danube stand the remains of the oldest Hungarian royal palace, erected during the thirteenth century. Later edifices

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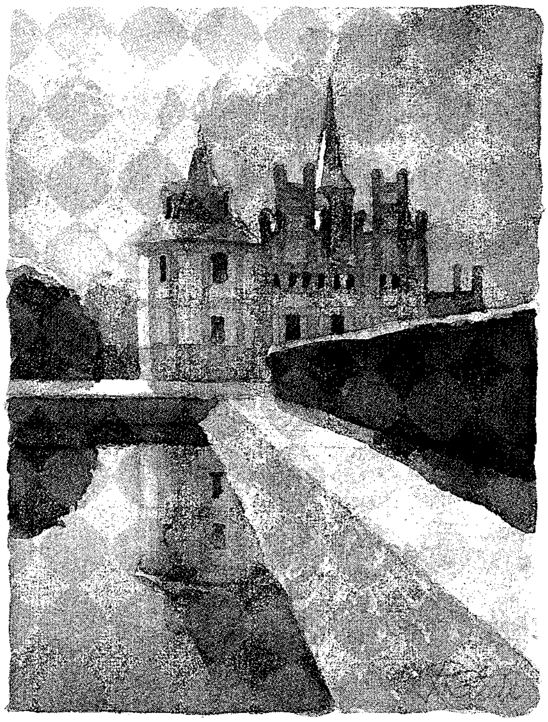


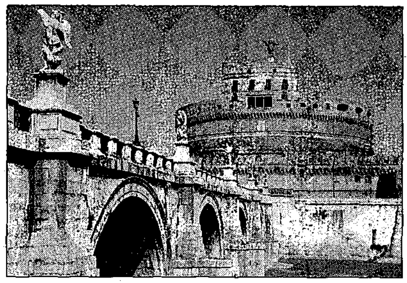
became the site of a modern-day siege in 1944–45, when the Germans made their final stand against the Red Army here. It was burnt out completely, and the walls reduced to rubble. What was an architectural loss, however, became a boon to archaeologists and scholars, who had an opportunity to sift the ruins for medieval artifacts, buried for centuries under the Baroque palace. Foundation and castle walls were dug out and the ramparts surrounding the residence were erected again. The palace was also carefully restored, and includes the Hungarian National Gallery and the National Library.

ITALY

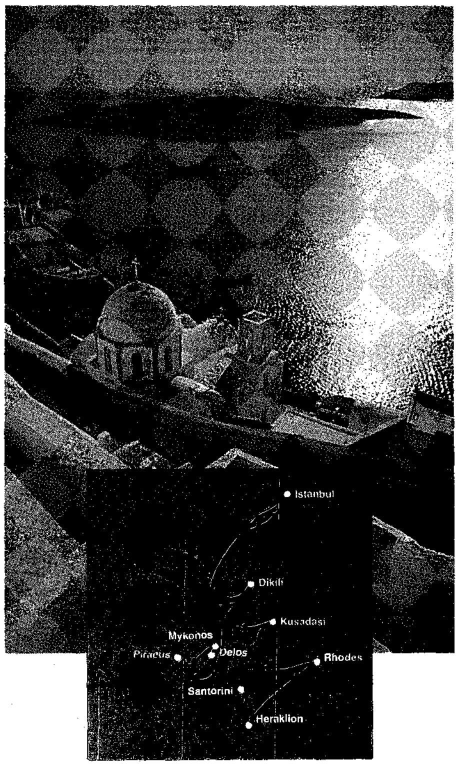
Castel Sant'Angelo, Rome. As the cradle of the Renaissance, Italy had a firm monopoly on the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries' finest architects, designers, and craftsmen, resulting in magnificent residences and monuments for the wealthy and powerful. One of the most unusual has to be Rome's Castel Sant'Angelo, a papal fortress facing the second-century Ponte Sant'Angelo. Built by the Emperor Hadrian for his family mausoleum, it was converted to a fortress by Pope Leo IV when Saracens invaded Rome. The great drum-shaped Roman masonry underwent further alterations, including the addition of a square curtain wall with corner bastions. Through the fifteenth century, it continued to be used as the pope's main fortress — an underground passage connected it to the Vatican.

AUSTRIA

The Hofburg, Vienna. A labyrinth of twenty-six hundred rooms, the Hofburg was the Imperial Palace of the Hapsburgs, begun around 1275 and progressively enlarged during the next six hundred years. The thirteenth-century Swiss Court encloses the Burg Chapel where Haydn and Schubert



Castel Sant'Angelo, the pope's castle



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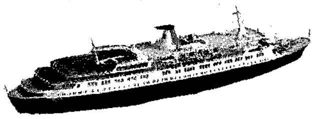

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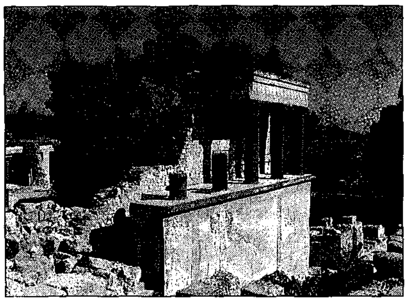
sang in the Vienna Boys' Choir. The imperial apartments contain all the rich appointments expected of the Austro-Hungarian emperors: crystal chandeliers, Aubusson and Flemish tapestries, Baroque furnishings, and intricate gilt and plaster carvings. This was a palace where the Emperor Maximilian II could indulge his interest in horse breeding, a precedent that led to the establishment of the Spanish Riding School. The white Lipizzaner horses, ridden by uniformed trainers, still perform the waltz and quadrille for spectators.

GREECE

Knossós Palace, Crete. At one of the southernmost points in Europe lies the island where Zeus was born and the legendary King Minos built a labyrinth to contain the monstrous Minotaur. Worship of the Bull God played an important role in Crete, where young acrobats would entertain the Minoan court with their dangerous performances, featuring a bull with sharpened horns. The Old Palace at Knossós, built around 1900 B.C., was destroyed in an earthquake two hundred years later. However, a more elaborate, four-story complex replaced it; there were halls and temples, tapering wood columns, and a graceful grand stairway. The throne room contained a gypsum throne and the royal apartments included spacious baths.


The Bull God was once worshipped at Knossós

M. Reichenthal/The Stock Market

YUGOSLAVIA

The Rector's Palace, Dubrovnik. The white walls of Dubrovnik have looked out on the Adriatic Sea since its founding by the Romans and Slavs in the seventh century. The seaport's official government seat was a fifteenth-century palace. A mixture of Gothic and Renaissance influences, the Rector's Palace underwent several involuntary renovations when explosions in 1435 and 1463, and an earthquake in 1667, rearranged the architecture. Michelozzo, a principle Renaissance architect, contributed a handsome loggia to the new palace design. He also bequeathed the republic his fortune, and as a result, an inner courtyard of the palace, where piano concerts are held during Dubrovnik's annual Summer Festival, contains the only monument ever permitted by the medieval state to a citizen.

RUSSIA

Mariinksy Palace, Kiev. During the eighteenth century, Kiev's palaces were influenced by the Late Baroque style favored by St. Petersburg architects. The Mariinsky Palace, in the fashionable Pechersky district, was an elegant stone structure with arched windows, white paired half-columns, and a classic Russian turquoise facade. The palace was fronted by a double stair decorated with fanciful vases, and at the back was an observation ground and formal garden that overlooked the Dnieper. A small house on the estate was once occupied by Aleksandr Pushkin.

Shane Mitchell is a New York–based writer.

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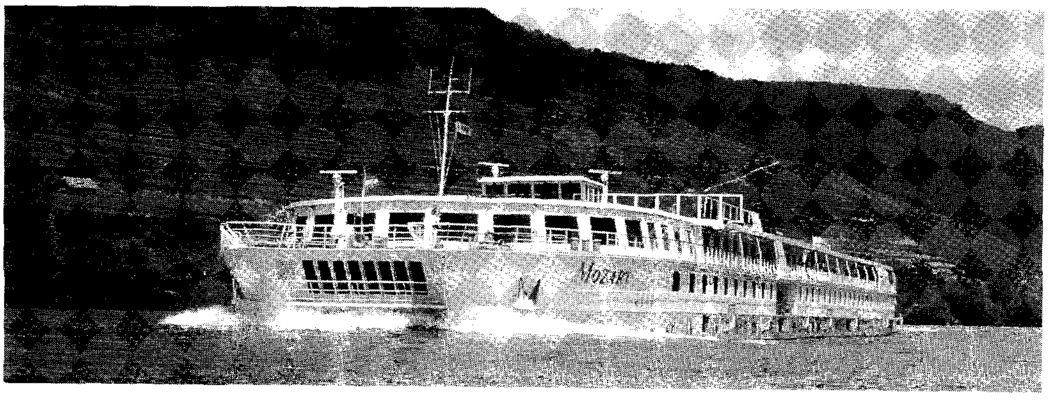

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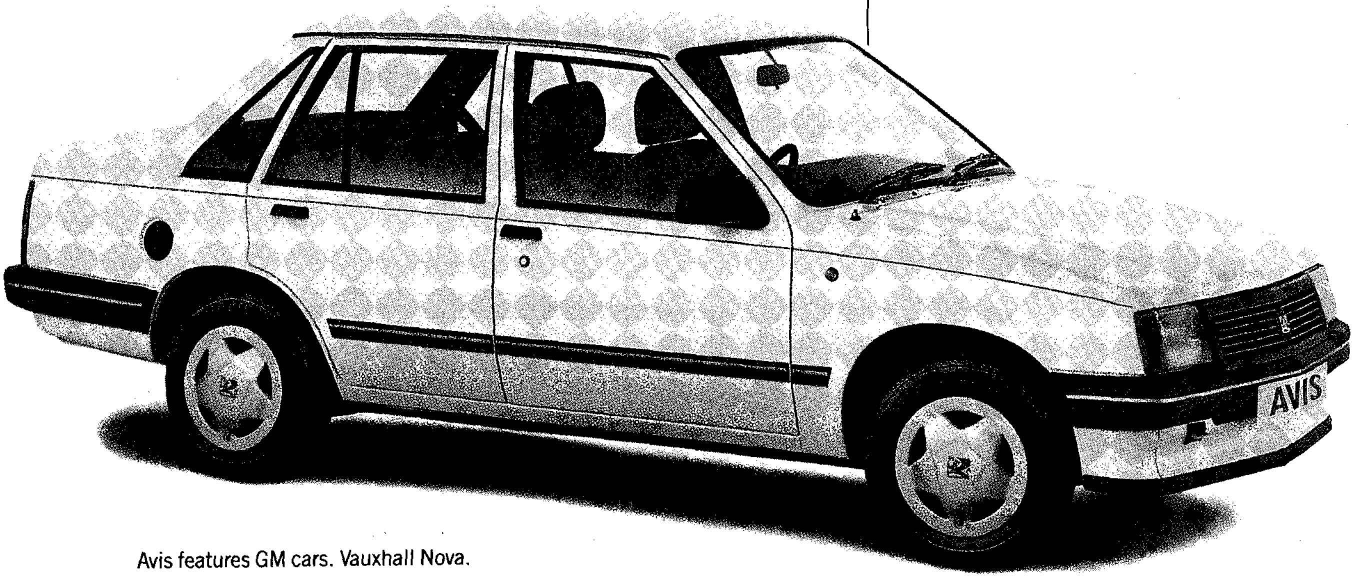

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French fries. Looking at them as they laugh at each other, razz each other, and blow napkin pellets through their straws at each other, it is impossible not to be aware of how soon they will discover gaudier modes of celebration.

For now, however, this is perfectly O.K.—great, in fact. They are not overwhelmed by what they have done, but they seem tremendously pleased, tremendously content, and entirely *here*. If they have been touched with magic this summer, they do not know it, and no one has as yet been unkind enough to tell them that it may be so. For now they are allowed the deep-fried simplicities of Helen's, and those simplicities are quite enough. They have won their division; the State Championship Tournament, where bigger and better teams from the more heavily populated regions downstate will probably blow them out, is still a week away.

Ryan Iarrobino has changed back into his tank top. Arthur Dorr has a rakish smear of ketchup on one cheek. And Owen King, who struck terror into the hearts of the Machias batters by coming at them with a powerful sidearm fastball on 0–2 counts, is burbling happily into his glass of Pepsi. Nick Trzaskos, who can look unhappier than any boy on earth when things don't break his way, looks supremely happy tonight. And why not? Tonight they're twelve and they're winners.

•

Not that they don't remind you themselves from time to time. Halfway back from Machias after the first trip—the rainout—J. J. Fiddler begins to wriggle around uneasily in the back seat of the car he is riding in. "I gotta go," he says. He clutches at himself and adds ominously, "Man, I gotta go bad. I mean big time."

"J.J.'s gonna do it!" Joe Wilcox cries gleefully. "Watch this! J.J.'s gonna flood the car!"

"Shut up, Joey," J.J. says, and then begins to wriggle around again.

He has waited until the worst possible moment to make his announcement. The eighty-four-mile trip between Machias and Bangor is, for the most part, an exercise in emptiness. There isn't even a decent stand of trees into which J.J. can disappear for a few moments along this stretch of road—only mile after mile of open hayfields, with Route 1A cutting a winding course through them.

Just as J.J.'s bladder is going to Defcon-1, a providential gas station appears. The assistant coach swings in and tops up his tank while J.J. splits for the men's room. "Boy!" he says, brushing his hair out of his eyes as he jogs back to the car. "That was close!"

"Got some on your pants, J.J.," Joe Wilcox says casually, and everyone goes into spasms of wild laughter as J.J. checks.

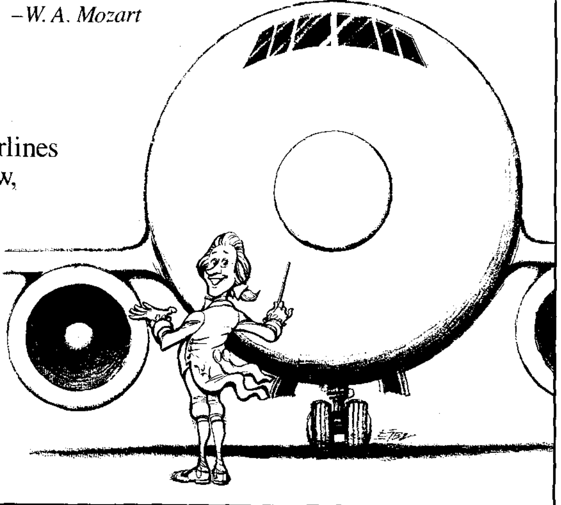
On the trip back to Machias the next day, Matt Kinney reveals one of the chief attractions *People* magazine holds for boys of Little League age. "I'm sure there's one in here someplace," he says, leafing slowly through an issue he has found on the back seat. "There almost always is."

"What? What are you looking for?" third baseman Kevin Rochefort asks, peering over Matt's shoulder as Matt leafs past the week's celebs, barely giving them a look.

"The breast-examination ad," Matt explains. "You can't see everything,

"You'll love the performance of the youngest aircraft to Vienna."

–*W. A. Mozart*



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but you can see quite a lot. Here it is!" He holds the magazine up triumphantly.

Four other heads, each wearing a red Bangor West baseball cap, immediately cluster around the magazine. For a few minutes, at least, baseball is the farthest thing from these boys' minds.

THE 1989 Maine State Little League Championship Tournament begins on August 3rd, just over four weeks after All-Star play began for the teams involved. The state is divided into five districts, and all five send teams to Old Town, where this year's tourney is to be held. The participants are Yarmouth, Belfast, Lewiston, York, and Bangor West. All the teams but Belfast are bigger than the Bangor West All-Stars, and Belfast is supposed to have a secret weapon. Their No. 1 pitcher is this year's tourney wunderkind.

The naming of the tourney wunderkind is a yearly ceremony, a small tumor that seems to defy all attempts to remove it. This boy, who is anointed Kid Baseball whether he wants the honor or not, finds himself in a heretofore unsuspected spotlight, the object of discussion, speculation, and, inevitably, wagering. He also finds himself in the unenviable position of having to live up to all sorts of pre-tournament hype. A Little League tournament is a pressure situation for any kid; when you get to Tourney Town and discover you have somehow become an instant legend as well, it's usually too much.

This year's object of myth and discussion is Belfast's southpaw Stanley Sturgis. In his two outings for Belfast he has chalked up thirty strikeouts—fourteen in his first game, sixteen in his second. Thirty K's in two games is an impressive statistic in any league, but to fully understand Sturgis's accomplishment one has to remember that Little League games consist of only six innings. That means that eighty-three per cent of the outs Belfast recorded with Sturgis on the hill came on strikeouts.

Then there is York. All the teams that come to the Knights of Columbus field in Old Town to compete in the tourney have excellent records, but York, which is undefeated, is the clear favorite to win a ticket to the Eastern Regionals. None of their players are giants, but several of them are over five-ten, and their best pitcher, Phil Tarbox, has a fastball that may top seventy miles an hour on some pitches—extravagant by Little League standards. Like Yarmouth and Belfast, the York players come dressed in special All-Star uniforms and matching turf shoes, which make them look like pros.

Only Bangor West and Lewiston come wearing mufti—which is to say, shirts of many colors bearing the names of their regular-season team sponsors. Owen King wears Elks orange, Ryan Iarrobino and Nick Trzaskos wear Bangor Hydro red, Roger Fisher and Fred Moore wear Lions green, and so on. The Lewiston team is dressed in similar fashion, but they have at least been provided with matching shoes and stirrups. Compared with Lewiston, the Bangor team, dressed in a variety of baggy gray sweatpants and nondescript street sneakers, looks eccentric. Next to the other teams, however, they look like out-and-out ragamuffins. No one, with the possible exception of the Bangor West coaches and the players themselves, takes them very seriously. In its first article on the tourney the local newspaper gives more coverage to Sturgis, of Belfast, than it does to the entire Bangor West team.

Dave, Neil, and Saint, the odd but surprisingly effective brain trust that has brought the team this far, watch Belfast take infield and batting practice without saying much. The Belfast kids are resplendent in their new purple-and-white uniforms—uniforms that have not worn so much as a speck of infield dirt until today. At last, Dave says, "Well, we finally got here again. We did that much. Nobody can take that away from us."

Bangor West comes from the district in which the tournament is being held this year, and the team will not have to play until two of the five teams have been eliminated. This is called a first-round bye, and right now it's the biggest—perhaps the only—advantage this team has. In their own district, they looked like champions (except for that one awful game against Hampden), but Dave, Neil, and Saint have been around long enough to know that they are now looking at an entirely different level of baseball. Their silence as they stand by the fence watching Belfast work out acknowledges this eloquently.

In contrast, York has already ordered District 4 pins. Trading pins is a tradition at the regional tournaments, and the fact that York has already laid in a supply tells an interesting tale. The pins say York means to play with the best of the East Coast, in Bristol. The pins say they don't think Yarmouth can stop them; or Belfast, with its wunderkind southpaw; or Lewiston, which clawed its way to the Division 2 Championship through the losers' bracket, after dropping their first game 15–12; or, least of all, fourteen badly dressed pipsqueaks from the west side of Bangor.

"At least we'll get a chance to play," Dave says, "and we'll try to make them remember we were here."

But first Belfast and Lewiston have *their* chance to play, and after the Boston Pops has steamed through a recorded version of the national anthem, and a local writer of some repute has tossed out the obligatory first pitch (it sails all the way to the backstop), they have at it.

Area sports reporters have spilled a lot of ink on the subject of Stanley Sturgis, but reporters are not allowed on the field once the game starts (a situation caused by a mistake in the rules as they were originally laid out, some of them seem to feel). Once the umpire has commanded the teams to play ball, Sturgis finds himself on his own. The writers, the pundits, and the entire Belfast hot-stove league are now all on the other side of the fence.

Baseball is a team sport, but there is only one player with a ball at the center of each diamond and only one player with a bat at the diamond's lowest point. The man with the bat keeps changing, but the pitcher remains—unless he can no longer cut it, that is. Today is Stan Sturgis's day to discover the hard truth of tourney play: sooner or later, every wunderkind meets his match.

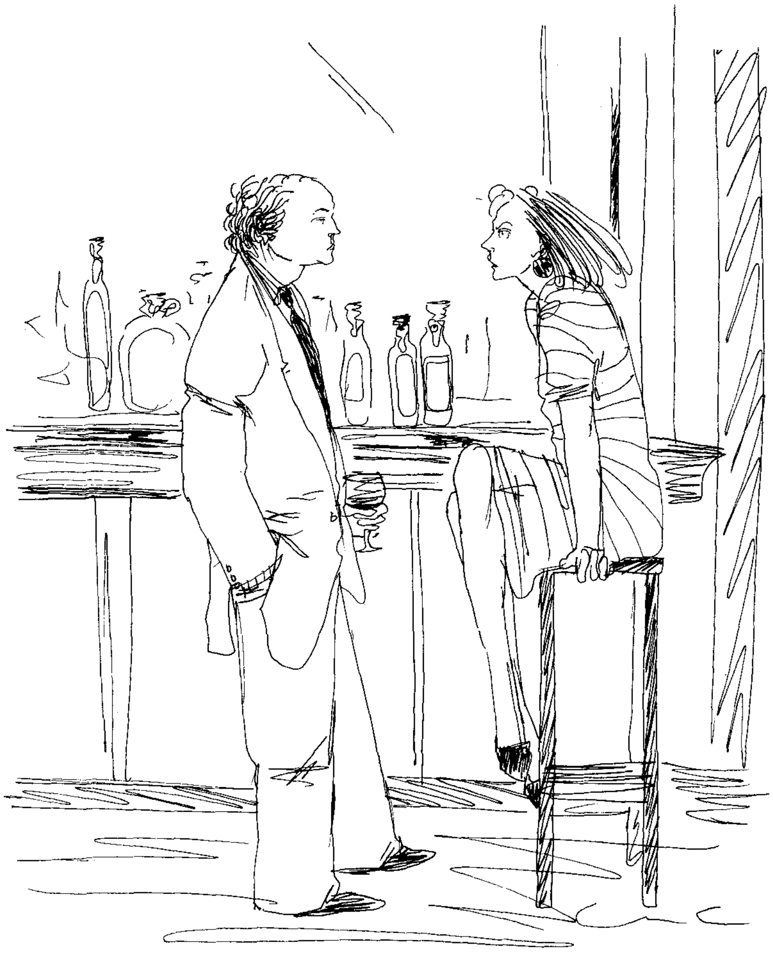
Sturgis struck out thirty men in his last pair of games, but that was District 2. The team Belfast is playing today, a tough bunch of scrappers out of Lewiston's Elliot Avenue League, is a different plate of beans altogether. They are not as big as the boys from York and don't field as smoothly as the boys from Yarmouth, but they are pesky and persistent. The first batter, Carlton Gagnon, personifies the gnawing, clawing spirit of the team. He singles up the middle, steals second, is sacrificed to third, then bolts home on a steal play sent in from the bench. In the third inning, with the score 1–0, Gagnon reaches base again, this time on a fielder's choice. Randy Gervais, who follows this pest in the lineup, strikes out, but, before he does, Gagnon has gone to second on a passed ball and stolen third. He scores on a two-out base hit by Bill Paradis, the third baseman.

Belfast comes up with a run in the fourth, briefly making a game of it, but then Lewiston puts them—and Stanley Sturgis—away for good, scoring two in the fifth and four more in the sixth. The final tally is 9–1. Sturgis strikes out eleven, but he also gives up seven hits, while Carlton Gagnon, Lewiston's pitcher, strikes out eight and allows only three hits. When Sturgis leaves the field at the end of the game, he looks both depressed and relieved. For him the hype and hoopla are over. He can quit being a newspaper sidebar and go back to being a kid again. His face suggests that he sees certain advantages in that.

Later, in a battle of the giants, tourney favorite York knocks off Yarmouth. Then everybody goes home (or, in the case of the visiting players, back to their motels or to the homes of their host families). Tomorrow, Friday, it will be Bangor West's turn to play while York waits to meet the winner in the closer.

•

Friday comes in hot, foggy, and cloudy. Rain threatens from first light, and an hour or so before Bangor West and Lewiston are scheduled to square off the rain comes—a deluge of rain. When this sort of weather struck in Machias, the game was quickly cancelled. Not here. This is a different field—one with a grass infield instead of dirt—but that isn't the only factor. The major one is TV. This year, for the first time, two stations have pooled their resources and will telecast the tournament final statewide on Saturday afternoon. If the semifinal between Bangor and Lewiston is postponed, it means trouble with the schedule, and even in Maine, even in this most amateur of amateur sports, the one thing you don't jiggle is the media's schedule.



"I represent a number of clients, of course, but ultimately what I'm selling is my own intensity."

So the Bangor West and Lewiston teams are not dismissed when they come to the field. Instead, they sit in cars or cluster in little groups beneath the candy-striped canvas of the central concession booth. Then they wait for a break in the weather. And wait. And wait. Restlessness sets in, of course. Many of these kids will play in bigger games before their athletic careers end, but this is the biggest to date for all of them; they are pumped to the max.

Someone eventually has a brainstorm. After a few quick phone calls, two Old Town school buses, gleaming bright yellow in the drenching rain, pull up to the nearby Elks Club, and the players are whisked off on a tour of the Old Town Canoe Company factory and the local James River paper mill. (The James River Corporation is the prime buyer of ad time on the upcoming championship telecast.) None of the players look particularly happy as they climb aboard the buses; they don't look much happier when they arrive back. Each player is carrying a small canoe paddle—about the right size for a well-built elf. Freebies from the canoe factory. None of the boys seem to know just what they should do with the paddles, but when I check later they're all gone, just like the "BANGOR" pennants after that first game against Millinocket. Free souvenirs—good deal.

And there will be a game after all, it seems. At some point—perhaps while the Little Leaguers were watching the fellows at the James River mill turn trees into toilet paper—the rain stopped. The field has drained well, the pitcher's mound and the batters' boxes have been dusted with Quick-Dry, and now, at just past three in the afternoon, a watery sun takes its first peek through the clouds.

The Bangor West team has come back from the field trip flat and listless. No one has thrown a ball or swung a bat or run a single base so far today, but everybody already seems tired. The players walk toward the practice field without looking at each other; gloves dangle at the ends of arms. They walk like losers, and they talk like losers.

Instead of lecturing them, Dave lines them up and begins playing his version of pepper with them. Soon the Bangor players are razzing each other, catcalling, trying for circus catches, groaning and bitching when Dave calls an error and

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sends someone to the end of the line. Then, just before Dave is ready to call the workout off and take them over to Neil and Saint for batting practice, Roger Fisher steps out of the line and bends over with his glove against his belly. Dave goes to him at once, his smile becoming an expression of concern. He wants to know if Roger is all right.

"Yes," Roger says. "I just wanted to get this." He bends down a little farther, dark eyes intent, plucks something out of the grass, and hands it to Dave. It is a four-leaf clover.

•

In Little League tournament games, the home team is always decided by a coin toss. Dave has been extremely lucky at winning these, but today he loses, and Bangor West is designated the visiting team. Sometimes even bad luck turns out to be good, though, and this is one of those days. Nick Trzaskos is the reason.

The skills of all the players have improved during their six-week season, but in some cases attitudes have improved as well. Nick started deep on the bench, despite his proven skills as a defensive player and his potential as a hitter; his fear of failure made him unready to play. Little by little, he has begun to trust himself, and now Dave is ready to try starting him. "Nick finally figured out that the other guys weren't going to give him a hard time if he dropped a ball or struck out," St. Pierre says. "For a kid like Nick, that's a big change."

Today, Nick cranks the third pitch of the game to deep center field. It is a hard, rising line drive, over the fence and gone before the center fielder has a chance to turn and look, let alone cruise back and grab it. As Nick Trzaskos rounds second and slows down, breaking into the home-run trot all these boys know so well from TV, the fans behind the backstop are treated to a rare sight: Nick is grinning. As he crosses home plate and his surprised, happy teammates mob him, he actually begins to laugh. As he enters the dugout, Neil claps him on the back, and Dave Mansfield gives him a brief, hard hug.

Nick has also finished what Dave started with his game of pepper: the team is fully awake now, and ready to do some business. Matt Kinney gives up a lead-off single to Carl Gagnon, the pest who began the process of dismantling Stanley Sturgis. Gagnon goes to second on Ryan Stretton's sacrifice, advances to third on a wild pitch, and scores on another wild pitch. It is an almost uncanny repetition of his first at-bat against Belfast. Kinney's control is not great this afternoon, but Gagnon's is the only run the team from Lewiston can manage in the early going. This is unfortunate for them, because Bangor comes up hitting in the top of the second.

Owen King leads off with a deep single; Arthur Dorr follows with another; Mike Arnold reaches when Lewiston's catcher, Jason Auger, picks up Arnold's bunt and throws wild to first base. King scores on the error, putting Bangor West back on top, 2–1. Joe Wilcox, Bangor's catcher, scratches out an infield hit to load the bases. Nick Trzaskos strikes out his second time up, and that brings Ryan Iarrobino to the plate. He struck out his first time up, but not now. He turns Matt Noyes' first pitch into a grand-slam home run, and after an inning and a half the score is Bangor West 6, Lewiston 1.

Up to the sixth, it is an authentic four-leaf-clover day for Bangor West. When Lewiston comes to bat for what the Bangor fans hope will be the last time, they are down by a score of 9–1. The pest, Carlton Gagnon, leads off and reaches on an error. The next batter, Ryan Stretton, also reaches on an error. The Bangor fans, who have been cheering wildly, begin to look a little uneasy. It's hard to choke when you're eight runs ahead, but not impossible. These northern New Englanders are Red Sox fans. They have seen it happen many times.

Bill Paradis makes the jitters worse by singling sharply up the middle. Both Gagnon and Stretton come home. The score is now 9–3, runner on first, nobody out. The Bangor fans shuffle and look at each other uneasily. *It can't really get away from us this late in the game, can it?* their looks ask. The answer is Of course, you bet it can. In Little League, anything can and often does happen.

But not this time. Lewiston scores one more time, and that's it. Noyes, who fanned three times against Sturgis, fans for the third time today, and there is finally one out. Auger, Lewiston's catcher, hits the first pitch hard to the shortstop, Roger Fisher. Roger booted Carl Gagnon's ball earlier in the inning to open the door, but he picks this one up easily and shovels it to Mike Arnold, who feeds it on to Owen King at first. Auger is slow, and King's reach is long. The result is a game-ending 6–4–3 double play. You don't often see around-the-horn d.p.s in the scaled-down world of Little League, where the base paths are only sixty feet long, but Roger found a four-leaf clover today. If you have to chalk it up to anything, it might as well be that. Whatever you chalk it up to, the boys from Bangor have won another one, 9–4.

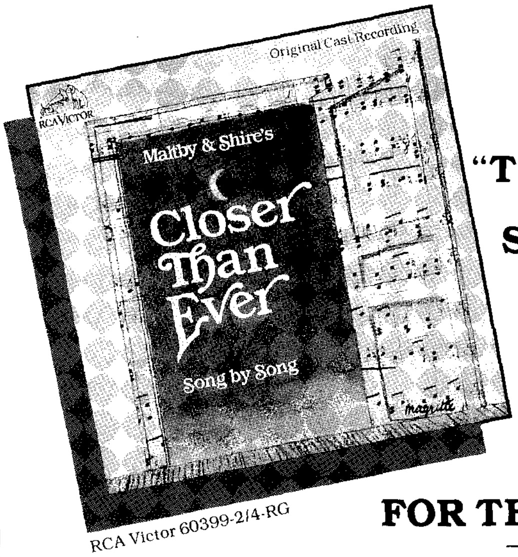
Tomorrow, there are the giants from York.

IT is August 5, 1989, and in the state of Maine only twenty-nine boys are still playing Little League ball—fourteen on the Bangor West squad and fifteen on York's team. The day is an almost exact replica of the day before: hot, foggy, and threatening. The game is scheduled to begin promptly at twelve-thirty, but the skies open once again, and by eleven o'clock it looks as though the game will be—must be—cancelled. The rain comes pouring down in buckets.

Dave, Neil, and Saint are taking no chances, however. None of them liked the flat mood the kids were in when they returned from their impromptu tour of the day before, and they have no intention of allowing a repeat. No one wants to end up counting on a game of pepper or a four-leaf clover today. If there *is* a game—and TV is a powerful motivator, no matter how murky the weather—it will be for all the marbles. The winners go on to Bristol; the losers go home.

So a makeshift cavalcade of vans and station wagons driven by coaches and parents is assembled at the field behind the Coke plant, and the team is ferried the ten miles up to the University of Maine field house, a barnlike indoor facility where Neil and Saint rally them through their paces until the boys are soaked with sweat. Dave has arranged for the York team to use the field house, too, and as the Bangor team exits into the overcast the York team, dressed in their natty blue uniforms, troops in.

The rain is down to isolated dribbles by three o'clock, and the ground crew works frantically to return the field to



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playable shape. Five makeshift TV platforms have been constructed on steel frames around the field. In a nearby parking lot is a huge truck with "MAINE BROADCASTING SYSTEM LIVE REMOTE" painted on the side. Thick bundles of cable, held together with cinches of electrician's tape, lead from the cameras and the temporary announcer's booth back to this truck. One door stands open, and many TV monitors glimmer within.

York hasn't arrived from the field house yet. The Bangor West squad begins throwing outside the left-field fence, mostly to have something to do and keep the jitters at bay; they certainly don't need to warm up after the humid hour they just spent at the university. The camerapersons stand on their towers and watch the ground crew try to get rid of the water.

The outfield is in fair shape, and the skin parts of the infield have been raked and coated with Quick-Dry. The real problem is the area between home plate and the pitcher's mound. This section of the diamond was freshly resodded before the tournament began, and there has been no time for the roots to take hold and provide some natural drainage. The result is a swampy mess in front of home plate—a mess that slops off toward the third-base line.

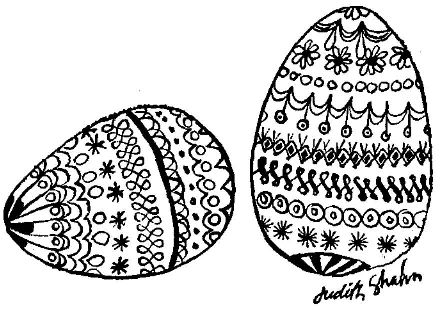
Someone has an idea—an inspiration, as it turns out—that involves actually removing a large section of the wounded infield. While this is being done, a truck arrives from Old Town High School and two industrial-size Rinsenvacs are off-loaded. Five minutes later, the ground crew is literally vacuuming the subsurface of the infield. It works. By three-twenty-five, the groundkeepers are replacing chunks of sod like pieces in a large green jigsaw puzzle. By three-thirty-five, a local music teacher, accompanying herself on an acoustic guitar, is winging her way through a gorgeous rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner." And at three-thirty-seven Bangor West's Roger Fisher, Dave's dark-horse pick to start in place of the absent Mike Pelkey, is warming up. Did Roger's find of the day before have anything to do with Dave's decision to start him instead of King or Arnold? Dave only puts his finger upon the side of his nose and smiles wisely.

At three-forty, the umpire steps in. "Send it down, catcher," he says briskly. Joey does. Mike Arnold makes the sweep tag on the invisible runner, then sends the baseball on its quick journey around the infield. A TV audience that stretches from New Hampshire to the Maritime Provinces of Canada watches as Roger fusses nervously with the sleeves of his green jersey and the gray warmup shirt he wears beneath it. Owen King tosses him the ball from first base. Fisher takes it and holds it against his hip.

"Let's play ball," the umpire invites—an invitation that umpires have been extending to Little League players for fifty years now—and Dan Bouchard, York's catcher and lead-off hitter, steps into the box. Roger goes to the set position and prepares to throw the first pitch of the 1989 State Championship game.

FIVE days earlier: Dave and I take the Bangor West pitching staff up to Old Town. Dave wants them all to know how the mound feels when they come up here to play for real. With Mike Pelkey gone, the staff consists of Matt Kinney (his triumph over Lewiston still four days in the future), Owen King, Roger Fisher, and Mike Arnold. We get off to a late start, and as the four boys take turns throwing, Dave and I sit in the visitors' dugout, watching the boys as the light slowly leaves the summer sky.

On the mound, Matt Kinney is throwing one hard curve after another to J. J. Fiddler. In the home dugout, across the diamond, the three other pitchers, their workouts finished, are sitting on the bench with a few teammates who have come along for the ride. Although the talk comes to me only in snatches, I can tell it's mostly about school—a subject that comes up with greater and greater frequency during the last month of summer vacation. They talk about teachers past and teachers future, passing on the anecdotes that form an important part of their pre-adolescent mythology: the teacher who blew her cool during the last month of the school year because her oldest son was in a car accident; the crazy grammar-school coach (they make him sound like a lethal combination of Jason, Freddy, and Leatherface); the science teacher who supposedly once threw a kid against his locker so hard the kid was knocked out; the home-room teacher who will give you lunch money if you forget, or if you just say you forgot. It is junior-high apocrypha, powerful stuff, and they tell it with great relish as twilight closes in.



Between the two dugouts, the baseball is a white streak as Matt throws it again and again. His rhythm is a kind of hypnosis: Set, wind, and fire. Set, wind, and fire. Set, wind, and fire. J.J.'s mitt cracks with each reception.

"What are they going to take with them?" I ask Dave. "When this is all over, what are they going to take with them? What difference does it make for them, do you think?"

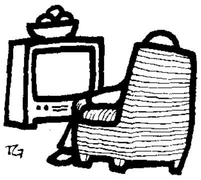
The look on Dave's face is surprised and considering. Then he turns back to look at Matt and smiles. "They're going to take each other," he says.

It is not the answer I have been expecting—far from it. There was an article about Little League in the paper today—one of those think pieces that usually run in the ad-littered wasteland between the obituaries and the horoscopes. This one summarized the findings of a sociologist who spent a season monitoring Little Leaguers, and then followed their progress for a short time thereafter. He wanted to find out if the game did what Little League boosters claim it does—that is, pass on such old-fashioned American values as fair play, hard work, and the virtue of team effort. The fellow who did the study reported that it did, sort of. But he also reported that Little League did little to change the *individual* lives of the players. School troublemakers were still school troublemakers when classes started again in September; good scholars were still good scholars; the class clown (read Fred Moore) who took June and July off to play some serious Little League ball was still the class clown after Labor Day. The sociologist found exceptions; exceptional play sometimes bred exceptional changes. But in the main this fellow found that the boys were about the same coming out as they were going in.

I suppose my confusion at Dave's

answer grows out of my knowledge of him—he is an almost fanatic booster of Little League. I'm sure he must have read the article, and I have been expecting him to refute the sociologist's conclusions, using the question as a springboard. Instead, he has delivered one of the hoariest chestnuts of the sports world.

On the mound, Matt continues to throw to J.J., harder than ever now. He has found that mystic place pitchers call "the groove," and even though this is only an informal practice session to familiarize the boys with the field, he is reluctant to quit.



I ask Dave if he can explain a little more fully, but I do so in a gingerly way, half expecting that I am on the verge of hitting a hitherto unsuspected jackpot of clichés: night owls never fly in the daytime; winners never quit and quitters never win; use it, don't lose it. Maybe even, God save us, a little Hummm, baby.

"Look at them," Dave says, still smiling. Something in that smile suggests he may be reading my mind. "Take a good look."

I do. There are perhaps half a dozen of them on the bench, still laughing and telling junior-high-school war stories. One of them breaks out of the discussion long enough to ask Matt Kinney to throw the curve, and Matt does—one with a particularly nasty break. The boys on the bench all laugh and cheer.

"Look at those two guys," Dave says, pointing. "One of them comes from a good home. The other one, not so good." He tosses some sunflower seeds into his mouth and then indicates another boy. "Or that one. He was born in one of the worst sections of Boston. Do you think he'd know a kid like Matt Kinney or Kevin Rochefort, if it wasn't for Little League? They won't be in the same classes at junior high, wouldn't talk to each other in the halls, wouldn't have the slightest idea the other one was alive."

Matt throws another curve, this one so nasty J.J. can't handle it. It rolls all the way to the backstop, and as J.J. gets up and trots after it the boys on the bench cheer again.

"But this changes all that," Dave says. "These boys have played together and won their district together. Some come from families that are well-to-do, and there's a couple from families as poor as used dishwater, but when they put on the uniform and cross the chalk they leave all that on the other side. Your school grades can't help you between the chalk, or what your parents do, or what they don't do. Between the chalk, what happens is the kids' business. They tend it, too, as well as they can. All the rest—" Dave makes a shooing gesture with one hand. "All left behind. And they know it, too. Just look at them if you don't believe me, because the proof is right there."

I look across the field and see my own kid and one of the boys Dave has mentioned sitting side by side, heads together, talking something over seriously. They look at each other in amazement, then break out laughing.

"They played together," Dave repeats. "They practiced together, day after day, and that's probably even more important than the games. Now they're going into the State Tournament. They've even got a chance to win it. I don't think they will, but that doesn't matter. They're going to be there, and that's enough. Even if Lewiston knocks them out in the first round, that's enough. Because it's something they did together between those chalk lines. They're going to remember that. They're going to remember how that felt."

"Between the chalk," I say, and all at once I get it—the penny drops. Dave Mansfield *believes* this old chestnut. Not only that, he can *afford* to believe it. Such clichés may be hollow in the big leagues, where some player or other tests positive for drugs every week or two and the free agent is God, but this is not the big leagues. This is not even high-school ball. This is where Anita Bryant sings the national anthem over battered P.A. speakers that have been wired to the chain-link behind the dugouts. This is where, instead of paying admission to watch the game, you put something in the hat when it comes around. If you want to, of course. None of these kids are going to spend the off-season playing fantasy baseball in Florida with overweight businessmen, or signing expensive baseball cards at memorabilia shows, or touring the chicken circuit at two thousand bucks a night. When it's all free, Dave's smile suggests, they have to

The small island of Dominica vs. "progress."

A person could embark, exactly like a wine connoisseur, upon a review of the "top notes" and the "finishes" of perfumes, after-shaves, colognes, skin bracers, arriving finally at the not uninteresting subject of pheromones, or human sexual attractants.

Relax. I do not intend to do so.

But I do think that men, for the next 75 years or so, will be less edgy in the presence of "Spice Islands After Shave" than "Calvin Klein's Obsession Perfume for Men."

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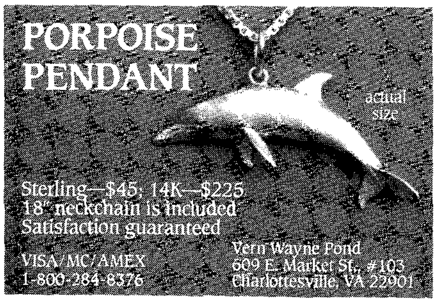

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give the clichés back and let you own them again, fair and square. You are once more allowed to believe in Red Barber, John Tunis, and the Kid from Tomkinsville. Dave Mansfield believes what he is saying about how the boys are equal between the chalk, and he has a right to believe, because he and Neil and Saint have patiently led these kids to a point where *they* believe it. They do believe it; I can see it on their faces as they sit in the dugout on the far side of the diamond. It could be why Dave Mansfield and all the other Dave Mansfields across the country keep on doing this, year after year. It's a free pass. Not back into childhood—it doesn't work that way—but back into the dream.

Dave falls silent for a moment, thinking, bouncing a few sunflower seeds up and down in the palm of his hand.

"It's not about winning or losing," he says finally. "That comes later. It's about how they'll pass each other in the corridor this year, or even down the road in high school, and look at each other, and remember. In a way, they're going to be on the team that won the district in 1989 for a long time." Dave glances across into the shadowy first-base dugout, where Fred Moore is now laughing about something with Mike Arnold. Owen King glances from one to the other, grinning. "It's about knowing who your teammates are. The people you had to depend on, whether you wanted to or not."

He watches the boys as they laugh and joke four days before their tournament is scheduled to begin, then raises his voice and tells Matt to throw four or five more and knock off.

•

NOT all coaches who win the coin toss—as Dave Mansfield does on August 5th, for the sixth time in nine post-season games—elect to be the home team. Some of them (the coach from Brewer, for instance) believe the so-called "home-team advantage" is a complete fiction, especially in a tournament game, where neither team is actually playing on its home field. The argument for being the visitors in a jackpot game runs like this: At the start of such a game, the kids on both teams are nervous. The way to take advantage of those nerves, the reasoning goes, is to bat first and let the defending team commit enough walks, balks, and errors to put you in the driver's seat. If you bat first and score four runs, these theorists conclude, you own the game before it's barely begun. Q.E.D. It's a theory Dave Mansfield has never subscribed to. "I want my lasties," he says, and for him that's the end of it.

Except today is a little different. It is not only a tournament game, it is a *championship* tournament game—a *televised* championship game, in fact. And as Roger Fisher winds and fires his first pitch past everything for ball one, Dave Mansfield's face is that of a man who is fervently hoping he hasn't made a mistake. Roger knows that he is a spot starter—that Mike Pelkey would be out here in his place if Pelkey weren't currently shaking hands with Goofy down in Disney World—but he manages his first-inning jitters as well as one could expect, maybe a little better. He backs off the mound following each return from the catcher, Joe Wilcox, studies the batter, fiddles with his shirtsleeves, and takes all the time he needs. Most important of all, he understands how necessary it is to keep the ball in the lowest quarter of the strike zone. The York lineup is packed with power from top to bottom. If Roger makes a mistake and gets one up in the batter's eyes—especially a batter like Tarbox, who hits as powerfully as he throws—it's going to get lost in a hurry.

He loses the first York batter nevertheless. Bouchard trots down to first, accompanied by the hysterical cheers of the York rooting section. The next batter is Philbrick, the shortstop. He bangs the first pitch back to Fisher. In one of those plays that sometimes decide ballgames, Roger elects to go to second and try to force the lead runner. In most Little League games, this turns out to be a bad idea. Either the pitcher throws wild into center field, allowing the lead runner to get to third, or he discovers that his shortstop has not moved over to cover second and the bag is undefended. Today, however, it works. St. Pierre has drilled these boys well on their defensive positions. Matt Kinney, today's shortstop, is right where he's supposed to be. So is Roger's throw. Philbrick reaches first on a fielder's choice, but Bouchard is out. This time, it is the Bangor West fans who roar out their approval.

The play settles most of Bangor West's jitters and gives Roger Fisher some badly needed confidence. Phil

Tarbox, York's most consistent hitter as well as their ace pitcher, strikes out on a pitch low and out of the strike zone. "Get him next time, Phil!" a York player calls from the bench. "You're just not used to pitching this slow!"

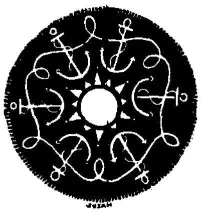
But speed is not the problem the York batters are having with Roger; it's location. Ron St. Pierre has preached the gospel of the low pitch all season long, and Roger Fisher—Fish, the boys call him—has been a quiet but extremely attentive student during Saint's ballyard seminars. Dave's decisions to pitch Roger and bat last look pretty good as Bangor comes in to bat in the bottom of the first. I see several of the boys touch Mo, the little plastic sandal, as they enter the dugout.

•

Confidence—of the team, of the fans, of the coaches—is a quality that can be measured in different ways, but, whatever yardstick you choose, York comes out on the long side. The hometown cheering section has hung a sign on the lower posts of the scoreboard. "YORK IS BRISTOL BOUND," this exuberant Fan-O-Gram reads. And there is the matter of those District 4 pins, all made up and ready for trading. But the clearest indicator of the deep confidence York's coach has in his players is revealed in his starting pitcher. All the other clubs, including Bangor West, pitched their No. 1 starter in their first game, bearing an old playoff axiom in mind: if you don't get a date, you can't dance at the prom. If you can't win your prelim, you don't have to worry about the final. Only the coach from York ran counter to this wisdom, and pitched his No. 2 starter, Ryan Fernald, in the first game, against Yarmouth. He got away with it—by a whisker—as his team outlasted Yarmouth, 9–8. That was a close shave, but today should be the payoff. He has saved Phil Tarbox for the final, and while Tarbox may not be technically as good as Stanley Sturgis he's got something going for him that Sturgis did not. Phil Tarbox is *scary*.

Nolan Ryan, probably the greatest fastball pitcher ever to play the game of baseball, likes to tell a story about a Babe Ruth League tournament game he pitched in. He hit the opposing team's lead-off batter in the arm, breaking it. He hit the second batter in the head, splitting the boy's helmet in two and knocking him out for a few moments. While this second boy was being attended to, the No. 3 batter, ashen-faced and trembling, went up to his coach and begged the man not to make him hit. "And I didn't blame him," Ryan adds.

Tarbox is no Nolan Ryan, but he throws hard and he is aware that intimidation is the pitcher's secret weapon. Sturgis also threw hard, but he kept the ball low and outside. Sturgis was polite. Tarbox likes to work high and tight. Bangor West has got to where they are today by swinging the bat. If Tarbox can intimidate them, he will take the bats out of their hands, and if he does that Bangor is finished.



Nick Trzaskos doesn't come anywhere near a lead-off home run today. Tarbox strikes him out with an intimate fastball that has Nick ducking out of the box. Nick looks around unbelievingly at the home-plate umpire and opens his mouth to protest. "Don't say a word, Nick!" Dave blares from the dugout. "Just hustle back in there!" Nick does, but his face has resumed its former narrow look. Once inside the dugout, he slings his batting helmet disgustedly under the bench.

Tarbox will try to work everyone but Ryan Iarrobino high and tight today. Word on Iarrobino has got around, and not even Phil Tarbox, confident as he appears to be, will challenge him. He works Ryan low and outside, finally walking him. He also walks Matt Kinney, who follows Ryan, but now he is high and tight again. Matt has superb reflexes, and he needs them to avoid being hit, and hit hard. By the time he is awarded first base, Iarrobino is already at second, courtesy of a wild pitch that came within inches of Matt's face. Then Tarbox settles down a little, striking out Kevin Rochefort and Roger Fisher to end the first inning.

Roger Fisher continues to work slowly and methodically, fiddling with his sleeves between pitches, glancing around at his infield, occasionally even checking the sky, possibly for U.F.O.s. With two on and one out, Estes, who reached on a walk, breaks for third on a pitch that bounces out of Joe Wilcox's glove and lands at his feet. Joe recovers quickly and guns the ball down to Kevin Rochefort at third. The ball is waiting for Estes when he arrives, and he trots back to the dugout. Two out; Fernald has gone to second on the play.

Wyatt, York's No. 8 hitter, dribbles one up the right side of the infield. The ball's progress is slowed further by the soggy condition of the ground. Fisher goes for the ball. So does King, the first baseman. Roger grabs it, then slips on the wet grass and *crawls* for the bag, ball in hand. Wyatt beats him easily. Fernald comes all the way home on the play to score the first run of the game.

If Roger is going to crack, one would expect it to happen right here. He checks his infield, and examines the ball. He appears ready to pitch, and then steps off the rubber. His sleeves, it seems, are not quite to his liking after all. He takes his time fixing them while Matt Francke, the York batter, grows old and moldy in the batter's box. By the time Fisher finally gets around to throwing, he all but owns Francke, who hits an easy hopper to Kevin Rochefort at third. Rochefort throws on to Matt Kinney, forcing Wyatt. Still, York has drawn first blood, and leads, 1–0, at the end of an inning and a half.

•

Bangor West doesn't put any runs on the board in the second inning, either, but they score against Phil Tarbox just the same. The rangy York pitcher trotted off the mound with his head up at the end of the first inning. Going in after pitching the second, he trudges with his head down, and some of his teammates glance at him uneasily.

Owen King, who bats first in Bangor's half of the second, isn't intimidated by Tarbox, but he is a big boy, much slower than Matt Kinney. After running the count full, Tarbox tries to jam him inside. The fastball runs up and in—too much of both. King is hit hard in the armpit. He falls to the ground, clutching the hurt place, too stunned to cry at first, but obviously in pain. Eventually, the tears *do* come—not a lot of them, but real tears, for all that. At six feet two and over two hundred pounds, he's as big as a man, but he's still only twelve, and not used to being hit by seventy-mile-an-hour inside fastballs. Tarbox immediately rushes off the mound toward him, his face a mask of concern and contrition. The umpire, already bending over the downed player, waves him off impatiently. The on-duty paramedic who hurries out doesn't even give Tarbox a second look. The fans do, however. The fans are giving him all kinds of second looks.

"Take him out before he hits someone else!" one yells.

"Pull him before someone *really* gets hurt!" another adds, as if being hit in the rib cage by a fastball weren't really getting hurt.

"Warn 'im, ump!" a third voice chimes in. "That was a deliberate brushback! Warn 'im what happens if he does it again!"

Tarbox glances toward the fans, and for a moment this boy, who has formerly radiated a kind of serene confidence, looks very young and very uncertain. He looks, in fact, the way Stanley Sturgis did as the Belfast-Lewiston game neared its conclusion. As he goes back to the mound, he slams the ball into his glove in frustration.

King, meanwhile, has been helped to his feet. After making it clear to Neil Waterman, the paramedic, and the umpire that he wants to stay in the game and is capable of doing so, he trots down to first base. Both sets of fans give him a solid round of applause.

Phil Tarbox, who, of course, had no intention of hitting the lead-off batter in a one-run game, immediately shows how shaken he is by grooving one right down the middle to Arthur Dorr. Arthur, the second-smallest boy in Bangor West's starting lineup, accepts this unexpected but welcome gift by driving it deep to right center.

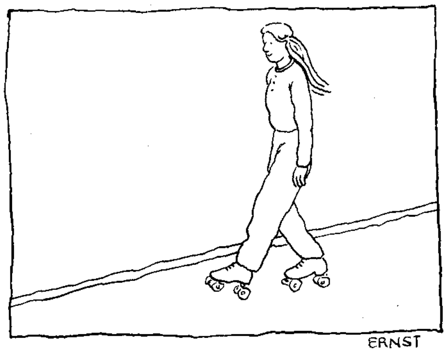
King is off at the crack of the bat. He rounds third, knowing he can't score but hoping to draw the throw that will assure Arthur of second base, and, as he does, the wet conditions become a factor. The third-base side of the diamond is still damp. When King tries to put on the brakes, his feet go out from under him and he lands on his ass. The relay has come in to Tarbox, and Tarbox will not risk a throw; he charges King, who is making feeble efforts to regain his feet. At the end, Bangor's biggest player just raises his arms in an eloquent, touching gesture: *I surrender*. Thanks to the slippery conditions, Tarbox now has a runner on second with one out instead of runners on second and third with none out. It is a big difference, and Tarbox displays his renewed confidence by striking out Mike Arnold.

Then, on his third pitch to Joe Wilcox, the next batter, he hits him smack in the elbow. This time, the cries of outrage from the Bangor West fans are louder, and tinged with threat. Several of them direct their ire at the home-plate umpire, demanding that Tarbox be taken out. The ump, who understands this situation completely, does not bother even to warn Tarbox. The stricken look on the boy's face as Wilcox jogs shakily down to first undoubtedly tells him it isn't necessary. But York's manager has to come out and settle the pitcher down—to point out the obvious: *You have two outs and first base was open anyway. There's no problem.*

But for Tarbox there *is* a problem. He has hit two boys this inning—hit both of them hard enough to make them cry. If that weren't a problem, he would need a mental examination.

•

York puts together three singles to score two runs in the top of the third, opening up a 3–0 lead. If these runs, both solidly earned, had come in the top of the first, Bangor would have been in serious trouble, but when the players come in for their raps they look eager and excited. There is no feeling among them that the game is lost, no whiff of failure.



Ryan Iarrobino is Bangor's first batter in the bottom of the third, and Tarbox works him carefully—too carefully. He has begun to aim the ball, and the result is fairly predictable. With the count at 1–2, he plinks Iarrobino on the shoulder. Iarrobino turns and pounds his bat once on the ground—whether in pain, frustration, or anger is impossible to tell. Most probably, it is all three. Reading the mood of the crowd is much easier. The Bangor fans are on their feet, yelling angrily at Tarbox and at the ump. On the York side, the fans are silent and bewildered; it is not the game they were expecting. As Ryan trots down to first, he glances over at Tarbox. It is brief, that glance, but it seems clear enough: *That's the third time, you. Make it the last time.*

Tarbox confers briefly with his coach, then faces Matt Kinney. His confidence is in shambles, and his first pitch to Matt—a wild one—suggests that he wants to continue pitching this game about as much as a cat wants a bubble bath. Iarrobino beats York catcher Dan Bouchard's throw to second easily. Tarbox walks Kinney. The next batter is Kevin Rochefort. After two failed bunt attempts, Roach settles back and allows Phil Tarbox the chance to dig his hole a little deeper. He does, walking Kevin after having him 1–1. Tarbox has now thrown more than sixty pitches in less than three innings.

Roger Fisher also goes 3–2 with Tarbox, who is now relying almost exclusively on soft breaking stuff; he seems to have decided that if he does hit another batter he will not hit him hard. There is no place to put Fish; the bases are jammed. Tarbox knows it and takes a calculated risk, grooving an-

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What you bring is the same as what you leave behind,
Your last belonging a list of your belongings.

—Michael Longley

• •

other one, believing Fish will lay off in the hope of a walk. Roger snaps hungrily at it instead, bouncing one between first and second for a base hit. Iarrobino trots home with Bangor's first run.

Owen King, the player who was at bat when Phil Tarbox started to self-destruct, is the next batter. The York coach, suspecting his ace will work even less successfully to King this time, has seen enough. Matt Francke comes in to relieve, and Tarbox becomes York's catcher. As he squats behind the plate to warm Francke up, he looks both resigned and relieved. Francke doesn't hit anyone, but he is unable to stop the bleeding. At the end of three innings, Bangor West has only two hits, but they lead York, 5–3.

•

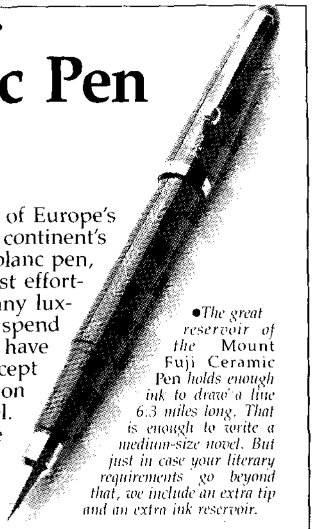
It is now the fifth inning. The air is full of gray moisture, and the "YORK IS BRISTOL BOUND" banner tacked to the scoreboard uprights has begun to sag. The fans look a little saggy themselves, and increasingly uneasy. *Is* York Bristol bound? *Well, we're SUPPOSED to be*, their faces say, *but it's the fifth inning now, and we're still two runs behind. My God, how did it get so late so early?*

Roger Fisher continues to cruise, and in the bottom of the fifth Bangor West puts what appears to be the final nails in York's coffin. Mike Arnold leads off with a single. Joe Wilcox sacrifices pinch-runner Fred Moore to second, and Iarrobino doubles off Francke, scoring Moore. This brings Matt Kinney to the plate. After a passed ball advances Ryan to third, Kinney hits an easy grounder to short, but it squirts off the infielder's glove and Iarrobino trots home.

Bangor West takes the field jubilantly, owning a 7–3 lead and only needing three more outs.

•

When Roger Fisher takes the mound to face York in the top of the sixth, he has thrown ninety-seven pitches, and he's a tired boy. He shows it at once by walking pinch-hitter Tim Pollack on a full count. Dave and Neil have seen enough. Fisher goes to second base, and Mike Arnold, who has been warming up between innings, takes over on the mound. He is ordinarily a good reliever, but it's not his day. Tension, maybe, or maybe it's just



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that the damp dirt of the mound has caused a change in his normal motion. He gets Francke to fly out, but then Bouchard walks, Philbrick doubles and Pollack, the runner charged to Fish, scores, and Bouchard is held up at third; by itself, Pollack's run means nothing. The important thing is that York now has runners on second and third, and the potential tying run is coming to the plate. The potential tying run is someone with a very personal interest in getting a hit, because he is the main reason York is only two outs away from extinction. The potential tying run is Phil Tarbox.

Mike works the count to 1–1, and then throws a fastball right down the middle of the plate. In the Bangor West dugout, Dave Mansfield winces and raises one hand toward his forehead in a warding-off gesture even as Tarbox begins his swing. There is the hard sound of Tarbox accomplishing that most difficult of baseball feats: using the round bat to hit the round ball squarely on the button.

Ryan Iarrobino takes off the instant Tarbox connects, but he runs out of room much too early. The ball clears the fence by twenty feet, bangs off a TV camera, and bounces back onto the field. Ryan looks at it disconsolately as the York fans go mad, and the entire York team boils out of the dugout to greet Tarbox, who has hit a three-run homer and redeemed himself in spectacular fashion. He does not step on home plate but *jumps* on it. His face wears an expression of near-beatific satisfaction. He is mobbed by his ecstatic teammates; on his way back to the dugout, his feet are barely allowed to touch the ground.

The Bangor fans sit in silence, utterly stunned by this awful reversal. Yesterday, against Lewiston, Bangor flirted with disaster; today they have swooned in its arms. Mo has changed sides again, and the fans are clearly afraid that this time it has changed for good. Mike Arnold confers with Dave and Neil. They are telling him to go on back and pitch hard, that the game is only tied, not lost, but Mike is clearly a dejected, unhappy boy.

The next batter, Hutchins, hits an easy two-hopper to Matt Kinney, but Arnold is not the only one who is shaken; the usually dependable Kinney boots the ball, and Hutchins is on. Andy Estes pops out to Rochefort at third, but Hutchins advances to second on a passed ball. King grabs Matt Hoyt's pop-up for the third out, and Bangor West is out of trouble.

The team has a chance to put it away in the bottom of the sixth, except that doesn't quite happen, either. They go one-two-three against Matt Francke, and all at once Bangor West is in its first extra-innings game of post-season play, tied 7–7 with York.

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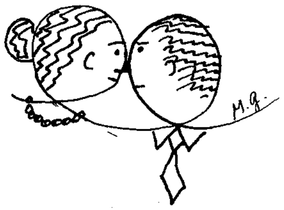


During the game against Lewiston, the muddy weather eventually unravelled. Not today. As Bangor West takes the field in the top of the seventh, the skies grow steadily darker. It's now approaching six o'clock, and even under these conditions the field should still be clear and fairly bright, but fog has begun to creep in. Watching a videotape of the game would make someone who wasn't there believe something was wrong with the TV cameras; everything looks listless, dull, underexposed. Shirtsleeve fans in the center-field bleachers are becoming disembodied heads and hands; in the outfield, Trzaskos, Iarrobino, and Arthur Dorr are discernible chiefly by their shirts.

Just before Mike throws the first pitch of the seventh, Neil elbows Dave and points out to right field. Dave immediately calls time and trots out to see what's the matter with Arthur Dorr, who is standing bent over, with his head almost between his knees.

Arthur looks up at Dave with some surprise as he approaches. "I'm O.K.," he says in answer to the unspoken question.

"Then what in hell are you doing?" Dave asks.

"Looking for four-leaf clovers," Arthur responds.

Dave is too flabbergasted—or too amused—to lecture the boy. He simply tells Arthur it might be more appropriate to look for them after the game is over.

Arthur glances around at the creeping fog before looking back at Dave. "I think by then it's gonna be too dark," he says.

With Arthur set to rights, the game can continue, and Mike Arnold does a creditable job—possibly because he's facing the substitute-riddled bottom of York's order. York does not score, and Bangor comes up in the bottom of the seventh with another chance to win it.

They come close to doing just that. With the bases loaded and two out, Roger Fisher hits one hard up the first-base line. Matt Hoyt is right there to pounce on it, however, and the teams change sides again.

Philbrick flies out to Nick Trzaskos to open the eighth, and then Phil Tarbox steps in. Tarbox is not finished working Bangor West over yet. He has regained his confidence; his face is utterly serene as he takes Mike's first pitch for a called strike. He swings at the next one, a pretty decent changeup that bounces off Joe Wilcox's shin guard. He steps out of the box, squats with the bat between his knees, and concentrates. This is a Zen technique the York coach has taught these boys—Francke has done it several times on the mound while in tight spots—and it works for Tarbox this time, along with a little help from Mike Arnold.

Arnold's final pitch to Tarbox is a hanging curve up in the batter's eyes, exactly where Dave and Neil hoped no pitch would be today, and Tarbox creams it. It goes deep to left center, high over the fence. There is no camera stanchion to stop this one; it ends up in the woods, and the York fans are on their feet again, chanting "Phil-Phil-Phil" as Tarbox circles third, comes down the line, and jumps high in the air. He doesn't just jump on home plate; he *spikes* it.

Nor, it seems at first, will that be all. Hutchins bangs a single up the middle and gets second on an error. Estes follows this by hitting one to third, and Rochefort throws badly to second. Luckily, Roger Fisher is backed up by Arthur Dorr, saving a second run, but now York has guys at first and second with only one out.

Dave calls Owen King in to pitch, and Mike Arnold moves over to first. Following a wild pitch that moves the runners up to second and third, Matt Hoyt bangs one on the ground to Kevin Rochefort. In the game that Bangor West lost to Hampden, Casey Kinney was able to come back and make the play after committing an error. Rochefort does it today, and in spades. He comes up with the ball, then holds it for a moment, making sure Hutchins isn't going to break for the plate. *Then* he throws across the diamond to Mike, getting the slow-running Matt Hoyt by two steps. Considering the wringer these boys have been through, it is an incredibly canny piece of baseball. Bangor West has recovered itself, and King works Ryan Fernald—who hit a three-run homer against Yarmouth—perfectly, nipping at the corners, using his weirdly effective sidearm delivery to supplement the over-the-top fastball. Fernald pops weakly to first, and the inning is over. At the end of seven and a half, York leads Bangor, 8–7. Six of York's R.B.I.s belong to Philip Tarbox.

•

Matt Francke, York's pitcher, is as tired as Fisher was when Dave finally elected to replace him with Mike Arnold. The difference is that Dave *had* a Mike Arnold and, behind Mike, an Owen King. The York coach has no one; he used Ryan Fernald against Yarmouth, making him ineligible to pitch today, and now it's Francke forever.

He starts off the eighth well enough, striking out King. Arthur Dorr comes up next, one for four on the day (a double off Tarbox). Francke, obviously struggling now but just as obviously determined to finish this game, goes full with Arthur, then serves one up that's way outside. Arthur trots down to first.

Mike Arnold comes up next. It wasn't his day on the mound, but he does well this time at the plate, laying down a perfect bunt. The intent is not to sacrifice; Mike is bunting for the base hit, and almost gets it. But the ball will not quite die in that soggy patch between home and the pitcher's mound. Francke snatches it, glances toward second, and then elects to go to first. Now there are two men out with a runner at second. Bangor West is an out away from the end.

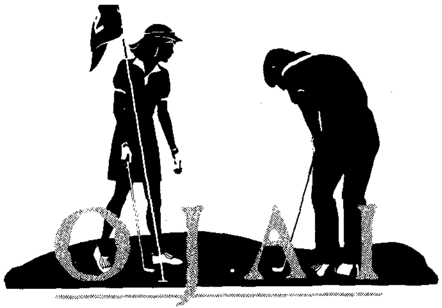
Joe Wilcox, the catcher, is up next. With the count 2–1, he hits a chalk-hugger up the first-base line. Matt Hoyt grabs it, but just an instant too late; he takes the ball less than half a foot into foul territory, and the first-base umpire is right there to call it. Hoyt, who has been ready to charge the mound and embrace Matt Francke, instead returns the ball.

Now the count on Joey is 2–2. Francke steps off the rubber, stares straight up into the sky, and concentrates. Then he steps back on and delivers one high and out of the strike zone. Joey goes for it anyway, not even looking, swinging in self-defense. The bat makes contact with the ball—pure luck—and it bounces foul. Francke does the concentration bit again, then throws—just outside. Ball three.

Now comes what may be the pitch of the game. It *appears* to be a high strike, a game-ending strike, but the umpire calls ball four. Joe Wilcox trots down to first base with a faint expression of disbelief on his face. It is only later, watching the slow-motion replay on the TV tape of the game, that one can see how right—and how good—the umpire's call was. Joe Wilcox, so anxious that he is pinwheeling the bat in his hands like a golf club right up to the moment of the pitch, rises on his tiptoes as the ball approaches, and this is the reason it appears to be letter-high to him as it crosses the plate. The umpire, who never moves, discounts all of Joe's nervous tics and makes a major-league call. The rules say you cannot shrink the strike zone by crouching; by the same token, you cannot expand it by stretching. If Joe hadn't gone up on his toes, Francke's pitch would have been throat-high instead of letter-high. So, instead of becoming the third out and ending the game, Joe becomes another base runner.

One of the TV cameras was trained on York's Matt Francke as he made the pitch, and it caught a remarkable image. A video replay shows Francke light up as the ball breaks downward just a moment too late to earn the strike. His pitching hand comes up in a victorious fisted salute. At this moment, he begins to move to his right, toward the York dugout, and the umpire blocks him out. When he returns to view a second later, his expression has become one of unhappiness and incredulity. He does not argue with the call—these kids are taught not to do that in their regular seasons, and to never, never, *never* do it in a championship situation—but as he prepares to work to the next batter Francke appears to be crying.

Bangor West is still alive, and as Nick Trzaskos approaches the plate they come to their feet and begin to yell. Nick is obviously hoping for a free ride, and he gets one. Francke walks him on five pitches. It is the eleventh walk given up by York pitching today. Nick trots down to first, loading the



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bases, and Ryan Iarrobino steps in. Again and again, it has been Ryan Iarrobino in these situations, and now it is Ryan once more. The Bangor West fans are on their feet, screaming. The Bangor players crowd the dugout, fingers hooked through the mesh, watching anxiously.

"I can't believe it," one of the TV commentators says. "I can't believe the script of this game."

His partner chips in, "Well, I'll tell you what. Either way, this is how both teams would want the game to end."

As he speaks, the camera offers its own ghastly counterpoint to the comment by focussing on the stricken face of Matt Francke. The image strongly suggests that this is the *last* thing the York lefty wanted. Why would he? Iarrobino has doubled twice, walked twice, and been hit by a pitch. York hasn't retired him a single time. Francke throws high and outside, then low. These are his hundred-and-thirty-fifth and hundred-and-thirty-sixth pitches. The boy is exhausted. Chuck Bittner, the York manager, calls him over for a brief conference. Iarrobino waits for the conference to end, then steps in again.

Matt Francke concentrates, head back and eyes closed; he looks like a baby bird waiting to be fed. Then he winds up and throws the last pitch of the Maine Little League season.

Iarrobino has not been watching the concentration bit. His head is down; he is only watching to see how Francke will come, and his eyes never leave the ball. It is a fastball, low and tailing toward the outside corner of the plate. Ryan Iarrobino dips a little. The head of the bat whips around. He catches all of this one, really cranks it, and as the ball flies out of the park to deep right-center field his arms shoot up over his head and he begins to tap-dance deliriously down the first-base line.

On the mound, Matt Francke, who was twice within inches of winning his game, lowers his head, not wanting to look. And as Ryan rounds second and starts back toward home he seems to finally understand what he has done, and at that point he begins to weep.

•

The fans are in hysterics; the sports commentators are in hysterics; even Dave and Neil seem close to hysterics as they block the plate, making room for Ryan to touch it. Rounding third, he passes the umpire there, who is still twirling one magisterial finger in the gray air, signalling home run.

Behind the plate, Phil Tarbox takes off his mask and walks away from the celebration. He stamps his foot once, his face clenched with deep frustration. He walks off-camera and out of Little League for good. He will play Babe Ruth ball next year, and probably he will play it well, but there will be no more games like this for Tarbox—or for any of these boys. This one is, as they say, in the books.

Ryan Iarrobino, laughing, crying, holding his helmet on his head with one hand and pointing straight up to the gray sky with the other, leaps high, comes down on home plate, and then leaps again, straight into the arms of his teammates, who bear him away in triumph. The game is over; Bangor West has won, 11–8. They are Maine's 1989 Little League Champions.

I look toward the fence on the first-base side and see a remarkable sight: a forest of waving hands. The parents of the players have crowded against the chain-link, and are reaching across the top to touch their sons. Many of the parents are also in tears. The boys all wear identical expressions of happy disbelief, and all these hands—hundreds of them, it seems—wave toward them, wanting to touch, wanting to congratulate, wanting to hug, wanting to *feel*.

The boys ignore them. Later, there will be touches and hugs. First, however, there is business to take care of. They line up and slap hands with the boys from York, crossing at home plate in the ritual manner. Most of the boys on both teams are crying now, some so hard they can barely walk.

Then, in the instant before the Bangor boys go to the fence, where all those hands are still waving, they surround their coaches and pummel them and each other in joyful triumph. They have held on to win their tournament—Ryan and Matt, Owen and Arthur, Mike and Roger Fisher, finder of four-leaf clovers. At this moment they are cheering each other, and everything else will just have to wait. Then they break for the fence, going toward their

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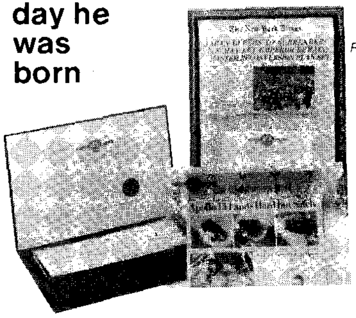

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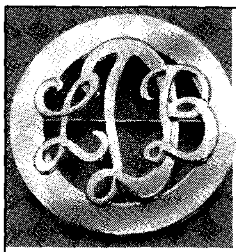

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crying, cheering, laughing parents, and the world begins to turn in its ordinary course once again.

"HOW long are we gonna keep on playing, Coach?" J. J. Fiddler asked Neil Waterman after Bangor clinched the division against Machias.

"J.J.," Neil replied, "we're gonna play until someone makes us stop."

The team that finally made Bangor West stop was Westfield, Massachusetts. Bangor West played them in the second round of the Eastern Regional Little League Championship, at Bristol, Connecticut, on August 15, 1989. Matt Kinney pitched for Bangor West and threw the best game of his life, striking out nine, walking five (one intentional), and giving up only three hits. Bangor West, however, got only one hit off Westfield pitcher Tim Laurita, and that one belonged, predictably enough, to Ryan Iarrobino. The final score was 2–1, Westfield. Credit Bangor's one R.B.I. in the game to King, on a bases-loaded walk. Credit the game-winning R.B.I. to Laurita, also on a bases-loaded walk. It was a hell of a game, a purist's game, but it couldn't match the one against York.

In the pro world, it was a bad year for baseball. A future Hall of Famer was banned from the sport for life; a retired pitcher shot his wife and then took his own life; the commissioner suffered a fatal heart attack; the first World Series game to be played at Candlestick Park in over twenty years was postponed when an earthquake shook Northern California. But the majors are only a small part of what baseball is about. In other places and in other leagues—Little League, for instance, where there are no free agents, no salaries, and no gate admissions—it was a pretty fine year. The Eastern Regional Tournament winner was Trumbull, Connecticut. On August 26, 1989, Trumbull beat Taiwan to win the Little League World Series. It was the first time an American team had won the Williamsport World Series since 1983, and the first time in fourteen years that the winner had come from the region in which Bangor West plays.

In September, the Maine division of the United States Baseball Federation voted Dave Mansfield amateur coach of the year.

—STEPHEN KING

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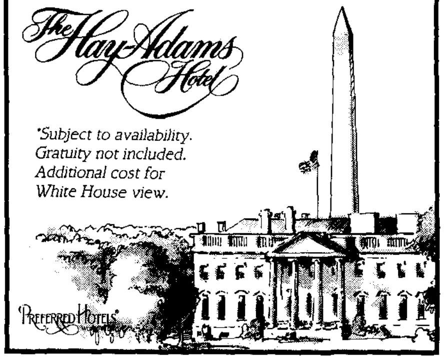

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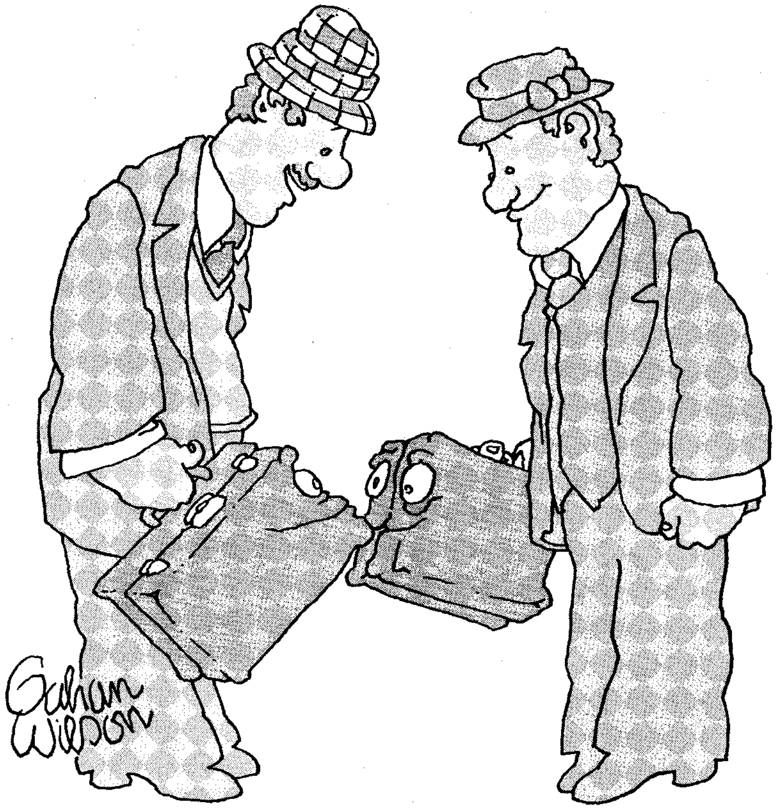
MUSICAL EVENTS

Opera for the Eyes

AT the Met this season, five productions by Franco Zeffirelli have been on display: “Otello,” “Bohème,” “Turandot,” “Traviata,” and “Don Giovanni.” “Falstaff,” “Cavalleria Rusticana” and “Pagliacci,” and “Tosca” are other Zeffirelli shows that the company has played often. Several of them have been, as the program book puts it, “made possible by a generous and deeply appreciated gift from Mrs. Donald D. Harrington,” for whom the Met auditorium is now named. The latest Zeffirelli production, “Don Giovanni,” arrived last month; “Falstaff,” the earliest, dates from 1964. Next season, four of them will be revived: “Bohème,” “Tosca,” “Traviata,” and “Don Giovanni.”

Zeffirelli came to the Met after a decade of achievement elsewhere. Born in 1923, he made his operatic début in 1953, designing “L’Italiana” at La Scala; the following year he both designed and directed a Scala “Cenerentola.” His first American work was a 1958 Dallas “Traviata,” with Maria Callas. Over the decades, his manner has changed, and so—even more—have current modes of international operatic representation, with which Zeffirelli’s work now has little in common. He began as a star of the *riesumazione* movement, of which the Scala 1957 “Anna Bolena”—Callas its heroine, Luchino Visconti the director—was a high example: the “exhumation” of once famous but almost forgotten operas achieved by a mingling of nineteenth-century conventions and modern perceptions. In this vein, at Covent Garden in 1959, Zeffirelli staged a “Lucia di Lammermoor”—Joan Sutherland its heroine, Tullio Serafin the conductor—which reëstablished in critical favor a piece that a quarter century earlier had been laughed off the Covent Garden boards after one performance. Zeffirelli then, like Visconti, turned to the “renewal” of the standard repertory by means of elaborate, imaginative, lavish, and carefully rehearsed stagings. In 1963 he mounted at La Scala a bewitchingly beautiful “Bohème”—Mirella Freni its heroine, Herbert von Karajan the conductor—which suggested animated Courbets, magically lit, with the focus of attention always on the figures. When I recall Zeffirelli productions of twenty and thirty years ago, I remember not just the scenes but also the singers—others were Jon Vickers as Canio, and Callas as Norma—and the music. But in Zeffirelli’s later work the scenery began to swamp all: the operas have been conceived in terms of stage pictures, not of singers enacting a drama amid apt and emotionally potent décor. The interpretative statements are made by the director-designer, not the performers.

The 1981 Met “Bohème,” unlike La Scala’s, pushed the Bohemians’ attic far upstage, beyond a rooftop vista. (The production works on television, as cameras restore the closeness missing in the house.) Back in 1964, there was already a Covent Garden “Tosca,” directed by Zeffirelli although designed by Renzo Mongiardino, in which Scarpia’s towering fireplace drew attention from Scarpia and Tosca—or did so once the first cast, Tito Gobbi and Callas, had yielded to performers theatrically less arresting. In the 1985 Met “Tosca,” two spectacular scene changes form the main dramatic matter of Act III. The 1987 Met “Turandot” I remember scenically, as a glittering show in which the elaboration of the production inhibited the principals—I forget who they were—from performing in any way that made one care about them. Amid a cast of hundreds, Turandot picked her way across gangplanks to a central island, careful the while not to be toppled by her headdress and a voluminous trick costume containing long furled streamers that people later drew from her. These Zeffirelli stage pictures have been striking, and not stupid. They have made manifest some interesting thoughts about the operas. But, often opulent and ostentatious to the point of vulgarity, they have slighted the performers, who, as Wagner insisted, “play the essential artistic part in the theatre.” As a scenic artist, Zeffirelli has been more eclectic than creative. A Sicilian postcard suggested his realistic scene for “Cavalleria.” His “Elisir d’Amore,” at Glyndebourne in 1961, reproduced a set of Alessandro Sanquirico’s for the première of the opera, in 1832. Much of the new “Don Giovanni” will look familiar to anyone who has paged through histories of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century scenic design. But there has been creativity in Zeffirelli’s selection, combination, and compilation of borrowed images to match his



“I think mine likes yours, too!”

purposes, and theatrical bravura in their large-scale execution.

"Don Giovanni" is an opera that Zeffirelli has tackled often. At Covent Garden in 1962, he staged a heavily handsome Baroque version adumbrating his later style in that it made the singers—they included Cesare Siepi, Sena Jurinac, and Freni—and their drama seem less important than the scenery. The new Met production is also handsome, but it is even heavier. There are three different scenes during the overture alone: a seventeenth-century cloudscape, a bare Drottningholm interior writ large, and the giant gilded grilles and columns that guard the Commendatore's palace. The stage floor starts with three wide steps, at the footlights, which push the main acting area upstage, away from the audience. Occasionally, people come down onto the steps, and then they project more tellingly. The late John Dexter's Met work was of mixed merit, but, especially in his productions of "Entführung" and "Lulu," he strove to mitigate the vastness of the place by bringing action forward—even, with jutting stage floors, out into the house itself. Zeffirelli favors framed distant views. His "Giovanni" sets are technically skillful. Based on Baroque devices of sliding wings and dropped-in skypieces, they shift, during dimouts, fairly quickly, if not altogether without drama-deadening waits. And they win much applause, even while Mozart's music is sounding.

James Levine, who conducted, is a heavyweight Mozartian. In that respect the staging and the musical execution were matched. He seems to me to become increasingly untheatrical: less and less concerned with the dramatic content of an opera and what it may mean; satisfied to secure rich, full, thick orchestral playing; readier to drive on with a kind of unspecific, lumbering energy than to listen to the singers of a particular performance and lightly, alertly second what they are feeling and expressing. The first-night cast was a distinguished assembly. Samuel Ramey, the Giovanni, was in splendid voice; dramatically, he was a trim, posturing cipher, seeming to rely on his figure and his abundant, elaborately coiffed hair to suggest character. Carol Vaness, the Anna, was in poor voice. Karita Mattila, making her Met début, as Elvira, was all over the place but was touching at times. Dawn Upshaw, the Zerlina, is a fine-grained artist wasting her time and talents at the Met, a house too big to do her justice. Ferruccio Furlanetto, the Leporello, was vocally uncouth but had a spirited command of the libretto. (At some later performances, he and Mr. Ramey swap roles.) Jerry Hadley, the Ottavio, did not have the coloratura to justify the inclusion of "Il mio tesoro." (The text played was a conflation of the Prague and the Vienna scores.) Kurt Moll, the Commendatore, seemed neither here nor there. In the finale he had to compete with a larger-than-life representation of himself: *two* statues accepted the Don's invitation to dinner. Only Julien Robbins, the Masetto, created a consistently lively, believable person. I would not be writing so unappreciatively about these famous singers—a "Giovanni" cast picked from the world's most eminent—had the drama been engaging. It was not. The characters hardly reacted one to another. Mozart's most passionate opera was at once scenically enlarged and emotionally reduced to a fine visual but—except from Mr. Ramey—vocally uneven display. As a dramatic adventure, the imposing million-dollar "Don Giovanni" was worth little.

MANY years before "Don Giovanni"—in 1774, when he was eighteen—Mozart composed an opera in which he imbued a buffo libretto with dark, deep feelings. This was "La Finta Giardiniera," performances of which have now become quite common. In recent years it has been done at the Juilliard, in Rochester, by the Berkshire Opera, at the Mostly Mozart festival, and in St. Louis; and in Europe there have been many more productions. The opera seems poised to follow "Idomeneo" and "La Clemenza di Tito" into the international repertory. One of the most celebrated productions was that of the Brussels Opera. Staged four years ago, it has been taken on tour to and acclaimed in Vienna, Salzburg, Berlin, Antwerp, and Amsterdam; and last month it came to the Brooklyn Academy of Music, for three performances in the Majestic Theatre.

"La Finta Giardiniera" is an opera of much interest and beauty. On the one hand, young Mozart, composing for Munich, set out to display his mastery of all operatic veins: the singers are pushed to the top of their bent;

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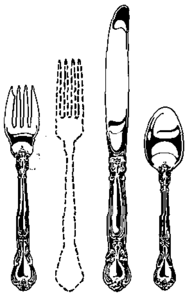

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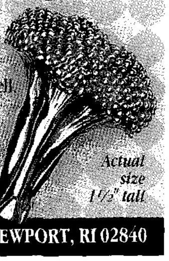

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opera-buffa and opera-seria idioms jostle; the scoring is delicate and various; several numbers are elaborately developed. On the other hand, as Mozart worked through a comic-opera libretto that the able, prolific Pasquale Anfossi had already set, his genius transfigured the characters and their plights. The action involves two murder attempts and two people driven mad by emotional stress: matter for mirth at the time, but evidently not to Mozart. Some modern productions seek to prettify the work; others are fierce and very dark—unbalanced. The directors of the Brussels "Giardiniera," Karl-Ernst and Ursel Herrmann, took as their starting point eighteenth-century conventional attitudes toward love and its effects, not Mozart's particular characters. Then they compromised the commentary by setting their sights low. Instead of trusting the composer, they devised an evening of pratfalls, in which every aria is, efficiently and with German thoroughness, "animated" by non-stop movement and by comic business with props: stuffed birds, bottles, glasses, flowers, feathers, washing on the line, garments doffed or donned. To Mozart's cast of seven they added an eighth character: an ever-present feathered satyrisk, a grotesque, cackling tot, sometimes Puck and sometimes Eros, hauled into play whenever there are not already enough extraneous players onstage to draw attention away from whoever is trying to sing an aria.

It was a long evening; the first night lasted from seven to not long before midnight. In a way, that was good: the only cuts were in recitatives, and one wants to hear as much as possible of the score that Mozart wrote. But it was a much longer evening than it need have been, for the recitatives were snail-paced, and many silent pauses—silent except for a mechanical hum in the auditorium and recorded birdsong or bells—were interpolated, lasting up to, or even over, a minute, while pantomimes or gags were enacted. At the start, during one such long silence, the Marchesa Violante Onesti doffed her rich dress to become the supposed gardener-girl Sandrina—a piece of explicatory business understood by those who already knew the plot and meaningless to those who did not. Through most of what followed, Violante/Sandrina, the prima donna of the drama, wore—unbecomingly—her undergarments. Mr. Herrmann's set, a birch grove, was spare and attractive, but, like his mainly white costumes, it seemed more modish than Mozartian.

The cast contained three Poles, two Britons, an Italian, and an American. Marek Torzewski played Belfiore, the confused, passionate hero, as an amiable, beauty-patched booby; Joanna Kozlowska's Violante/Sandrina had moments of fire; Elzbieta Szmytka gave Serpetta, the soubrette role, rather more shrewishness than the drama demands, but she created a character. Malvina Major was an uneven but sometimes vocally captivating Arminda; Russel Smythe sang Nardo strongly, if in less than idiomatic Italian. Ugo Benelli, the Podestà, made every word telling and clear. And Lani Poulson, a mezzo from Utah, provided the musical high point of the evening with her supple, eloquent voicing of the roulades in Ramiro's "Dolce d'amor compagna." Sylvain Cambreling conducted the Monnaie orchestra. Maybe they have done this "Giardiniera" too often now to play it with much freshness of feeling, with vitality in every line; only the anonymous bassoon soloist in "Dolce d'amor" seemed wholly engaged and expressive. In short, this famous "Finta Giardiniera" was somewhat disappointing. Still, it was livelier than the "Don Giovanni."

THE Mannes and the Manhattan schools both turned to light opera last month: Mannes put on Offenbach's "Les Bavards," and Manhattan put on Emmerich Kálmán's "Gräfin Maritza." Will Juilliard (which is currently preparing Vaughan Williams' ballad opera "Hugh the Drover") perhaps cap them with some sparkling Sullivan or Noël Coward? Light opera is a good way for singers to acquire aspects of their craft. Kirsten Flagstad learned the role of Elsa at the age of ten, but the first two decades of her career were spent largely with operetta, musical comedy, and revue, during which she learned how to put words across and so become a great, not merely a superbly voiced, Wagnerian.

"Les Bavards"—"The Chatterboxes"—was first performed in 1862, and in New York (in German translation) five years later. It is not Offenbach at his highest—Charles Nuitter's libretto lacks the bite and wit of the masterpieces—but it is a captivating score: melodically, instrumentally, and in the skillful construction of the numbers. The Mannes presentation, given in Robert Hess's English version, was not altogether satisfactory. Paul Echols, conducting, flailed through a score that needs fingertip control; heaviness in the rhythms and the playing found its way into some needlessly loud, pushed singing. The performance was given in the music room of the school, a salon wherein a murmur can carry and tones lightly touched sparkle more brightly than tones under pressure. But there was zest in the performance. The singers were animated. Rodrick Dixon, as Roland, the romantic lead, has a tenor voice that flows with winning ease and naturalness. Dario Tenensoff was vivid and amusing in a tenorino role. Constantinos Yiannoudes, the Alcade, the bass, also made his mark. The heroine, Inez, termed a *chanteuse légère* in Offenbach's score, was played by Karen Ann Orlando, whose appearance delighted the eye even while the ear noted that her voice needs lightening and refining. Nelleke Palm, as Beatrix, the principal chatterbox, was confident but horribly impure when she chose to force, rather than float, the upper notes.

The revival was welcome. So was that of "Countess Maritza," one of the best of the Austro-Hungarian operettas. It appeared at the Theater an der Wien (where "Fidelio" had its first performance) in 1924, and in New York, at the Shubert Theatre, two years later. The plot is Ruritanian, "Merry Widow" fare: about rich, glamorous aristocrats who want assurance that they are loved for themselves, not merely for their money. The score is a heady sequence of waltz, csárdás, shimmy, foxtrot, and "shimmy-fox." Kálmán, a fellow-student of Bartók's in Budapest, was a master of the orchestra, and the Manhattan Symphony, under the experienced baton of Kurt Klippstatter, played the choice inventions with care and grace. There were alternate casts. In mine, the subsidiary couple, the Countess Lisa and the Baron Zsupan, taken by Efrat Ben-Nun and Peter Schamel, were the stars. The Maritza, Andrea Austin Jones, had presence, but her high notes were ugly. It was a dotty idea to essay a macaronic performance: spoken English but sung German. Robert Perdziola provided Jugendstil décor.

—ANDREW PORTER

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BOOKS

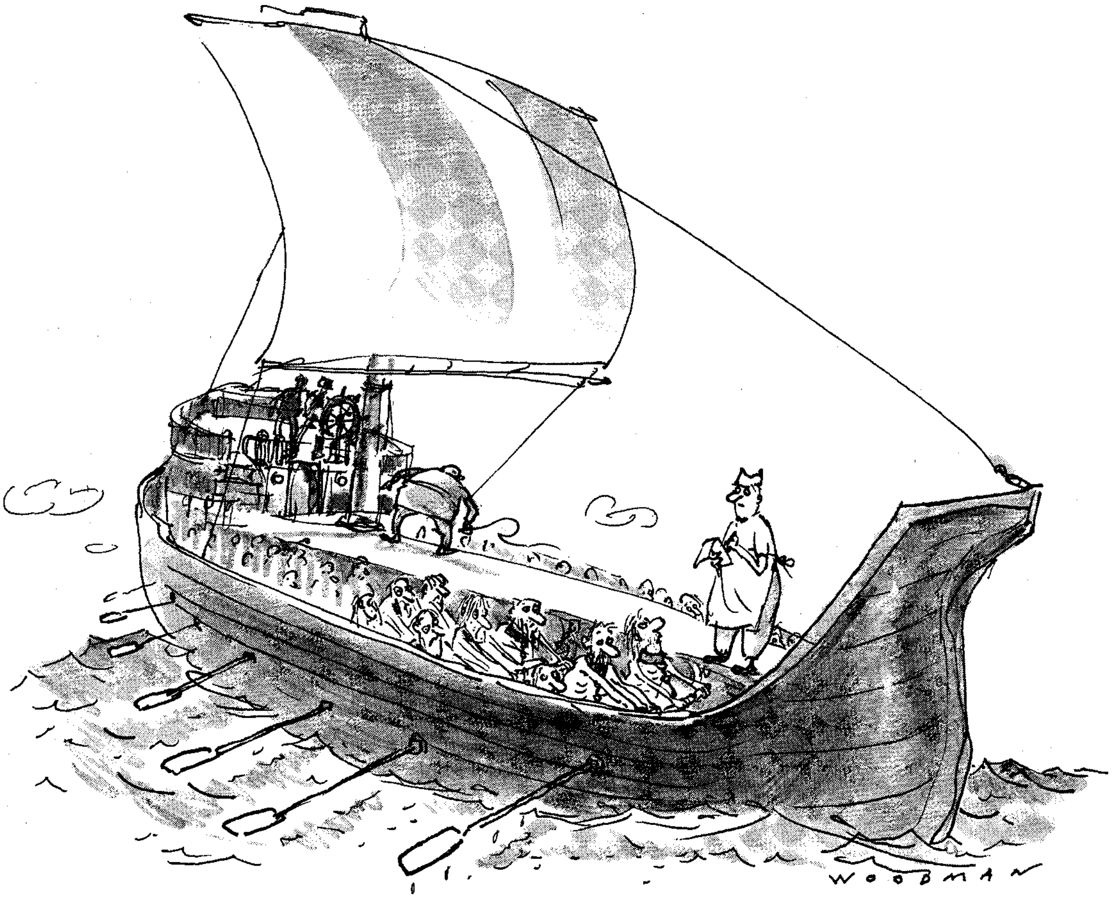
Demented Pilgrimage

TO a woman writer, exposing family secrets can seem perilously close to going mad. Men have had the support of the culture as they recognized their own experience and laid claim to it by writing it down. On the whole, they have been able, without inhibition, to feed their creative ambitions with the details of other people's lives. Men had a mandate, after all, to inform the public about the nature of life. Things have not been—are not—so simple for a woman. Women have often withheld their stories, because honesty about emotions and about the family feels to many women like a sin. It means drawing aside the curtain, lifting lids. It means renouncing the role of good girl and ceasing to be ladylike. It may mean expressing anger and being brave enough to watch loved ones be angry. Women must set aside the bowl they have used to beg for approval and praise. George Eliot was not free as an artist until her respectable family had cast her out. Only a community larger than family, only powers greater than lovers or husbands, can sustain women writers when they start to ask the big questions: Who am I? Who made me? What is my place in this world?

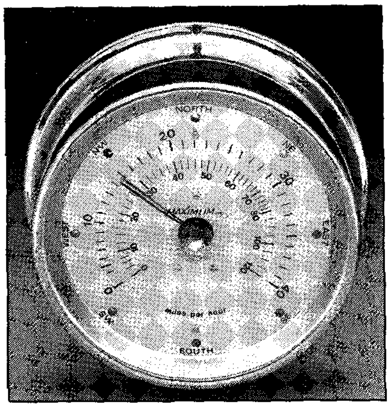
Germaine Greer, the Australian-born author and academic who became famous in the seventies with her feminist book "The Female Eunuch," has been asking the big questions of late. She has written a book that seems a very contemporary and very feminine version of the "journey of the hero"—the spiritual quest. "Daddy, We Hardly Knew You" (Knopf; $19.95) is the title, and its lisping, music-hall charm may seem at odds with the ferocious psychic need and volcanic energy that drive this combined memoir, detective story, and travelogue from first to last. Yet the contradiction seems fitting. The book is a jolting, poetic, broken-winged, exhilarating sort of thing. A brave, gifted fifty-year-old woman discovered her family's secrets and wrote them down. "We children knew next to nothing at all about Daddy and we knew too we had no right to find out," Germaine Greer tells us.

The story begins with the death, back home, of her senile father, Reg Greer, and her resolve to unmask the hazy details of his early life. She will mourn her daddy by demystifying him. Like any detective work, the task calls for patience, stamina, and guile. Countless, often fruitless hours are spent in genealogical-record offices and libraries over several continents—in Britain (where the author has lived since her young womanhood, and where, according to the family myth, Reg's parents came from); in India and on Malta (places where he was stationed as an R.A.F. officer during the Second World War); and in Australia (where, the myth notwithstanding, Reg's people turn out to have lived and died). Through impersonal official records Reg is eerily resurrected as a man in his prime. His trembling daughter, scanning his service medical and psychiatric reports, tunes in to his heartbeat, checks his lungs, his teeth, his hammertoe. She blows off half a century of dust and pores over his recurrent dreams. What kind of unnatural daughter is this, whose obsession drives her to travel across the world and back just to hear her father's old secretary tell how, fifty years before, he used to embarrass her by brushing against her breasts? A daughter desperate enough to risk being honest, it seems, and one still hungry to be loved.

The crime that Reg Greer has committed and for which Germaine tracks him across the world and down the years is not only self-invention and deception.



"And could I have my coffee now?"



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Certainly he stands accused of letting her believe him a war hero, indispensable to the operation of the top-secret "Ultra" code. And she finds him guilty of concealing the facts of his boyhood even from her now widowed mother, then his innocent young bride. By the end, the triumphant detective daughter has found out more about him than her mother ever knew. She knows more than *he* ever knew: the identity of his natural parents. She knows that his name was not really Reg; it wasn't Greer, either. Of her childhood daddy—an advertising-space salesman for a Melbourne newspaper, with a teasing manner, fancy suits, and a nicotine-stained mustache—all she is left with is "a heap of props, smart clothes, false teeth, and a script full of lying cliches." But the gaps and distortions of his history are only part of a more serious crime: he didn't love her enough. She wonders whether he really loved her at all. She remembers how every time she tried to put her arms around his neck he would unlock them and push her away. "You're big enough and ugly enough to take care of yourself" was a line he used all the time. A Cheshire cat to her Alice, he had a way of vanishing even when he was in the room. The sedatives on which he depended could not have helped. He would sit hiding behind his newspaper while Germaine's mother walloped her for some insignificant offense. "That my father never once struck or reviled me was reason enough for me to love him," she says, like some Dickensian urchin resigning herself to emotional crumbs. But that restraint was not enough to prove that he loved her. She can't remember his giving her a word of encouragement. To her knowledge, he never read the books she went on to write, or watched her on television.

This is a fast-moving, sometimes wildly emotional book wrapped around a cold, still place. It shows the members of a perfectly ordinary, attractive suburban family shut off from each other by secrets, anger, and inherited shame. It shows how stinginess with love—what E. M. Forster once called "the undeveloped heart"—corrodes both the miser and the one deprived. Ms. Greer is fighting hard to smash out of all this. She is a sort of spiritual work in progress, on the bumpy path of coming to terms. She can no longer be a victim; she writes partly to take re-

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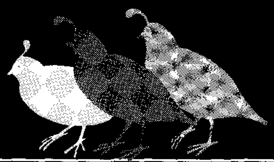

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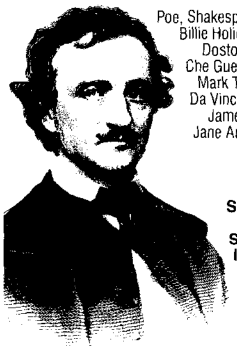

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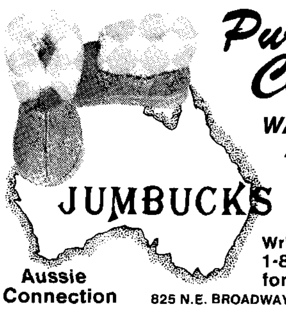

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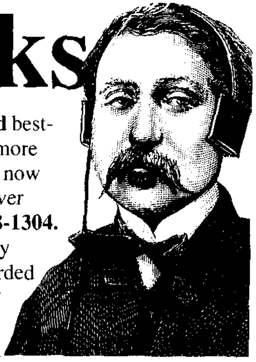

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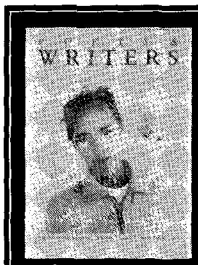

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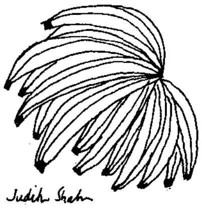
sponsibility for her life. Reg may have been undemonstrative when she was a child, but later she punished him, by not writing, calling, or going home to see him for seventeen years. "You never loved him. You never loved anyone," her own unhappy face seems to say to her from the bathroom mirror on one of many sleepless nights. She silences the accusatory voice by naming it as her mother, running guerrilla sorties inside her daughter's head. For it appears that Mother as well as Daddy had an undeveloped heart. Some of the most radical scenes in the book show the brilliant, famous middle-aged daughter trying and failing, then trying and failing again, to bully her obscure, elderly widowed mother into giving approval and support. These are honest, disquieting scenes. The daughter portrays the mother as competitive and narcissistic, with a "demonic energy" that Germaine recognizes in herself and fears. She also suggests that her mother is insane, and believes at stressful points in her hunt for the true Reg that she herself may be. The battles over wartime Malta were scarcely more savage than the squaring off of these two angry, loving women over Reg's secrets one day on an Australian beach. They bombard each other with forms of rage that women have so often been reduced to: snide remarks, rapid changes of subject, and silent scorn.



Germaine claims, at least at the time of her book's going to press, that she is not yet ready to forgive her father. Still, there is a thread of compassion for him all along. Whether because he is dead or because he never hit her, she describes with quasi-maternal tenderness his feet so vulnerable to sunburn, the narrowness of his chest; she can see him as a damaged man. In describing her mother Germaine is merciless. As a young woman, Mrs. Greer had been flashy, with her long legs, silly hats, and big, red-lipsticked mouth. At seventy, she is older but no wiser: still working on her lifetime suntan, with her old legs "oozing" out of skimpy shorts "like Brown Windsor Soup sliding down a ladle." She outrages Germaine—who, at least at the time of writing, had no child and no husband, and only her cat for a bedmate—by being on the lookout for a new sexual partner. Germaine Greer, the self-confessed "media superstar" of the feminist movement, looks at the woman who bore her with a kind of revulsion, as if she were an archetypal sinister crone.

The compassion that Germaine feels intermittently for her father and withholds absolutely from her mother—and from herself—overwhelms her when she contemplates the animal world. She is pained to see kangaroos and wallabies massacred by traffic roaring through the outback. "Can't you understand how destructive I am?" she asks a bustard that persists in standing in the middle of the road. At home, in England, she accidentally pierces a hibernating toad with her gardening fork, and she feels crushed. "He flings his arms wide and opens his mouth, spread-eagled. . . . I bury him fast." Nature is full of omens for her. She is in a constant dialogue with the earth, the trees, innocent creatures of all kinds—as long as they know their place in the universe, and are not pretending to be Greers. "Digging to Australia," English children call their excavations in the sand. And unearthing Daddy's story turns up some vivid travel writing, some powerful images. Australia seems big in this book, but only slightly bigger than the implacable, indefatigable Germaine. Her relation to her childhood place is protective and combative; inevitably, she regards it with love and hate. Alien, a solitary pilgrim, she crisscrosses the land, encountering helpful and malevolent strangers, and surviving storm, flood, and raging heat. As she drives in search of yet another remote graveyard packed with irrelevant Greers, the landscape rolls by like a phantasmagoric diorama through the windows of her rented car. The book contains some startling descriptions of botanical and ecological pathology. Mostly, the Australian landscape tells her—shouts to her—about the evils unleashed when things are uprooted from their habitat and transplanted to the other side of the globe. Dainty garden flowers or harmless weeds brought over by settlers from England grow into monstrous, aggressive "opportunists" in the climate of the antipodes; foreign trees shut out the light of the sky.

> In all the cemeteries I visited in this demented pilgrimage I saw the initial invasion re-enacted as the flowers planted on the graves escaped through the railings and took off . . . cypresses have grown to

giant proportions, until they have burst the railings, and shattered the headstones. The dead lie crushed under vast gray roots each bigger than a full-grown man.... Oleanders twenty feet across feed on the rare organic material furnished by human hair and bone. Scented geraniums, grown hard and odourless, have seeded themselves for miles.

There is a hallucinogenic, mushroom-eating quality to the tale, and it builds as Germaine gets closer to uncovering the big lie. Sometimes things are in stifling closeup (under Reg's chin, the little scar where his beard didn't grow; his taboo-breaking daughter's sweating palms), and then they are viewed from afar, when these "Greers" fall back to take their place with other generations in a wide scan of history, emigration, and world war. The shifts of focus act as a safety valve. Without them, given Ms. Greer's intensity, we might all explode. Reg was, after all, a daddy among other daddies forced to wave goodbye to pretty wives and tiny daughters and be shipped off to war. In 1942, he was but one of many frightened, miserable inhabitants of Malta, the besieged and bombarded "rock fortress" in the sea: not at all the hero that Germaine, with what she calls her "aggrandising fantasy," had tried to make him but an anxious, claustrophobic man in earphones, crouching hour after hour in an ill-ventilated office deep inside the rock, isolated from his fellow-officers by his colonial background and by the secrets of the ciphers piped into his head. "Did they make of you a 'deception person,' or did they realise you were a deception person already?" his daughter demands of the dead man, with echoes of le Carré. "Once the initial breach has been made in the self . . . it is a simple matter to lead a treble or quadruple life." After chapters on the tides of history, we always zoom back to the real drama: Germaine and Reg. "Liar! Liar! Liar!" she screams, fitting a big piece of the puzzle into place and wondering more seriously than ever if she is going mad. Like the hero of a folktale, her father apparently left his boyhood town with a troupe of travelling vaudevillians when he was sixteen and never returned to his impoverished foster home. From this rite of passage he emerged impervious to humiliations and ready for a lifetime of pretense. With a vaguely public-school manner and accent, and what his daughter calls "a shonky alias," he became a perfect

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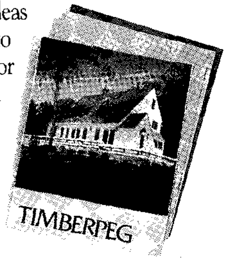

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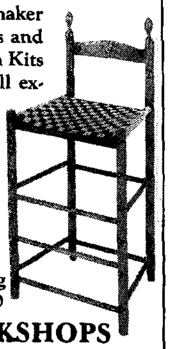

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salesman, a cheeky Charlie, a kind of high-class flimflam man.

Whether by oversight or by malice, Reg made no mention of Germaine in his will. Instead of money (he had none anyway) or a keepsake she inherited his bone structure, his claustrophobia, his promotional skills. And, you can't help feeling as you put down the book, she also inherited the breach in the self. To his colleagues, Reg always seemed an easygoing chap, thoroughly at home in the Australian man's world of sporting events and the barrooms of commercial hotels. Yet his young daughter sensed a deeper truth about him: that he was somehow cut off from life. Out of her hours of research and miles of travel, with enough supporting extras for a miniseries—they range from a Hindu goddess to General Montgomery, and there is a giant chorus of librarians—Ms. Greer has made a big, bold book. Her task has called for almost superhuman expenditures of strength and will, and a very large advance from her publisher. (We learn of this through an ill-fated conversation with her mother.) Yet under all the commotion is the voice of a woman who seems to need reassurance that she is not herself a fraud. "I am a bounder's child. The blood of bounders runs in my veins," she moans. Like Reg, like the plants, she is an uneasy alien. In a way that is only partly related to being an expatriate, she doesn't belong.

And in a way that goes beyond being single or recently bereaved of her father she seems alone, even in company. Her drive and her reputation give her access to a wide variety of worlds and inner sanctums. She is as much, or as little, at home among the whispering saris and "spiritual elegance" of a household of serenely religious upper-class women in India as she is when she is roaring with laughter with the master and fellows of an ancient Cambridge college, sharing their ceremonial port and snuff in an old, panelled, firelit room. "These people accept me," she seems to say. On the road, the restless pilgrim is touched by the simple kindness of strangers—a librarian who fetches a heater to warm her, a woman who bakes her a cake. She encounters people who know, unself-consciously, just where they belong—people who have never felt the breach in the self or, having felt it, have been healed. She looks wistfully on the cloistered life of one of the Indian women, who has "purged her discontent like a sin" and is genuinely happy. She observes how humbly the women of present-day Malta nurture each other and still draw strength from the Roman Catholic faith, which was hers, too, as a girl. She has abandoned her childhood beliefs now ("I am not so superstitious as to open a Bible," she says, having already quoted Genesis several times) in favor of a more contemporary amalgam—bits of Eastern religion, weather goddesses, apocalyptic landscapes, a malevolent "primal elder," and magic animals—from which she tries to distance herself with irony, but which seems nonetheless to form a real safety net. And, wherever she journeys on her strange, lonely quest, sooner or later the ghost of Reg comes clanking in. His is the voice that mocks her yearnings: sneering at the piety of the Maltese, the fatalism and general foreignness of the Indians; calling out in his phony voice to the college servant to forget the rare wines and fine cigars, just fetch him a beer and a cork-tip. Germaine Greer is a celebrity. She says in retrospect that before embarking on her voyage she should have visited the shrine of the Eumenides—the fearsome goddesses in charge of avenging crimes within the family. Since she was not in ancient Greece but in twentieth-century Britain, she did what celebrities do to appease the gods: made a ritual appearance on "Wogan," Britain's most popular television talk show. Ten million viewers bore silent witness to the heroine's departure and would be watching the shores for her safe return. Yet for a daughter searching for her daddy's love, even from the other side of death, ten million million of the most benevolent and attentive viewers can never be quite enough.

—KENNEDY FRASER

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In some editions of *The Birmingham News* Tuesday, paragraphs from a story about a study of American sexual behavior were mistakenly included in a story on the Dead Sea Scrolls. The two stories are unrelated. —*Birmingham (Ala.) News.*

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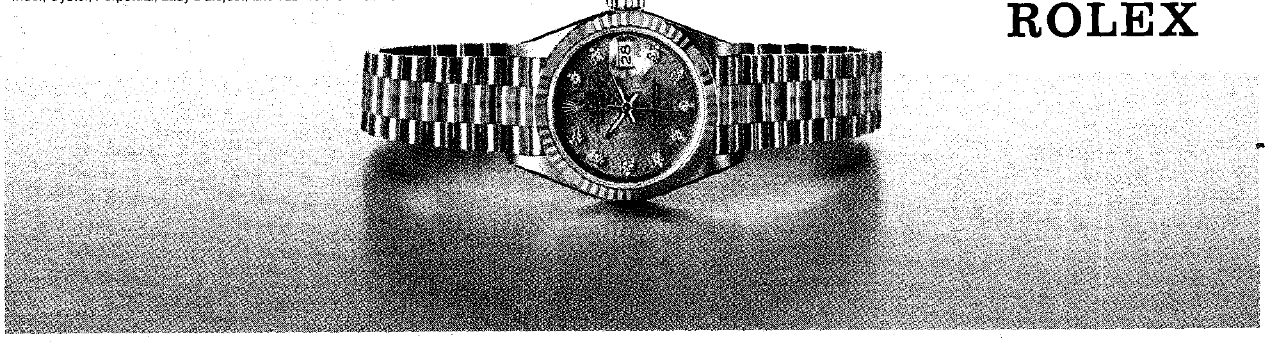

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